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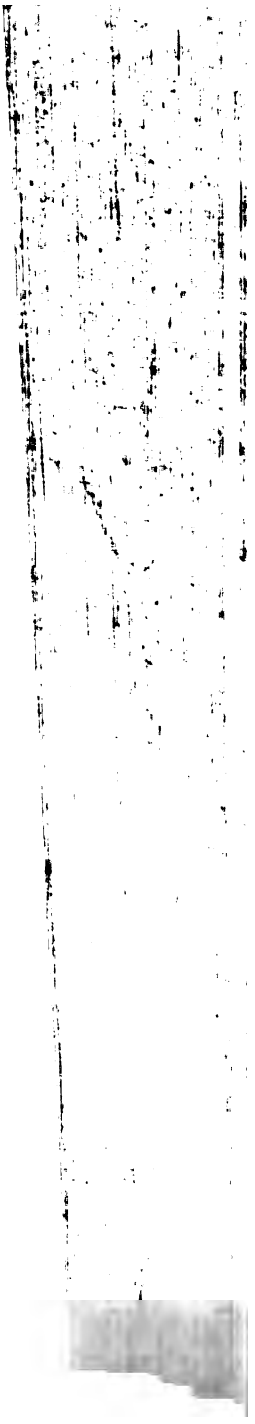

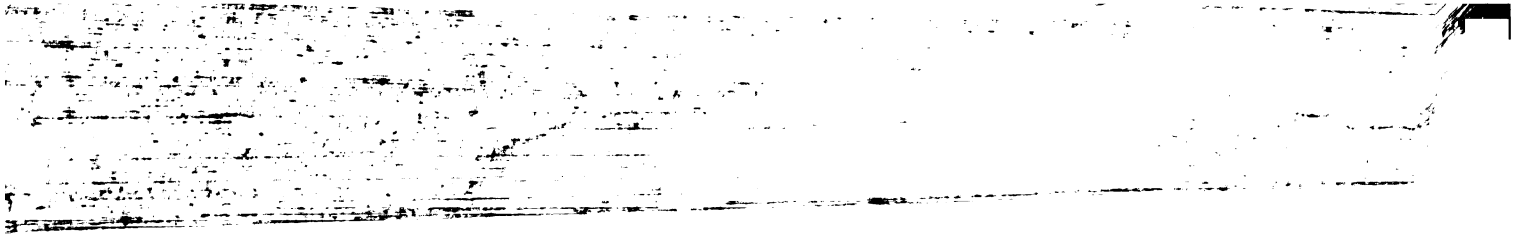

Samuel Dorsey

AN

# ACCOUNT

OF THE

# LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

# DAVID HUME, Esq.

BY

THOMAS EDWARD RITCHIE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES,
IN THE STRAND.

1807.

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R6

IN the following work I have introduced Mr. Hume's epiſtolary correſpondence into the narrative, inſtead of relegating it to the appendix. The *letters* of a man, eminent for his learning and talents, form an intereſting part of his biography; yet, when a collection of them is given without any connecting detail, every one muſt feel, that their value is conſiderably diminiſhed: few indeed have perſeverance to peruſe them. By the plan I have adopted, the volume ſtill remains the ſame in point of ſize; but the reader becomes progreſſively acquainted with the literary connections of Mr. Hume, the habits of him and his friends, and numberleſs traits in their characters, which could not be eaſily or advantageouſly compreſſed into hiſtory.

In

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In the biographical ſketch, drawn up by Mr. Hume previous to his death, and intitled My own Life, he has paſſed over unnoticed two very important incidents. The firſt of theſe is the complaint preſented to the General Aſſembly of the Church of Scotland, againſt the metaphyſical writings of our author and Lord Kames; an occurrence which derives additional importance from a late diſcuſſion of a like nature before that venerable body. The other is the diſpute between him and Rouſſeau, which it was the more neceſſary to relate at conſiderable length, as an opinion, unfavourable to Mr. Hume, prevailed very generally, and even ſtill prevails, among the literati in foreign countries. A ſentiment of delicacy ſeems to have reſtrained him from alluding to theſe tranſactions, but ſuch a motive cannot influence a ſtranger; and a ſimilar omiſſion in a Life of Mr. Hume, written by another perſon, would certainly render the work very imperfect.

R.

Belhaven Barracks, Dunbar,
March 1, 1807.

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AN

AN

# ACCOUNT

OF THE

# *LIFE AND WRITINGS*

OF

# DAVID HUME, Esq.

DAVID HUME, the ſecond ſon of Joſeph Hume, Eſq. was born at Edinburgh on the 26th of April, O. S. 1711. His anceſtors, for ſeveral generations, had been proprietors of a ſmall eſtate called Ninewells, lying on the river Whitwater, about five miles to the eaſt of Dunſe, in the county of Berwick; and this eſtate is ſtill enjoyed by their poſterity. At a ſhort diſtance from Ninewells, ſtands the manſion-houſe of Kames, which belonged to the late Henry Home, who, under the title of Lord Kames, officially aſſumed by him as a lord of ſeſſion, or judge of the ſupreme court of juſtice in Scotland, is ſo well known in the republic of letters, as a philoſopher,

a lawyer, and a man of taſte. His lordſhip was the contemporary and intimate friend of our hiſtorian.

The family name of Hume's mother was Falconer. She was the daughter of Sir David Falconer, who was appointed a lord of ſeſſion, by the title of Lord Newton, on the 11th of June 1676, and ſix years afterwards raiſed to the chair of preſident of that court. Sir David died in 1685, and was ſucceeded in his office by Sir George Lockhart of Carnwath. The title of Lord Halkerſton devolved by ſucceſſion on his eldeſt ſon; and it may alſo be mentioned, that Mr. Hume's father claimed his deſcent from the noble family of Home *: a circumſtance which derives its importance ſolely from the family pride, or, more properly ſpeaking, from the vanity of our author, who, during the whole courſe of his life, valued himſelf not a little on this double connection with nobility.

It is a common practice with biographers to puſh their reſearches, with much avidity and perſeverance, into the earlier periods of the lives of thoſe whoſe tranſactions they relate. This induſtry may, perhaps, be occaſionally rewarded by the diſcovery of ſome fortuitous incident worthy of

* The family of Ninewells ſeem, from our author's laſt will and teſtament, to have ſpelt the name *Home* inſtead of *Hume*: but as David was remarkably pertinacious in writing his name *Hume*, his relations have ſince followed his example.

being

being commemorated; but it is beneath the dignity of maturer age to record the frivolities of childhood. The juvenile years of Hume were not marked by any thing which can attract our notice. His father died while our hiſtorian was an infant, and left the care of him, his elder brother Joſeph, and ſiſter Catharine, to their mother, who, although ſtill in the bloom of life, devoted herſelf to the education of her children with a laudable aſſiduity.

Under this maternal ſuperintendence, aided by the inſtruction which a country ſchool could afford, Hume ſpent his firſt years. If he had, on attaining manhood, cultivated poetry with ſucceſs, inſtead of attaching himſelf to the ſeverer ſtudies of the philoſophical hiſtorian, a credulous biographer, yielding to the ſurmiſes of fancy, would have traced a final cauſe to the ſequeſtered ſcene of our author's youthful days; for the pleaſures of Arcadia were not unknown to the country ſurrounding Ninewells, notwithſtanding the ſterility to which it had been condemned according to the fate of thoſe tracts of land which border hoſtile ſtates. The valley and the mountain's ſide ſtill reſounded with the notes of the ſhepherd's pipe: every ſtreamlet was immortalized in our national ſongs; and every height and every heath had been the ſcene of battle between the armies of the two rival kingdoms, or of the more ſanguinary exploits of the lawleſs marauders.

After the preparatory rudiments of a ſchool education, Hume was removed to the college of Edinburgh; but our gleanings reſpecting his earlier years are particularly ſcanty *. From the early appearance of his inclination to letters, his friends were induced to form an opinion, that the law would be an eligible profeſſion for him. We are uncertain whether he ſerved an apprenticeſhip with an attorney, or confined himſelf to the proſecution of his ſtudies at the law claſſes in the univerſity; but, indefatigable as his induſtry was, even to the very cloſe of his life, in all matters connected with literature, his diſlike to the law as a vocation, or civil employment, daily increaſed. He himſelf tells us, that he felt an inſuperable averſion from every thing, except the purſuits of philoſophy and general learning; and while, ſays he, "my friends fancied I was poring upon Voet and Vinnius, Cicero and Virgil were the authors *which* (whom) I was ſecretly devouring †."

The law is, perhaps, the only profeſſion which affords to thoſe who cloſely apply to it a kind of

* In the hope of being enabled to fill up any chaſm in this narrative, I applied to a near relation of Mr. Hume, and was told, that if the work was to advance his fame, and a copy of the manuſcript furniſhed to the family, the information wanted would, perhaps, be ſupplied. With ſuch conditions I refuſed compliance, chuſing rather to remain ſatisfied with the little I had otherwiſe obtained, than to fetter my ſentiments, and ſubject myſelf to ſo laborious a taſk, in return for what was probably of little importance.

† See *My Own Life*, prefixed to the later editions of the Hiſtory of England.

certainty

certainty of acquiring wealth. Yet it may be eaſily conceived, why a young mind, uninfluenced by pecuniary conſiderations, ſhould ardently ſeek to eſcape from the tireſome drudgery of peruſing ſpecial caſes and precedents, to purſuits of a leſs diſagreeable nature. It will not, however, be ſo readily granted, that the Juſtinian code, the ſource of all that is valuable in the ancient, polity of European nations, ſhould be contemned, in behalf of any poetry which ever emanated from Rome. Among men of letters a faſhion has long prevailed of decrying the writings of civilians, the uſual magnitude of whoſe works is certainly not calculated to render them inviting. This ſcorn they inconſiderately endeavour to extend to the *Corpus Juris* itſelf, the influence of which in promoting the advancement of civilization does not ſeem to have been fairly appreciated. To the pages of that immortal collection, mankind were chiefly indebted for thoſe delicate and logical diſtinctions of right and wrong, and thoſe invaluable maxims of diſtributive juſtice, which ameliorated the condition of the inferior ranks in ſociety, and oppoſed a barrier to the baneful effects of feudal inſtitutions, during the barbariſm and violence of the middle ages.

It is probable, that the mere circumſtance of directing his attention, although in a ſuperficial degree, to the Roman code and the municipal laws of his own country, gave a ſlight bias to his ſtudies, which, being ſeconded by favourable events, ſug-

geſted, at a future period, the project of compiling his Hiſtory: a taſk which he undertook, not from a wiſh to detail battles, and exhibit a tedious ſucceſſion of political broils, but for the more dignified purpoſe of tracing the progreſs of legiſlation and civility.

As Hume was a younger brother, his patrimony, according to the cuſtom of his country, was very ſlender; and this, combined with his diſinclination to the buſineſs of a lawyer, and the repreſentations of his friends, induced him to repair to Briſtol in 1734, with a deſign to engage in the commercial line. He carried with him letters of recommendation to ſeveral eminent merchants of that city; but from his confirmed love of literature, or ſome other cauſe now unknown, he found himſelf, in a few months, totally unequal to the buſtle incident to his new ſituation. He therefore abandoned it, and went to France.

His motive for this journey, as he himſelf informs us, was to proſecute his ſtudies in a rural retreat; but that was an object which he might have attained more readily and completely by continuing in his own country. It is believed, that he did not chuſe to return to Ninewells, as his relations muſt, by this time, have regarded him as young man, whoſe habits of indolence were repulſive to all their exertions in his behalf. The cheapneſs of living in France ſuited the ſmallneſs of the fortune he inherited; and this ſeems to have been,

if

if not the inducement, at leaſt the excuſe for his retiring into that country. Hume was, at an early period, ſenſible of the inadequacy of his income to ſupport the eaſy enjoyments of a literary life; and he, at the ſame time, formed a reſolution to remedy this misfortune, as far as he was able. After mentioning his journey to France, he adds, in the biographical ſketch formerly alluded to,— "I there laid that plan of life, which I have ſteadily "and ſucceſsfully purſued. I reſolved to make a "very rigid frugality ſupply my deficiency of for- "tune, to maintain unimpaired my independency, "and to regard every object as contemptible, ex- "cept the improvement of my talents in literature."

On his arrival in France, he eſtabliſhed his reſidence at Rheims, but ſoon afterwards removed to La Fleche in Anjou. During his abode there, he completed his Treatiſe on Human Nature, the plan of which he had formed while at the Univerſity of Edinburgh; and after ſpending three years in theſe agreeable labours, and acquiring an intimate knowledge of the French language, he returned to London in 1737. In the end of the following year he printed and publiſhed, in octavo, the two firſt volumes of his work under the title of A TREATISE OF (ON) HUMAN NATURE: *being an Attempt to introduce the experimental Method of Reaſoning into Moral Subjects* *.

The

* This work bears the year 1739 in the imprint. It may be neceſſary to appriſe the reader, that bookſellers generally ſet

The firſt volume of this performance treats of the Underſtanding, and the ſecond of the Paſſions. From a diffidence in his own abilities, or from a wiſh to hear the opinion of the public before he acknowledged himſelf to be the author of the work, it was publiſhed without his name. The third volume, which compriſes the ſubject of *Morals*, did not appear until the year 1740. It was ſold by a different bookſeller; a circumſtance owing probably to the diſcouraging reception of the two firſt. Annexed to the laſt volume is AN APPENDIX, *wherein ſome paſſages of the foregoing volumes are illuſtrated and explained.*

Mr. Hume, it has been ſtated, formed the plan of his Treatiſe, while he was at college; and although, from the very imperfect manner in which it was executed, a ſevere critic might be inclined to condemn the preſumption of a ſtripling in thus venturing to enter the liſts with a formidable body of metaphyſicians, whoſe elaborate works were the matured productions of advanced life, it muſt be confeſſed, that the boldneſs of the undertaking was worthy of the future reputation of the author. That a lad of only twenty-ſeven years of age ſhould fail in accompliſhing a taſk, which had baffled the labours of ſo many philoſophers, eminent for their erudition and ſagacity, cannot excite ſurpriſe. It

down the enſuing year in the title-pages of all books ready for ſale in or after the month of November. Hence a work actually printed during that month in the year 1738, will bear, in the imprint, the date of 1739.

would

would indeed have been a rare inſtance of early precocity, if he had ſucceeded in a branch of ſcience in which even the primary rules of inveſtigation have not yet been ſatisfactorily ſettled.

On the fate of this performance our author is extremely candid. "Never literary attempt," ſays he, "was more unfortunate than my Treatiſe on "Human Nature. It fell *dead-born* (ſtill-born) "from the preſs, without reaching ſuch diſtinction, "as even to excite a murmur among the zealots."

In reviewing this firſt eſſay of Mr. Hume's talents, and inquiring whether the neglect it experienced was warrantable on the part of thoſe literati who intereſt themſelves in metaphyſical diſcuſſions, it is neceſſary to premiſe, that he afterwards melted down his Treatiſe into two other tracts, which he ſucceſſively publiſhed. To a new edition of theſe he prefixed an advertiſement, in which, after alluding to the early period of life when he wrote and publiſhed his Treatiſe on Human Nature, he informs us, that, not finding his work ſucceſsful, he was ſenſible of his error in going too ſoon to preſs. Under this impreſſion he thought proper to new-model the whole, and in doing ſo to correct *ſome negligences* into which he had fallen in his former reaſoning, and particularly the inaccuracies in his language. He complains, that ſeveral writers, who had honoured his philoſophical tenets with anſwers, had directed all their efforts againſt his juvenile and anonymous production, and affected to triumph

umph in their imaginary advantages. This conduct he condemns as inconſiſtent with candour and fair-dealing, and as a ſtriking inſtance of the polemical artifices, which a bigoted zeal thinks itſelf warranted to employ. He concludes with deſiring, that his two laſt tracts only ſhall hereafter be regarded as containing his philoſophical ſentiments and principles.

Theſe expreſſions are obviouſly dictated by peeviſhneſs; for as ten years elapſed between the publication of his unfortunate *Treatiſe on Human Nature*, and the *Enquiry concerning the Human Underſtanding*; and as the *Enquiry concerning Morals* did not appear until three years afterwards, how was it poſſible for writers, who animadverted on his doctrines, to notice, during the intervening period, any other than thoſe in the Treatiſe, which was the only performance in exiſtence?—And did not Mr. Hume himſelf, by re-caſting that work, and ſo amply curtailing it, virtually acknowledge that the metaphyſical opinions it contained were untenable? In his Enquiries, he did not even allude to any former work by him on the ſubject: he did not intimate an adherence to, or retraction of former ſentiments; but left every one, acquainted with his firſt performance, to conclude, that the two laſt productions were merely ſupplementary to it. The reprehenſion, therefore, which he beſtowed on his opponents, was unjuſt; and the vagueneſs of his language does not authoriſe us to ſuppoſe, that his cenſure was intended to apply to authors

whoſe writings were poſterior to the appearance of his two laſt mentioned tracts, but who diſregarded the amendments they contained, and recurred to the firſt incorrect and defective treatiſe. In fine, until Mr. Hume announced the wiſh expreſſed in the concluding ſentence of the advertiſement, blame was not imputable to a controverſialiſt, who was left at liberty to refer to any of our author's works indiſcriminately, for opinions which he had not publickly contradicted.

It muſt alſo be confeſſed, that ſomething like uncandid obſtinacy appears in the language of this advertiſement by Mr. Hume. The faults in his treatiſe, as will afterwards be ſhewn, were numerous and groſs; and his ſubſequent corrections of them were important, or rather conſiſted in a prudent and very general abandonment or omiſſion of his prior opinions. Yet, inſtead of applying to theſe the term *errors*, he employs the ſoftened expreſſion of *ſome negligences*; and thus betrays a ſtubborn refuſal to acknowledge the very miſtakes which he has endeavoured to rectify.

Not to interrupt the narrative of events by a prolonged criticiſm on Mr. Hume's philoſophical doctrines, our remarks on them are poſtponed to the latter part of this work; and in theſe it will be ſedulouſly avoided to repreſent any tenets in the Treatiſe as his final and approved ſentiments, unleſs they have been retained by him in his two ſubſequent publications. And here we will be pardoned

doned for obſerving, that a diſtinguiſhed philoſopher and biographer has quoted liberally from Mr. Hume's Treatiſe on Human Nature, without putting the reader on his guard as to our author's general dereliction of the doctrines maintained in that work; but this is to be aſcribed to inadvertency, and not to the remoteſt view of injuring Mr. Hume, for whom the erudite metaphyſician alluded to uniformly ſhews a more ardent eſteem, than we can coincide with him in expreſſing.

In eſtimating the qualifications neceſſary for an undertaking like that of Mr. Hume, a ſuccinct enumeration of his more eminent predeceſſors, whoſe labours have illuſtrated this important branch of general ſcience, will not, it is hoped, be reckoned either a tireſome or an unprofitable digreſſion.

At an early period in the hiſtory of mankind, the philoſophy of the human mind began to engage the attention of the learned, or, to ſpeak in a ſtyle more appropriate to a rude age, the attention of thoſe men who were more intelligent than their contemporaries. Among the various branches of the ſectarian philoſophy of the Greeks, the Socratic was the moſt eminent; and from it originated the Academic and Peripatetic ſects. Plato and Ariſtotle, the founders of theſe two ſchools, are the only ancient authors, whoſe writings on the abſtruſe ſubject of metaphyſics have reached modern times; and from the puerile fancies with which they are replete, and the unintelligible language in which they

they are conveyed, it would not have been an eſſential loſs to poſterity, if the metaphyſical works of theſe philoſophers had been permitted to ſink into oblivion. From Greece, philoſophy migrated to Rome; for credulity itſelf muſt now ceaſe to trace the continuation of the Italic ſchool from the days of Pythagoras, to the flouriſhing epoch of the republic.

After the deſtruction of the weſtern empire, Europe ſeemed to revert to that ſtate of rudeneſs and ignorance from which the labours of ſo many great men had contributed to raiſe it. The Chriſtian fathers, ſtrongly attached to Platoniſm, which was the prevalent ſyſtem during the exiſtence of the lower empire, confined their reſearches to the idle chimeras of myſticiſm. But the purer ſyſtems of former times found refuge among a people, whoſe warlike habits and intolerant religion might juſtly have been conſidered, at a diſtance, as threatening their inevitable deſtruction. Prior to the eſtabliſhment of Iſlamiſm by Mahomet, and for ſome time after it, philoſophy was unknown to his followers. With the commencement of the Abaſſidean dynaſty in the eighth century, the light of ſcience began to dawn on the Moſlem nations. Under Al-Mamon in the following age, learning of every kind was cultivated with avidity. Schools were inſtituted, and long continued to flouriſh at Bagdat, Baſſorah, and other places. The benign influence of knowledge was extended, with the Saracen empire, to the weſtern realms; and Raſi, Averröes, and Avicenna, are

are names which merit the reſpect and gratitude of later ages.

On the extinction of Alexandrian Platoniſm among the Pagans, about the ſeventh century, we can trace its remains among the oriental Chriſtians only, and chiefly among the monks, in whoſe communities the doctrines of Ariſtotle were ſtill preſerved. The Peripatetic philoſophy now began to revive, and from the receſs of the cloiſter to ſpread through the eaſt. This was principally effected by the labours of John Damaſcenus, who employed the Ariſtotelian dogmas in aid of theology, and who may not improperly be conſidered as the harbinger of the ſcholaſtic philoſophy. But the taſk of diffuſing it ſo extenſively as to enſure its permanence, was too great to be accompliſhed by an individual; and after his time, barbariſm prevailed till the eighth century, when learning, encouraged by the attention it received under the Emperor Michael, irradiated for a time the ſetting glories of the ſucceſſors of Conſtantine.

In the meanwhile, and during the eighth and ninth centuries, Bede, Rabanus, Eginhard, Erigena, Abelard, and others, flouriſhed in the weſt. The memorable controverſy between the Nominaliſts and Realiſts, which engroſſed the diſcuſſions of the literary world in the following ages, ſprung from the lectures and writings of Anſelm, Berenger, Lanfranc, Roſcelin, and their contemporaries, whoſe lives and labours were unprofitably waſted in dialectic

lectic ſubtleties. Their ſyſtems, if an aſſemblage of incoherent notions can deſerve that appellation, were compounded of opinions derived from polemic theology and the Ariſtotelian philoſophy as taught by the Arabians. Yet, with all their abſurdities, ſome of their leading tenets ſtill demand our aſſent; and the very names of Nominaliſts and Realiſts were epithets, which did not owe their origin to the ſarcaſtic fancy of opponents, but actually characteriſed the dogmas they inculcated.

From the time of Roſcelinus and Peter Abelard to the revival of letters, we find the ſcholaſtics divided into various other ſects, beſides the more celebrated branches of Nominaliſts and Realiſts, ſuch as the Albertiſts, Thomiſts, Scotiſts, Accamiſts, &c. ſo termed from their reſpective leaders.

We now enter on a more auſpicious period. To the fall of the Conſtantinopolitan empire in the middle of the fifteenth century, may be aſcribed the diſſemination of the Greek language in the weſt, and, conſequently, the introduction of a taſte for the writings of the ancients. Attempts were made to reſtore and correct the ſectarian metaphyſics of the Grecian ſchools. Poets ſatirized, and learned men refuted, the dogmas of the ſcholaſtics, and thus paved the way for the reformation of philoſophy. Under the patronage of Coſmo di Medici, John Argyropulus tranſlated Ariſtotle's Phyſics and Ethics, and added commentaries. On theſe he read lectures at Rome with

with the ſanction of the pope, who granted him a regular ſalary. Plato, Epictetus, and other moraliſts, were illuſtrated by the talents of Politian. Ariſtotle, however, appears to have ſtill been the favourite of the ſcholar. His Rhetoric and ſeveral other pieces were tranſlated by Hermolaus Barbarus, and his Categories, with Porphyry's Introduction, by Manettus, a Florentine, who wrote many original treatiſes on mind, the univerſe, truth, and other abſtruſe ſubjects. His Ethics and Politics were commented on by Donatus Acciailus, a pupil of Argyropulus; and his tract *De Anima et Analytica Poſteriore* was explained by Apollinaris Offred. Pletho of Conſtantinople, whoſe protracted life extended beyond a century, was a keen and induſtrious Platoniſt. The doctrines of the Academic were defended by Beſſario, biſhop of Nice, and afterwards patriarch of Conſtantinople, but latterly a member of the conclave under Eugenius IV. Beſſario is known as the obſcure tranſlator of Xenophon's Memorabilia, the Metaphyſic of Ariſtotle, and that erroneouſly aſcribed to Theophraſtus. His antagoniſt was George Trapezuntius, or George of Trebizond, who tranſlated part of the writings of Plato and Ariſtotle, and taught rhetoric and philoſophy at Venice and at Rome. Paleologus, Franciſcus Philelphus, Georgius Scholarius, Theodore Gaza, Marſilius Ficinus, Laurentius Valla, and other eminent literati, adorned the court and times of the Medici, who could alſo boaſt of a Dante, a Petrarch, a Boccace, and an Aretin. The literature of theſe times has been lately developed

veloped and illuſtrated by Mr. Roſcoe and other writers, with much perſeverance of reſearch, elegance of ſtyle, and claſſic erudition.

The reformation of religion, by ſtimulating the zeal, and calling into action the talents of the learned, formed a memorable epoch in the hiſtory of literature and philoſophy. Eraſmus, Vives, Nizolius, and other ſatiriſts, expoſed to ridicule the dogmatiſm of the ſcholaſtics. Luther, Melancthon, Faber, Agricola, the indefatigable Camerarius, and their contemporaries, laboured with aſſiduity to correct metaphyſical errors. It is ſtrange, that the chimeras and confuſed jargon of both the Stoic and Peripatetic philoſophy ſhould have ſtill maintained a ſtrong footing in the ſchools. In fact, the literati of that age were ſo wedded to antiquity, that they revived the different Grecian ſects, and ranged themſelves under the ſtandards of the ancient maſters. Picus, who had formed an uncouth mixture of the Cabbaliſtic doctrines and the tenets of Plato and Pythagoras, was followed by Reuchlin, Venetus, Agrippa, and Henry More. On the contrary, Patricius, Gale, Cudworth, and others, rejecting the notions of the myſtics, endeavoured to reſtore Alexandrian Platoniſm. Honoratus Faber, who has been already mentioned, Lobkowitz of Madrid, and Ricciolus the Athenian Jeſuit, taught a compound ſyſtem of Ariſtotelian and ſcholaſtic philoſophy; while the purer doctrines of the Peripatetic were prelected on by Gaza, George Trapezuntius, Scholarius,

Melancthon, Niphus of Calabria, Pomponatus of Mantua, his pupil Simon Porta, and Sonerus of Nuremburg, the follower of Galen in medicine, and the zealous advocate of Socinianiſm. Ariſtotle alſo found an able partizan in Hermannus Conringius, who was one of the moſt illuſtrious ornaments of the German ſchools, and to whoſe prolific pen the world owed a diverſity of tracts in theology, medicine, law, policy, and philoſophy. He was a violent opponent of the Carteſian ſyſtem.

If we had not indiſputable proofs of the childiſh veneration, which was ſo long and univerſally paid to the Ariſtotelian philoſophy, we ſhould reject the accounts of it as fabulous: even the moſt devious fancy could not have ſurmiſed the extent and force of its influence. To illuſtrate and diffuſe it ſeem to have been the ſole object and labour of the ſcholar; and, from the ſubjoined liſt of commentators and ſcholiaſts on the writings of the Peripatetic, an opinion may be formed of the lamentable perverſion of genius, and the extreme waſte of toil and of time beſtowed on them. It is not meant, however, to give a complete liſt: their number amounted, perhaps, to ſix times as many as are inſerted; and all his editors are omitted, for whoſe names recourſe may be had to the Bibliotheca Græca of Fabricius. The catalogue was compiled to gratify the writer's own curioſity, and is introduced here to impreſs on the reader a ſenſe of the contempt, which a future age beſtows on

the ill-directed purſuits of men, however reſpected by their contemporaries for knowledge and talents *. Whilſt

* A liſt of ſome of the commentators and ſcholiaſts on Ariſtotle's philoſophical works.

Ariſtotelis Ethica, cum commentar. Donati Acciaioli et Volaterran. publiſhed in folio at Venice, 1576. *The ſame*, cum comment. Acciaioli et ex interpretatione Joan. Argyropoli, Lugd. 1567, & Franck. 1596.

Johannis de Guevara commentarii in Ariſtotelis mechanicas, Rome, 1627.

Alexandri Aphrodiſienſis in Topica Ariſtotelis—by Aldus, Venice, 1513.

Baptiſtæ Flavii Paraphraſis in Ariſtotelis Meteorologica, Venet. 1597. Franc. 1581.

Themiſtius in lib. Ariſtot. octo auſcultation. tres de anima, unum de memoria et reminiſcentia, ſomno et vigilia, inſomniis et divinatione in ſomno, ex recenſ. Hermolæi Barbari.

Aphrodiſienſis in libros de anima ex interpret. H. Donati, folio, Paris, 1528.

Joan. Grammaticus in primos quatuor Ariſtotelis de naturali auſcultatione commentar. fol. Venice, 1535.

Olympiodori in Meteora Ariſtotelis comment. ſcholia Philoponi in primum Meteorum Ariſtotelis—by Aldus at Venice, 1551, folio.

Joan. Grammaticus in libr. de anima, ib. 1535.

Luculli Philalthæi in Ariſtotel. de anima comment. folio, 1579, Aug. Taur.

Joan. Grammatici comment. in priora Analytica Ariſtotel. printed in Greek by Aldus 1536, folio; and alſo at Venice in 1560, interprete Alexandro Juſtiniano.

Ib. in poſteriora reſolutoria, ib.—et Idem per Theodoſium, at Venice, 1553.

Philoponus in Ariſtot. de Phyſica auſcult. 1534, folio—et Idem, at Venice 1559, Joanne Raſario interprete.

Baptiſta Flavius in Ariſtotelis Meteorologica, Fani 1581, 4to.

Whilſt Ficinus was reviving Platoniſm in Italy, and Faber diſſeminating the Ariſtotelean philoſophy in

Alexandr. Aphrodiſienſis com. in priora analytica, interprete Bernardo Feliciano, &c. folio, 1560, Venice—Paris, 1542.

Ejuſd. comment. in Ariſtotelis libros Elenchorum, interprete Gaſpare Marcello, folio, Venice, 1546; and in Greek, 1520, Aldus—& Florence, 1521.

Auguſtinus Niphus in eoſdem, folio, Venice, 1551.

Ludov. Buccaferrei prælectiones in Ariſtot. de phyſico auditu.

Franc. Vicomercati commentarii in Ariſtotelis Meteorologica, fol. Paris, 1546—et Venice, 1565.

Ariſtotelis Ethica, cum commentario Petri Victoris, 1585.

Petrus Victor in Ariſtotelis Rhetoricam, Baſil, 1549.

Auguſtinus Niphus in Ariſtotelem de cœlo et mundo, Venice, 1540. 1553, 1554.

Ammonius in quinque prædicabilia Ariſtotelis.

Euſtratii et aliorum Peripateticorum commentaria in libros decem Ariſtotelis de moribus ad Nicomachum, Venice, Aldus, 1536, folio.

Simplicii commentarii in quatuor Ariſtotelis libros de cælo, 1526.

Idem in Ariſtot. de anima.

Aphrodiſæus in librum de ſenſu et ſenſibili.

Simplicius in decem categorias, Venice, 1499.

Idem in octo Ariſtotelis libros de auſcultatione, 1526.

Mich. Epheſius in librum de memoria et reminiſcentia; de ſomno et vigilia; de ſomniis, de divinatione per ſomnium, de motu animalium, de longitudine et brevitate vitæ, de juventute et ſenectute, et vita ac morte, de reſpiratione, de greſſu animalium, 1527.

Ammonius et Margentinus in Ariſtot. περὶ ἑρμηνείας.

Pſelli in eundem paraphraſis.

Ammonius in decem prædicamenta, Ald. 1503; etiam, 1541 and 1544.

Idem in Porphyrii inſtitutionem, Ariſtotelis categorias, et librum

in France, Reuchlin profeſſed and taught a myſtical ſyſtem, compounded of Platonic, Pythagoric, and

librum de interpretatione, Joanne Baptiſta Raſario interprete, Venice, 1559.

Alex. Aphrodiſienſis in moteorologica, Joanne Baptiſta Camotio interprete, Venice, 1556.

Ejuſdem quæſtiones naturales et morales de fato, Venice, 1551.

Pſellus in phyſicam, interprete Joanne Baptiſto Camotio, Ald. 1554.

Philoponus in metaphyſica ex verſione Franciſci patritii, Ferrariæ, 1583, folio.

Euſtratius in ſecundum librum poſteriorum Analyticorum, et innominati auctoris expoſitiones in eundem Andrea Gratiolo interprete, Venice, 1542.

Ammonius in librum de interpretatione Bartholomæo Silvanio interprete.

Olympiodorus et Philoponus in Meteora, interprete Joan. Bapt. Camotio, Venice, 1551.

Porphyrius in prædicamenta, et

Dexippus in ead. Ariſt. Bernardo Feliciano interprete, Venice, 1546, folio.

Philoponus in libros de generatione et corruptione, interprete Hieronymo Bagotino, Venice, 1526, 1543.

Michael Epheſius in libros 3 Ariſtot. de partibus animalium.

Alex. Aphrodiſæi queſtiones de anima.

Joan. Grammatici Philoponi in libros de generatione et interitu, Ald. 1527.

Magentinus in priora Analytica Ariſtot.

Alex. Aphrodiſæus in duodecim libros de prima philoſophia, interprete Joanne Geneſio Sepulveda, Venice, 1561.

Joannes Breverus in phyſicam, Lovan. 1567.

Georgii Pachymerii in univerſam Ariſtotelis philoſophiam epitome, interprete Philippo Bechio—at Baſil in 1560.

Simplicius in Ariſtotelem de phyſico auditu—at Paris, 1544—Lucilio Philaltheo interprete.

and Cabbaliſtic doctrines. He was the author of ſeveral profound treatiſes in philoſophy, although ſtrangely

Simplicius in prædicamenta Ariſtotelis—at Venice, 1550.

Idem in quatuor libros Ariſtotelis de cælo,—at Venice, 1544, cum nova verſione lat.

Anonymus in Ariſtotelis Rhetorica,—at Paris, 1539. From the royal preſs.

*Averroës in Ariſtotelis opera omnia* in 13 vols. 8vo. Venet. apud Junctas, 1562.

Taurelli Synopſis Metaphyſices Ariſtotelis ad normam Chriſtianæ religionis, Hanov. 1596—*Taurellus is the author of* Coſmologia adverſus Peripateticos, et Triumphus Philoſophiæ.

Franciſci Toledi introduct. ad dialecticam Ariſtot.

Joannis Velcurionis in phyſicam Ariſtot. comment.—at Tubingen, 1542.

Obertus Giphanius in Ethica Ariſtotelis.

Idem in Ariſtotelis politica.

Joach. Perionii obſervat. in Ariſtot. polit. Baſil, 1549.

Jacobus Schegkius in Topica Ariſtot. 1585.

Ariſtot. Rhetorica cum comment. Portorum, Spiræ, 1598.

Ead. et poetica cum comment. Anton. Riccoboni, Venice, 1579.

Ariſt. de anima cum comment. Pacii, Franck. 1596.

Georgii Trapezuntii comparationes Ariſtotelis et Platonis, Venet. 1523.

Petri Rami animadverſiones Ariſtotelicæ, Paris, 1556.

Idem in phyſica Ariſtot.—at Paris, 1565.

Marc. Ant. Zimaræ tabula dilucidationum ſuper Ariſtotelem et Averröem, Venet. 1576, 1564.

ALPHARABII, *vetuſtiſſimi Ariſtotelis interpretis, opera omnia*, Paris 1638.

Symphorianus Champerius de philoſophia, medicina et theologia, ſecundum Ariſtotelem et Platonem.

Julii Pacii in octo lib. Ariſtot. naturalis auſcultationis comment.

Barnardini Donati differentia Platon. et Ariſtot. philoſophiæ, Venice.

Georgius

ſtrangely interlarded with his peculiar notions. Cornelius Agrippa, a man of great induſtry and genius,

Georgius Diaconus in logic. Ariſtot. Paris, 1547, cum verſione Joannis Raſarii.

Grynæi ſcholion in Ariſtotelem de mundo, Baſil, 1533.

Franc. Patritii diſcuſſiones Peripateticæ, Baſil, 1581.

Maioragii Paraphraſis in Ariſtotelis libros de cælo, item generatione ac interitu; Baſil, 1554.

Septalii comment. in Ariſtotelis problemata.

Petri Victorii comment. in lib. Rhetoric. Ariſt. 2 vols. 1579.

Ejuſd. comment. in lib. politicorum Ariſt. 1576.

Ammonius et alii in Analytica Ariſtot. 1503, Aldus.

Joannes Cottunius in octo lib. Ariſtotelis de phyſico auditu.

Andr. Cæſalpini Quæſtiones Peripateticæ.

Alex. Aphrodiſæus in Ariſtotelem de prima philoſophia, interprete Sepulveda, Paris, 1536.

Ariſtot. politicorum lib. prim. et ſec. cum comment. Montecalini. He comments alſo on Plato de rep. et de legibus, Ferrara, 1594.

Ariſtot. Politica et Œconomica cum commentariis Jacobi Fabri Stapulenſis.

Simon Simonii comment. in Ariſtot. de ſenſuum inſtrumentis, et de his quæ ſub ſenſum cadunt.

Ib. in librum de reminiſcentia et memoria, apud Joan. Criſpin. 1566.

Beſſarionis Metaphyſicorum Ariſtot. xiv. Aldus, 1516.

M. Ant. Flaminii Paraphraſis in duodecimum Ariſt. librum de prima philoſophia, 1536, Venice.

Julii Cæſ. Scaligeri comment. in Ariſt. de plantis.

Hier. Balduini expoſitio in libros aliquot phyſicos Ariſt. et Averrois, Venice, 1573.

Porphyrii introduct. in dialecticen, folio, Lovan. 1560.

Philoponus in libros Ariſt. de anima, 1535.

genius, was, like too many of the literary characters of that age, ſtrongly tinctured with myſticiſm.

Ludovicus Buccaferreus in IV. Meteor. Ariſt. 1563, Venice.

P. Pomponati dubitationes in IV. meteorologicorum, Ariſt.

Auguſtini Niphi comment. in octo libros Topicorum Ariſt. 1542, Paris apud Wechel.

Antonii Scayni paraphraſis in Ariſtotelem de anima, &c. 1599, Venice.

Librorum X. Ariſt. moralium tres converſiones, Argyropoli, Aretini, et antiqua, by Hen. Stephan, 1516, Paris, who printed and edited Beſſario's and Argyropylus's comment. on the Metaph. of Ariſtotle and Theophraſtus.

Pauli Benii in Ariſtot. libros de eloquentia commentarii.

Camil Baldus in phyſiognomica Ariſtotelis.

Ammonii Hermeæ in Ariſtot. prædicamenta comment. interprete Bartholomæo Silvanio, Paris, 1542.

Baſcianus Landus in Ariſt. libros de anima, Venice, 1569.

Fr. Vicomercati in Ariſtotelem de naturali auſcultatione, 1567, Venice and Paris, 1550.

Mazonii in Platonis et Ariſtotelis philoſophiam præludia, 1579, Venice.

Auguſtini Niphi comment. in phyſ. auſcult. Ariſt. lib. 8, Venice, 1549.

Martini Borrhæi comment. in Ariſt. rhetorica, Baſil 1551.

Alex. Aphrodiſienſis in lib. de prima philoſophia, interprete Sepulveda, 1527, Rome.

Simplicii comment. in octo Ariſtot. libros de auſcultat. Venice, apud Aldum.

Alex. Aphrodiſienſis in Ariſt. priora Analytica, Aldus, 1520.

Joan. Philoponus in Metaphyſica Ariſtot. interprete Patricio, 1583, Ferrar.

Simplicius de phyſica Ariſtot. interprete Philalthæo.

Ariſtot. Mechanica, cum comment. Monantholii.

Antonii

ciſm. Powerful attempts were made to introduce new methods of philoſophiſing. Among the more

Antonii Ruviorodienſis comment. in Ariſt. libros de cælo et mundo.

Zabarella in Ariſt. phyſica, de generatione, et meteora.

Ariſtotelis ethica explicata, et collata cum S. Scriptura per Petrum Martyrem et Ande. Hyperium.

Jo. Baptiſta Monlorius in priora analytica Ariſtotelis, Franc. 1593.

Dilucidationes 3 libror. Ariſt. de anima per Vincentium Quintianum, Bonon. 1575.

Anton. Ruviorodienſis comment. in Ariſt. dialect. 1534, Colon.

Platonis cum Ariſtotele comparatio per Jac. Carpentarium, 1573, Paris.

Porphyrius in Ariſt. Categorias, in Greek, at Paris, 1549.

P. Athanaſii Ariſtotelis ſententiæ de anima explicatio.

In Ariſtotelis univerſam naturæ philoſophiam Theod. Melochitæ paraphraſis, Baſil, 1562.

Ariſtotelis Ethicorum explicatio per Jo. Camerarium, 1578, Franc.

Dion. Lambini annotation. in lib. x. Ariſt. de moribus, Paris, 1558.

Nicol. Gruchius in eoſdem, Paris, 1566.

Franc. Toleti comment. in Ariſt. logicam, Colon. 1596.

Theodori Methochitæ in Ariſtotelis phyſica paraphraſis Latine per Gentianum Hervetum, Baſil, 1559.

Th. Gianninii diſput. Ariſtot. de ſubſtant. cæli et ſtellarum efficientia.

Joan. Hamiltonii præludia in Organum Ariſt. 1580, Paris.

Petri Martyris Vermilii comment. in ethica Ariſtotelis, Tigur. 1563.

Jac. Carpentarii lib. xiv. Ariſt. de ſecretiore parte divinæ ſapientiæ ſecundum Ægyptios, 1571, Paris.

Syriani in 2, 12, & 13 Ariſt. libros metaphyſicos commentarius Latine, per Bagolinum, Venetiis, 1558.

Lud.

more celebrated of modern ſceptics, Sanchez, Hernhaym, Vayer, Huet, and Bayle, may be noticed with diſtinction. A ſect of ſcriptural philoſophers aroſe, among whom were the names of Alſted, Burnet, Whiſton, Comenius, and Bayer; and who, deſpairing of being able to arrive at truth by the aid of common ſenſe, had recourſe to their bibles, and endeavoured to rear a new philoſophic ſtructure, chiefly on the Moſaic coſmogeny.

In the mean time another claſs, who had been denominated Theoſophiſts, diſdaining to employ the underſtanding in their metaphyſical reſearches, boldly laid claim to divine illumination. This fanciful pretenſion owed its origin, in ſeveral inſtances, to impoſture and knavery; and, in others, to the diſordered imagination of the viſionary. Paracelſus, who certainly poſſeſſed a ſtupendous and univerſal genius, was at the head of this ſect during his buſtling but ſhort life; and his diſciples

Lud. Buccaferreæ explanationes in primum phyſicorum Ariſtotelis, Venice, 1559.

Fr. Vicomercati in 3 lib. Ariſt. de anima, Venice, 1566.

Problemata Ariſtotelis et Aphrodiſienſis, interprete Theod. Gaza, apud Aldum.

Th. Aquinas in octo libros phyſicorum Ariſtotelis, 1557, Venice.

Id. in libros de cœlo et mundo.

Id. in lib. Ariſt. περι ἑρμηνειας et poſteriorum Analyticorum, 1552, Venice.

Zaffiti comment. in poſteriora analytica, 1561, Veniçe, &c. &c. cum multis aliis antiquis interp. Ariſtot. opera

were

were numerous. It was alſo followed by Fludd, Boehman, Helmont, and Poiret; and the famous ſyſtem of the Roſicrucians partook deeply of its characteriſtic tenets.

The common ſenſe of mankind, however, oppoſed an effectual obſtruction to the diffuſion of theſe ridiculous opinions. The true eclectic method of improving philoſophy began to be proſecuted, not indeed that followed by the Alexandrian ſchool, but that which, by renouncing prejudices of every kind, ſubjected the ſentiments of others to the rigid ſcrutiny of reaſon, and admitted no concluſions, excepting thoſe deducible from principles founded in the nature of things, and diſcovered by experience. Cardan, Bacon, Campanella, Hobbes, Deſcartes, Leibnitz, Thomas, and Wolfe, were among thoſe who cultivated philoſophy in general in this manner. But learned men had now found it neceſſary, from the progreſs which ſcience had made, to attach themſelves to particular branches of it in order to promote its further advancement. Accordingly we find logic and metaphyſics illuſtrated by Peter Ramus, Arnold, Spinoza, Mallebranche, Tſchernhauſen, Locke, Shafteſbury, Mandeville, Berkeley, and Butler; while natural philoſophy or phyſics engroſſed the attention and labours of Copernicus, Tycho-Brahe, Kepler, Gallileo, Bayle, and Newton.

From

From this rapid but ſuperficial ſketch of the hiſtory of metaphyſics, it will appear, that Mr. Hume's undertaking was of a gigantic nature, whether he wiſhed merely to diſplay his erudition by detailing the ſentiments of others, and his judgment in adopting their beſt founded opinions; or aimed at obtaining the character of an original thinker. A vaſt body of ſcience was already in the poſſeſſion of the public; and unleſs he could, by condenſing its eſſence, facilitate the means of acquiring a knowledge of it, correct former errors, and eſtabliſh as indiſputable the firſt principles of metaphyſics, no ſerious advantage could reſult from his labours. He has not, however, accompliſhed any of theſe objects; while by neglecting to acknowledge the ſources from which the doctrines he ſupports were derived, he has given to them the appearance of originality at the expence of his candour and learning. On this point, he is no leſs faulty in the two Enquiries, which he afterwards ſubſtituted in place of his Treatiſe; although in many of his literary and political eſſays, he is extremely laviſh of references to ancient authors.

After publiſhing his Treatiſe, our author retired to Ninewells, where his mother reſided, and where he found his brother very ſucceſsfully employed in cultivating the family eſtate. In the ſtatiſtical account of Scotland *, this gentleman is

* Vol. xiv. Pariſh of Chirnſide.

mentioned

mentioned in honourable terms, for having ſet the example of agricultural improvement in that part of the country.

The ſelf-complacency of a young writer is ever ready to diſcover reaſons, and contrive excuſes, for the want of ſucceſs in his earlier undertakings; and David, being naturally of a ſanguine temper, gradually recovered from his chagrin *. Even his literary

* I have here adopted the account, which Mr. Hume gives of his own feelings upon this occaſion, and in which he tells us, that he was naturally of a cheerful and ſanguine temper. In the London Review, vol. v. p. 200, (anno 1777,) edited by Dr. Kenrick, there is a note on this paſſage in our author's biographical narrative, entitled, My Own Life, rather inimical to the amenity of diſpoſition claimed by him. The reviewer ſays,—"ſo ſanguine, that it does not appear our author had acquired, at this period of his life, that command over his paſſions of which he afterwards makes his boaſt. His diſappointment at the public reception of his Eſſay on Human Nature, had indeed a violent effect on his paſſions in a particular inſtance; it not having dropped ſo *dead-born* from the preſs, but that it was ſeverely handled by the reviewers of thoſe times in a publication entitled, *The Works of the Learned*; a circumſtance which ſo highly provoked our young philoſopher, that he flew in a violent rage to demand ſatisfaction of Jacob Robinſon, the publiſher, whom he kept, during the paroxyſm of his anger, at his ſword's point, trembling behind the counter leſt a period ſhould be put to the life of a ſober critic by a raving philoſopher."

Kenrick's Review was held to be rather an illiberal production, and not over-nice as to the correctneſs of its aſſertions. It is now impoſſible to aſcertain, whether this anecdote be true or falſe. The review of Hume's Life is ſigned W, a very common ſignature, and, I ſuſpect, that of Kenrick himſelf, whoſe

literary ardour was not abated by the bad reception, which his laſt production experienced; and during his abode at Ninewells he laboured with ſo much aſſiduity, as to be able to uſher into the world, in 1742, two ſmall volumes of *Eſſays Moral and Philoſophical* *. Theſe tracts, which form the firſt part of his Eſſays, as now collected, were more propitiouſly received by the public; and this compenſated, in ſome degree, for his former diſappointment, and even effaced the recollection of it.

To the induſtry of Hume ſo auſpicious a circumſtance gave a new ſtimulus. If he had ſuffered his bad fortune to repreſs all future efforts; if, diſcouraged by neglect, he had remained inactive in obſcurity, we ſhould not have poſſeſſed that hiſtorical work, which now bears its author's name in triumph through the world. The example is favourable to the hopes and exertions of the juvenile ſcholar, who may ſooth himſelf with the recollection, that Hume experienced reiterated defeats; yet, like Antæus, gathering ſtrength by his fall, he finally obtained the wreath of immortality.

whoſe name was William; though he uſually ſigned K, when he openly acknowledged, or was indifferent as to the notoriety of what criticiſms were of his own compoſition. His ſon William Shakeſpeare Kenrick was the aſſiſtant of his father, and, on the latter's death, the profeſſed editor of the London Review during the ſhort period of its exiſtence.

* Printed at Edinburgh, 18mo.

Theſe

Theſe Eſſays, the occaſional productions of his vacant evenings, embrace a multiplicity of ſubjects, but without any regard to a connected plan of diſquiſition. All of them diſplay much acuteneſs of remark, and extent of reading; and thoſe on moral and literary topics will not loſe by being compared with the ſimilar performances of our moſt celebrated eſſayiſts. Even where we diſſent from his concluſions, we are conſtrained to acknowledge the ingenuity of his arguments, and the forcible manner in which he employs them. Mr. Hume, it is true, does not reſt his reputation on his Eſſays; but little diſcernment was neceſſary to preſage, that, from ſo promiſing a ſpecimen, nothing but induſtry and a popular ſubject were required to enable him to attain the character of an eminent and enlightened writer.

In an advertiſement prefixed to the firſt volume, he intimated that moſt of the Eſſays were written with a view of being publiſhed as WEEKLY PAPERS, and intended to comprehend the deſigns both of the Spectators and Craftſmen. "But," continued he, "having dropt that undertaking, partly from lazineſs, partly from want of leiſure; and being willing to make trial of my talents for writing, before I ventured upon any more ſerious compoſitions, I was induced to commit theſe trifles to the judgment of the public. Like moſt new authors, I muſt confeſs I feel ſome anxiety concerning the ſucceſs of my work; but one thing makes me more ſecure, that the reader may condemn

demn my abilities, but, I hope, will approve of my moderation, and impartiality in my method of handling political ſubjects; and as long as my moral character is in ſafety, I can, with leſs concern, abandon my learning and capacity to the moſt ſevere cenſure and examination. Public ſpirit, methinks, ſhould engage us to love the public, and to bear an equal affection to all our countrymen; not to hate one half of them under colour of loving the whole. This party rage I have endeavoured to repreſs, as far as poſſible; and I hope this deſign will be acceptable to the moderate of both parties; at the ſame time that perhaps it may diſpleaſe the bigots of both. The reader muſt not look for any connection among theſe Eſſays, but muſt conſider each of them as a work apart. This is an indulgence that is given to all eſſay-writers; and, perhaps, ſuch a deſultory method of writing is an equal eaſe both to author and reader, by freeing them from any tireſome ſtretch of attention and application."

This advertiſement has been omitted in all the ſubſequent editions of the Eſſays; but, indeed, no two editions of any part of Mr. Hume's works, publiſhed in his life-time, ever agreed, as he was conſtantly occupied in making additions or omiſſions, in occaſionally incorporating the notes with the text, or relegating them to their original ſtation. It cannot be ſaid of him, as Pope averred of an eminent poet,

> Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
> The laſt and greateſt art, the art to blot.

The

The ſubjects of theſe Eſſays were the following *:

IN VOLUME I.

Eſſay I. Of the Delicacy of Taſte and Paſſion.
II. Of the Liberty of the Preſs.
III. *Of Impudence and Modeſty.*
IV. That Politics may be reduced to a Science.
V. Of the Principles of Government—*now intitled*, Of the Firſt Principles of Government.
VI. *Of Love and Marriage.*
VII. *Of the Study of Hiſtory.*
VIII. Of the Independency of Parliament.
IX. Whether the Britiſh Government inclines more to abſolute Monarchy or a Republic.
X. Of Parties in general.
XI. Of the Parties of Great Britain.
XII. Of Superſtition and Enthuſiaſm.
XIII. *Of Avarice.*
XIV. Of the Dignity of Human Nature—*now intitled*, Of the Dignity or Meanneſs of Human Nature.
XV. Of Liberty and Deſpotiſm—*now intitled*, Of Civil Liberty.

* Thoſe marked in Italics, though inſerted in the edition of 1760, in 4 vols. were omitted in the future octavo editions: they are publiſhed in the Appendix to this work.

IN VOLUME II.

Eſſay I. *Of Eſſay-Writing.*
II. Of Eloquence.
III. *Of Moral Prejudices.*
IV. *Of the Middle Station of Life.*
V. Of the Riſe and Progreſs of the Arts and Sciences.
VI. The Epicurean.
VII. The Stoic.
VIII. The Platoniſt.
IX. The Sceptic.
X. Of Polygamy and Divorce.
XI. Of Simplicity and Refinement—*now intitled*, Of Simplicity and Refinement in Writing.
XII. *A Character of Sir Robert Walpole.*

As Mr. Hume has thought proper to mention a trifling inſtance of his laborious application to letters, it may be likewiſe noticed in this work. In the ordinary courſe of education he had learned the Greek tongue, but afterwards neglected to make any effort to preſerve his knowledge of it. He now availed himſelf of the tranquillity of his rural retreat to recover and cultivate his acquaintance with that language.

In this ſtate of lettered eaſe, he ſpent more than three years at Ninewells. His ſtation in life ſecured him from the danger of want; yet, as he had

had no ſettled purſuit, and was a younger brother without a profeſſion, his proſpects were not the moſt brilliant. The reputation, which he had acquired, was too feeble to ſerve by itſelf as a ſufficient recommendation to public notice; but he was prepared to improve opportunity. The friends of the Marquis of Annandale, a young nobleman whoſe unfortunate ſtate of mind and health required the ſuperintendance of another, pitched on our author as a proper perſon to undertake that charge; and, accordingly, in 1745, he was invited by the Marquis to come and reſide with him in England. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Hume continued with him about a year. The ſalary allowed him made a conſiderable addition to his ſmall fortune, which he had huſbanded with the moſt perſevering frugality. It would, perhaps, have been fortunate for the Marquis, if he had retained his literary companion; as, in that caſe, it is probable, that the latter part of his life would not have been involved in the myſterious gloom, in which it was enveloped.

In 1746, the Britiſh miniſtry, having planned an expedition againſt Canada, conferred the command of it on Lieutenant General James St. Clair, who appointed Mr. Hume to be his ſecretary. He accordingly left the Marquis, and joined the General; but the deſtination of this expedition was altered to a cold and unimportant incurſion on the coaſt of France. In 1747, Hume was again invited by the General to accompany him in his

embaſſy to the courts of Vienna and Turin. He held, on this occaſion, the ſtation of ſecretary, and, by mingling in the gay world, familiarized himſelf with the manners of the great.

It was formerly mentioned, on the authority of Mr. Hume himſelf, that his ſanguine turn of mind, ever ready to bend itſelf towards the bright ſide of things, had aſcribed the want of ſucceſs, which his Treatiſe experienced, to too precipitate an appearance before the public; and that the manner in which the work was executed, rather than the doctrines it ſupported, was the rock on which he had ſtruck. Impreſſed with this notion, he employed the leiſure, which his preſent faſhionable mode of life afforded, in retouching the firſt part of that performance, and tranſmitted the manuſcript from Turin to London, where it was printed under the new title of an *Enquiry concerning Human Underſtanding*.

The reception, which this production met with, was not calculated to confirm him in the opinion he entertained of the cauſe of his former bad fortune. In fact, it attracted as little notice as his Treatiſe had done; and he himſelf tells us, that, on his return from Italy, he had the mortification to find all England in a ferment on account of Dr. Middleton's Free Inquiry *, while his

* Dr. Conyers Middleton's *Free Inquiry into the miraculous Powers, which are ſuppoſed to have ſubſiſted in the Chriſtian Church*, was publiſhed in 4to. in 1749. It forms the firſt of the five volumes of his Miſcellaneous Works.

own

own performance was entirely overlooked and neglected.

In 1748, and immediately prior to the publication of the Enquiry, his Eſſays, Moral and Political, were re-publiſhed at London *; but, according to his own account, they were received with as much indifference as his new work had been. It is not now eaſy to aſcertain, whether this edition, which contained four additional eſſays, was the ſecond or the third: it was probably the latter; and if this opinion be correct, a third edition in the ſpace of ſix years ought to have afforded conſolation to Mr. Hume on his recent diſappointment. Perhaps, on peruſal of theſe pieces, the reader will be inclined to think, that they had a better fate, than their merit entitled the author to expect.

The additional Eſſays were,

1. Of the Origin of Government.
2. Of National Characters.
3. Of Tragedy.
4. Of the Standard of Taſte.

So many diſcouragements, as he had encountered by the untoward fortune of his literary productions, would, doubtleſs, have had their full influence on a more timid mind. But our author's temporal circumſtances were now eaſy;

* In 12mo. price 3s.

and being totally independent of the ſales of his works, he did not look to his pen for ſupport: he ſought only the reputation of a man of letters. No ſenſe of the neceſſity of labour, no privations, no clamorous wants, obtunded his powers. In ſo favourable a ſituation, he could give full reins to his inclination: there was no call of haſte, no urgency to toil; and he was not conſtrained to ſit down, *invitâ Minervâ*, to his cheerleſs taſk. Every new performance, therefore, matured in the boſom of tranquillity, may be regarded as a fair criterion of his talents at the time; and from his unremitting perſeverance, he ſeems to have imbibed the true *cacoëthes ſcribendi*.

In 1749, he retired to his brother's houſe at Ninewells, where he reſided two years. During this period he compoſed the ſecond part of his Eſſays, which he ſtyled *Political Diſcourſes*. He likewiſe wrote his *Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*, which, as has been already noticed, originally formed part of his treatiſe on Human Nature, but which he now thought proper to new-model. It was publiſhed in London, in November 1751 *, by Andrew Millar, the well-known bookſeller in the Strand. This production ſtood highly in the author's favour, who, during the whole of his life, manifeſted a ſtrong predilection for it; and he frankly tells us, that, in his own opinion, it was, of all his writings,

* In 12mo. price 3s.

hiſtorical,

hiſtorical, philoſophical, or literary, incomparably the beſt: yet, like all his former labours, it came unnoticed into the world.

Mr. Hume left Ninewells in 1751, and eſtabliſhed his reſidence at Edinburgh, where his *Political Diſcourſes* were printed in one volume, 8vo. and publiſhed in the following year. This performance was the only one, which met with a flattering reception on its firſt appearance; and in the ſhort ſpace of two years, it reached a third edition, which was publiſhed at London, with additions and corrections *.

Theſe Political Diſcourſes were on the following ſubjects:

1. Of Commerce.
2. Of Refinement in the Arts.
3. Of Money.
4. Of Intereſt.
5. Of the Balance of Trade.
6. Of the Jealouſy of Trade.
7. Of the Balance of Power.
8. Of Taxes.
9. Of Public Credit.
10. Of ſome remarkable Cuſtoms.
11. Of the Populouſneſs of ancient Nations.
12. Of the original Contract.

* The firſt edition was publiſhed at Edinburgh in the month of January 1752, price 4s. 6d. the ſecond by Andrew Millar in 1754.

13. Of Paſſive Obedience.
14. Of the Coalition of Parties.
15. Of the Proteſtant Succeſſion.
16. Idea of a perfect Commonwealth.

In 1753, the eleventh Eſſay, viz. that on the Populouſneſs of Ancient Nations, was attacked by Dr. Robert Wallace, one of the miniſters of Edinburgh, in an octavo volume intitled, A DISSERTATION ON THE NUMBERS OF MANKIND IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES: *with an Appendix, containing additional Obſervations on the ſame Subject, and ſome Remarks on Mr. Hume's Political Diſcourſe on the Populouſneſs of Ancient Nations* *. The Rev. Mr. Adams likewiſe publiſhed at London, in 1753, *An Eſſay on Mr. Hume's Eſſay on Miracles*. This laſt Eſſay is the tenth in our Author's Enquiry concerning Human Underſtanding.

In the ſame year, in which Mr. Hume's Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals appeared, Mr. Henry Home, who was then at the bar, but afterwards better known as Lord Kames, publiſhed his celebrated *Eſſays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion* †. This work, although anonymous, attracted great attention by the boldneſs of its reſearch. It was attacked in

* Publiſhed at Edinburgh.

† They were publiſhed in the month of March 1751, 12mo. A new edition appeared in 1758, with alterations and additions.

various

various pamphlets, the firſt of which was publiſhed at Edinburgh under the title of *A Letter occaſioned by the Eſſays on Morality and Natural Religion.* In December 1756, appeared *Objections againſt the Eſſays on Morality and Natural Religion examined*; and in May 1758, *Remarks on the Eſſays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion: in a Letter to a Miniſter of the Church of Scotland*, by Mr. J. Edwards, Preſident of the College of New Jerſey. Some other tracts in anſwer to his Lordſhip will be afterwards mentioned.

But the moſt zealous, and certainly the moſt dangerous of all his aſſailants, was Mr. George Anderſon, a probationer of the church of Scotland, who wrote an octavo volume on the ſubject, and gave it the name of *An Eſtimate of the Profit and Loſs of Religion, perſonally and publicly ſtated: illuſtrated with References to Eſſays on Morality and Natural Religion.* It was publiſhed at Edinburgh in November 1753. In the month of March that year, Mr. Hume's tenets had been attacked by an anonymous writer, in a ſmall volume, intitled, *A Delineation of the Nature and Obligations of Morality: with Reflections on Mr. Hume's Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals.* Of this work a ſecond edition appeared in February 1763, with an *Appendix concerning the Office of Reaſon in Morals, and the Superiority of that Principle to Sentiment.* It was the production of Mr. James Balfour, a Scottiſh barriſter.

On

On the publication of the laſt mentioned tract, which was the only anſwer Mr. Hume condeſcended to notice, he wrote the following letter, addreſſed "To the Author of the Delineation of the Nature and Obligations of Morality," and left it with the bookſeller.

"SIR,

"When I write you, I know not to whom I am addreſſing myſelf: I only know he is one who has done me a great deal of honour, and to whoſe civilities I am obliged. If we be ſtrangers, I beg we may be acquainted, as ſoon as you think proper to diſcover yourſelf: if we be acquainted already, I beg we may be friends: if friends, I beg we may be more ſo. Our connection with each other as men of letters, is greater than our difference as adhering to different ſects or ſyſtems. Let us revive the happy times, when Atticus and Caſſius the epicureans, Cicero the academic, and Brutus the ſtoic, could all of them live in unreſerved friendſhip together, and were inſenſible to all thoſe diſtinctions, except ſo far as they furniſhed agreeable matter to diſcourſe and converſation. Perhaps you are a young man, and being full of thoſe ſublime ideas, which you have ſo well expreſſed, think there can be no virtue upon a more confined ſyſtem. I am not an old one; but, being of a cool temperament, have always found, that more ſimple views were ſufficient to make me act

act in a reaſonable manner; νηθε, και μεμνησο απιστειν; in this faith have I lived, and hope to die.

"Your civilities to me ſo much over-balance your ſeverities, that I ſhould be ungrateful to take notice of ſome expreſſions which, in the heat of compoſition, have dropped from your pen. I muſt only complain of you a little for aſcribing to me the ſentiments, which I have put into the mouth of the Sceptic in the Dialogue. I have ſurely endeavoured to refute the ſceptic, with all the force of which I am maſter; and my refutation muſt be allowed ſincere, becauſe drawn from the capital principles of my ſyſtem. But you impute to me both the ſentiments of the ſceptic, and the ſentiments of his antagoniſt, which I can never admit of. In every dialogue no more than one perſon can be ſuppoſed to repreſent the author.

"Your ſeverity on one head, that of chaſtity, is ſo great, and I am ſo little conſcious of having given any juſt occaſion to it, that it has afforded me a hint to form a conjecture, perhaps ill-grounded, concerning your perſon.

"I hope to ſteal a little leiſure from my other occupations, in order to defend my philoſophy againſt your attacks. If I have occaſion to give a new edition of the work, which you have honoured with an anſwer, I ſhall make great advantage of your remarks, and hope to obviate ſome of your criticiſms.

"Your ſtile is elegant, and full of agreeable imagery. In ſome few places it does not fully come up to my ideas of purity and correctneſs. I ſuppoſe mine falls ſtill further ſhort of your ideas. In this reſpect, we may certainly be of uſe to each other. With regard to our philoſophical ſyſtems, I ſuppoſe we are both ſo fixed, that there is no hope of any converſions betwixt us; and for my part, I doubt not but we ſhall both do as well to remain as we are.

"I am, &c.

"Edinburgh, March 15, 1753."

The office of librarian to the Faculty of Advocates becoming vacant by the reſignation of the learned Ruddiman, Mr. Hume, in January 1752, was choſen to fill it; a ſtation from which he derived little emolument, but which compenſated this want by placing an extenſive library at his command. In the ſame month his friend Henry Home was appointed one of the lords of ſeſſion by the title of Lord Kames; and his illuſtrious antagoniſt, Dr. Reid, was tranſlated from the paſtoral charge of the pariſh of New Machar to a profeſſorſhip of philoſophy in King's College, Aberdeen. Adam Smith had been made profeſſor of logic at Glaſgow in January 1751; and, in April 1752, he ſucceeded Mr. Thomas Craigie, as profeſſor of philoſophy at the ſame univerſity. The vacant chair of logic became the ſubject of competition. The candidates were Mr. James Clough, and

and the celebrated Edmund Burke; and the former gained no vulgar laurel, when he beheld his rival retiring diſcomfited from the conteſt.

Gerard, another opponent of our author, was, in the month of July of this year, appointed a profeſſor of philoſophy in the Mariſchal College, Aberdeen. Blair was, at this time, one of the miniſters of the Canongate of Edinburgh; but it was not until the year 1756, that Robertſon received a paſtoral charge in the capital. It is impoſſible to contemplate ſo bright a conſtellation of talents with indifference; and while we yield to an impulſe of generous feeling, let us endeavour to impreſs on the remembrance of the preſent race of Scottiſh literati, that to preſerve the reputation, which their country has already attained, is no eaſy taſk. But it is the part of poſterity not merely to emulate, but to excel their predeceſſors, elſe ſcience muſt become ſtationary. We enjoy the benefit of the learned labours of the laſt generation; and vaſt as theſe were, let us conſole ourſelves with reflecting, that a well-directed induſtry will ſtill carry us beyond them. Formidable, therefore, as the liſt of diſtinguiſhed Scotſmen was at the period to which we allude, to outdo them is worthy of the noble daring of liberal minds.

So vaſt a range of literature, as the library of the Faculty of Advocates preſented to Mr. Hume, ſeems to have emboldened his induſtry; for he immedi-

immediately formed the reſolution of compiling a hiſtory of England. At this time, Rapin de Thoyras, a French refugee, was the only reputable writer on the ſubject. His work, however, was eſteemed chiefly as a faithful chronicle or regiſter of facts; for, as was to be expected from the production of a ſtranger writing in a foreign tongue, it could not boaſt of elegance of language, and was unadorned with thoſe political reflections which conſtitute the philoſophy of hiſtorical compoſition, and of which Thucydides and Polybius have tranſmitted valuable examples. The hiſtory of Rapin was a work of labour, but not of taſte. Hume had been accuſtomed to diſquiſition; and he carried with him to his new undertaking the bold and liberal ſpirit of inquiry, which he had diſplayed in his former writings. Intimidated, however, by the magnitude of a work, which was to contain a narrative of Engliſh affairs during a period of 1700 years, he ſelected, for his firſt eſſay, that portion of it which commences with the acceſſion of the Houſe of Stuart, and forms a moſt important epoch in the Britiſh annals.

Other motives ſeem likewiſe to have influenced his choice. The hiſtorian of thoſe times, when the gloom of feudaliſm darkened Europe, has little elſe to relate but the ſanguinary diſputes of ſemi-barbarians, and the fatal conſequences of family feuds. The conteſts between rival candidates for the throne are not ſuſceptible of much ornament in point

point of language; while the ferocious manners of warlike but illiterate chieftains, and their followers, do not promiſe much gratification to the inquiſitive mind, in point of legiſlation and uſeful policy. But ſociety, like the individual, is progreſſive: the invention of printing, and the gradual diffuſion of knowledge among all ranks of men, ſpread their benign influence throughout Europe; and the peaſant and the artizan roſe, as it were, in the ſcale of being. They learned to inquire, to calculate their own value, and to probe, with daring hands, the civil and eccleſiaſtical impoſtures of former days. Such were the happy effects reſulting from the blaze of ſcience, which, at the time of the Reformation, illumined Chriſtendom: effects fortunate indeed when compared with that ignorance, torpor, and abaſement which formerly oppreſſed it. The caſtellated manſions of the nobility ceaſed to diſplay the ſtandards of rebellion; and the ſovereign, in his turn, was conſtrained to cultivate, in his adminiſtration, that liberality which accorded with the popular ſentiment, and to conſult the wants and wiſhes of his ſubjects in preference to his own caprice and ſelfiſh intereſts. It is this conflict, and the glorious reſult of it, that conſtitute a ſubject of reſearch, which can repay the labours of the philoſophic inquirer.

The political events under the dynaſty of the Stuarts appeared to Mr. Hume to form the æra moſt worthy of the exertion of his talents; and as he flattered himſelf with a belief of his own impartiality,

partiality, he fancied that he was deſtined to free that portion of our hiſtory from the miſrepreſentations of party. This idea ſtimulated his diligence, and great were his expectations of ſucceſs. Devoting himſelf wholly to the recluſe habits of a literary life, he laboured with unceaſing perſeverance until he had accompliſhed part of his undertaking; and accordingly, in the month of October 1754, the firſt volume of his Hiſtory of Great Britain, containing the reigns of James I. and Charles I., was publiſhed at Edinburgh *.

A more convenient opportunity to inquire into the merits of this volume will hereafter occur: ſuffice it, at preſent, to obſerve, that the ſanguine hopes, in which our author had indulged himſelf, were completely diſappointed. The ſale of the work was extremely dull, inſomuch that he felt it neceſſary to hold a conſultation with his bookſeller, the late Mr. John Balfour of Edinburgh, as to what ſhould be done to leſſen the load of expence he had incurred. The indefatigable Andrew Millar was then taking the lead as a bookſeller in London, and his name and extenſive correſpondence with the country dealers were ſufficient to buoy up, in ſome degree, the character of a book, and facilitate its circulation. Mr. Balfour urged the neceſſity of obtaining the aid of Millar, in order to puſh the work into notice; and this advice was prudently followed.

* In 4to. price 14s. boards.

Another

Another incident had lately occurred, which not a little chagrined our author. The profeſſorſhip of Moral Philoſophy, in the univerſity of Edinburgh, having become vacant by the death of Mr. William Cleghorn, Mr. Hume appeared as a candidate for the chair, which is in the gift of the town-council. But the intereſt of his friends proved unſucceſsful: his philoſophical opinions were miſrepreſented, his character was traduced, and ſo great an outcry raiſed by the religious zealots as to endanger his perſonal ſafety. The clergy were particularly active on this occaſion, ſome of whom repreſented Mr. Hume's principles to be thoſe of an atheiſt, while others charitably branded them as the dogmas of deiſm. Their remonſtrances ſucceeded; but the event gave riſe to a rooted antipathy on the part of Hume towards the Scottiſh clergy, although at this time he lived, and continued afterwards to live, in the ſtricteſt intimacy, and moſt cordial friendſhip, with Blair, Wallace, Dryſdale, Wiſhart, Jardine, Home, Robertſon, Carlyſle, and a few others.

The election took place on the 28th of Auguſt, and the office was conferred on Mr. James Balfour of Pilrig, advocate and ſheriff depute of the county of Edinburgh. Mr. Balfour was the author of the Delineation of the Nature and Obligations of Morality, written in oppoſition to Mr. Hume's Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals; and from this pious ſpecimen of his erudition, it muſt be ac-

knowledged, that he was a *ſafer man* than our hiſtorian, in the chair of Moral Philoſophy. The Delineation is a work not deſtitute of ſound argument, though its prolixity is tireſome; and as Mr. Balfour attacked propoſitions in the Enquiry, which were unfounded in fair reaſoning, and exceptionable in point of morality, he had, in every way, the better of Hume in the diſpute. From the obſervations on the philoſophical and ethical writings of the latter, inſerted in the concluding part of this biography, the reader, who bears in his recollection that Hume's reputation reſted as yet on theſe only, will, perhaps, join with us in thinking that the univerſity was no loſer by the iſſue of the conteſt.

Confirmed as was Mr. Hume's philoſophic habit of bearing up againſt diſappointment, a kind of deſpondency began, at this time, to ruffle the uſual ſerenity of his mind. He himſelf tells us, that he was prevented only by the war, which had broken out between Great Britain and France, from retiring to ſome provincial town in the latter kingdom, where he might, under a borrowed name, ſpend his days at a diſtance from his native country. This ſcheme of a ſolitary retreat was, however, no longer practicable; and as he had made conſiderable progreſs with the ſecond volume of his Hiſtory, and been invited by ſome perſons of reſpectability, among whom he enumerates, with juſt ſatisfaction, Dr. Herring, archbiſhop of Canterbury, and Dr. Stone,

Stone, the primate of Ireland, to proceed in completing his work, he plucked up courage, and reſolved to perſevére.

As our author acknowledges, and had ſerious reaſons to regret, the cold neglect and languid ſale which his Hiſtory met with, one is rather ſurpriſed to find him employing, in the narrative of his Own Life, a language calculated to deceive us into an opinion, that his performance burſt on the world with uncommon attraction, and that it was the general and ſole topic of public diſcuſſion. Speaking of the applauſe, which he expected from his hiſtorical labours, he adds—"but miſerable was "my diſappointment: I was aſſailed by one cry of "reproach, diſapprobation, and even deteſtation. "Engliſh, Scotch, and Iriſh, whig and tory, church-"man and ſectary, free-thinker and religioniſt, "patriot and courtier, united in their rage againſt "the man who had preſumed to ſhed a generous "tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of "Strafford; and after the firſt ebullitions of their "fury were over, what was ſtill more mortifying, "the book ſeemed to ſink into oblivion."

Janſeniſm and the Bull Unigenitus did not excite a greater flame, than the awful deſcription, given in the preceding quotation, might lead us to infer to have been produced by the firſt volume of his Hiſtory. Yet it is not eaſy to conceive, how a work could engage univerſal notice, and meet with ſuch ardent and general reprehenſion, without being

in the hands of every one. Mr. Hume, however, diſcloſes a ſecret fatal to the warm repreſentation, which he has given of the tremendous tempeſt he had raiſed; for in the very next ſentence he tells us, that Millar ſold only *forty-five* copies of it in a twelve-month.

In the mean time a ſtorm of a more alarming tendency threatened the ſpiritual and temporal intereſts of our hiſtorian. It is in vain to conceal, that deiſm, or a religious creed approximating to it, had begun to ſpread among the literary circles at Edinburgh; and Lord Kames and Mr. Hume, being the only perſons who had ventured to commit their philoſophical tenets to writing, were conſidered as the grand apoſtles of infidelity. What rendered this more dangerous in the opinion of the puritanical party was, that both theſe authors were men of great amenity of manners; and not only was their acquaintance valued and ſought by moſt of the eminent characters in their neighbourhood, but they lived in habits of the ſtricteſt intimacy with the more reſpectable clergymen of the city.

The rigid notions of Calvin and John Knox were not yet in diſrepute, and the prevalence of ſcience had not altogether effaced the ancient intolerant ſpirit of the clerical profeſſion. In the General Aſſembly, which is the ſupreme eccleſiaſtical judicature of the Scottiſh church, two great parties had long ſubſiſted, the one profeſſing more liberal and

and moderate principles than the other. The zealots, in the warmth of oppoſition, affected to take great offence at many of their opponents for cultivating the friendſhip of Kames and Hume, in whoſe writings they now began to diſcover the moſt noxious doctrines; and finally reſolved, by attacking theſe, to expoſe their enemies to popular obloquy, if not to defeat.

In taking this ſtep they were encouraged by an event, which had lately happened in England. Towards the end of the year 1754, the learned world beheld with aſtoniſhment, indignation, and diſmay, the preſentment of Lord Bolingbroke's philoſophical works, and of David Mallet, their editor, by the Grand Jury of Middleſex. The ſingularity of this precious relic of intolerance will apologize for its inſertion here; after which will be related the powerful attempt made by the puritans in Scotland to imitate, in reference to Mr. Hume and Lord Kames, the diſgraceful conduct of the high-church faction in England.

The preſentment was as follows: "We the grand jurors of the liberty of the Dean and Chapter of the collegiate church of St. Peter, Weſtminſter, the city, borough, and town of Weſtminſter, &c. being impannelled and ſworn at this preſent general quarter-ſeſſions of the peace, held at the town-court houſe near Weſtminſter-hall, on Wedneſday the 16th day of October, before Thomas

Eſq. chairman, &c. and alſo to hear and
ne divers felonies, treſpaſſes, and other
s done and committed within the ſaid
Being ſenſible that every inſult upon the
is a violation of the laws of our country;
t though the liberty of the preſs is the diſ-
ed character of Britiſh freedom, yet it
; a nuiſance when it is employed in propa-
icentiouſneſs of principles: Having within
ı breaſts the cleareſt conviction, that the
ty of all evidence in our courts of juſtice
upon the belief of the truths of Chriſti-
d a future ſtate; and that every attempt
r made by writing, or by debating in
aſſemblies, which are equally impious as
illegal) to unſettle that belief in the minds
eople, tends to ſubvert every principle of
l government and of civil ſociety:
likewiſe, as we are, by the prevailing
cy of morals, which is encouraged, nay
from the preſs; and convinced that the
lebrated the name of an author is, the
tenſive is the miſchief which his writings
ct, when employed to the purpoſes of
; we are deſirous to give this teſtimony of
ɔrrence of an inſult upon the majeſty of
a country where the majeſty of the King
ı deſervedly ſacred. We are ſenſible that
never ſo much endangered as when it is
and that whatever private opinions any
y entertain, ſuch opinions ought not to be
carried

carried into an open contempt and avowed infringement of the eſtabliſhed religion, that is, the eſtabliſhed laws of his country.

"Moved by theſe and many other conſiderations, while we cenſure the indecency, we aſſert the dignity, of the preſs; and by curbing its licentiouſneſs, we vindicate its liberty. Nor can we diſcharge our conſciences of the high truſt repoſed in us, without preſenting to the cenſure of this court, for the ſake of prevention as well as example, and we hereby do humbly preſent, a book publiſhed in this city and liberty, entitled, *The Philoſophical Works of the late Right Honourable Henry St. John, Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke*, in five volumes; tending, by the general ſcope of ſeveral pieces therein contained, as well as many particular expreſſions which have been laid before us, to the ſubverſion of religion, government, and morality, and being againſt his Majeſty's peace. And we do farther preſent David Mallet Eſq. as the editor, and Dr. Morris of Stable-yard, Rider-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, as publiſher of the ſaid book."

The proceedings againſt our two Scottiſh authors were carried on in the church judicatories. The General Aſſembly having convened at Edinburgh on the 22d of May, 1755, under the preſidency of Lord Cathcart as his Majeſty's commiſſioner, and of the Rev. Mr. George Reid, miniſter of St. Quivox, as moderator, a pamphlet, the author of which is unknown, appeared on the

following day, and was circulated with much induſtry. It was intitled, *An Analyſis of the Moral and Religious Sentiments contained in the Writings of* SOPHO *and* DAVID HUME *Eſq. addreſſed to the Conſideration of the Reverend and Honourable Members of the General Aſſembly of the Church of Scotland.* Sopho was the fictitious name, under which Lord Kames had publiſhed his obnoxious eſſays.

On the 28th of May the proper committee tranſmitted the following motion, or, as it is ſtyled in the eccleſiaſtical courts of Scotland, overture, which was, on the ſame day, unanimouſly paſſed into an act.—"The General Aſſembly of the "church of Scotland being filled with the deepeſt "concern on account of the prevalence of infide- "lity and immorality, the principles whereof have "been, to the diſgrace of our age and nation, ſo "openly avowed in ſeveral books publiſhed of late "in this country, and which are but too well "known amongſt us; do therefore judge it pro- "per and neceſſary for them, at this time, to ex- "preſs the utmoſt abhorrence of thoſe impious "and infidel principles, which are ſubverſive of "all religion, natural and revealed, and have "ſuch pernicious influence on life and morals; "and they do earneſtly recommend it to all the "miniſters of this church, to exerciſe the vigilance, "and to exert the zeal, which becomes their cha- "racter, to preſerve thoſe under their charge from "the contagion of theſe abominable tenets, and to

"ſtir

" ſtir up in them a ſolicitous concern to guard " againſt them, and againſt the influence of thoſe " who are infected with them."

The uſual ſhortneſs of the ſeſſion prevented the Aſſembly from taking any farther notice of the matter, which was accordingly poſtponed to their next meeting. An affair of ſuperior magnitude had engroſſed the deliberations of that venerable body; for at this time the Scottiſh church was thrown into a general ferment by an attempt to introduce the reformed muſic. In accompliſhing this, the moſt indecent ſcenes were exhibited. It was not uncommon for a congregation to divide themſelves into two parties, one of which, in chaunting the pſalms, followed the old, and the other the new mode of muſical execution; while the infidel, who was not in the habit of frequenting the temple, now reſorted to it, not for the laudable purpoſe of repentance and edification, but from the ungodly motive of being a ſpectator of the conteſt.

Among the Scotch preſbyterians it was an ancient practice to join in pſalmody, while they were buſy at their occupations. This devotional ſubſtitution of ſacred for profane ſinging was reckoned productive of many beneficial effects. The minds of the ſincere were prevented from ſtraying to unhallowed ſubjects; their irregular inclinations were repreſſed; their piety was confirmed; and, by the daily

ercise of their musical talents, they were to sing on Sundays with greater energy and n.

g the present dispute, it was customary for izans of the different kinds of music to a-part, in numerous bodies, for the purpose sing, and to muster their whole strength abbath. The moment the psalm was read pulpit, each side, in general chorus, com- their operations; and as the pastor and precentor, often differed in their senti- he church was immediately in an uproar. nd bruises were interchanged by the im- songsters, and, in many parts of the the most serious disturbances took place. urgh the magistracy declared in favour of ern improvement, and appointed a com- ministers, among whom was the Rev. Mr. air, to concert the proper means for intro- . As the author of this work is not a of Apollo, he is unable to decide on the so momentous a question; and feeling no n to be inquisitive as to the issue of the sy, he is uncertain which of the parties the ascendancy, but inclines to believe ncients were discomfited and silenced.

lays after the Assembly separated, a pam- published at Edinburgh, intitled, *Obser- on the Analysis*, &c. It was intended as a refu-

a refutation of the reviewer's objections, and although anonymous, was generally aſcribed to the pen of Lord Kames. In this ſtate the affair remained until the next meeting of the Aſſembly, which took place in May 1756, and previous to which Mr. George Anderſon, the literary champion of the fanatics, publiſhed a pamphlet, under the title of *Infidelity a proper Object of Cenſure.* It is replete with religious dogmatiſm, and conſtantly appealing to the bible, the uſual reſource of the prieſt in every difficulty.

Upon the 27th of May, a diſcuſſion took place on the ſubject in the Committee of Overtures. After a few general obſervations upon the importance of a ſtrict and regular diſcipline to the purity of the Chriſtian church, it was moved, that the Aſſembly ſhould be deſired to take notice of ſome of the infidel writings publiſhed of late in this nation, and of their authors; and in caſe it ſhould be found difficult or improper to make this notice too general, it was propoſed to confine the inquiry at preſent to one, viz. David Hume Eſq. becauſe he had publicly avowed his writings, at leaſt, ſome of the moſt offenſive of them, by prefixing his name. This motion was ſeconded, and ſome paragraphs of the Confeſſion of Faith and Form of Proceſs were read, aſſerting the propriety, and appointing the exerciſe of diſcipline in ſuch caſes. A long and warm debate enſued, for an account of which we are indebted chiefly to the Scots Magazine,

, a reputable miſcellany, and of good au-
ity *.

he party, who introduced the queſtion, gave
written overture of the following purport—
he General Aſſembly judging it their duty to
ll in their power to check the growth and pro-
s of infidelity; and conſidering that as infidel
ngs have begun of late years to be publiſhed in
nation, againſt which they have hitherto only
ied in general, ſo there is one perſon ſtyling
elf David Hume Eſq. who hath arrived at
a degree of boldneſs as publicly to avow him-
the author of books containing the moſt rude
open attacks upon the glorious goſpel of
ſt, and principles evidently ſubverſive even of
ral religion, and the foundations of morality,
t eſtabliſhing direct atheiſm: therefore the
nbly appoint the following perſons * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
committee to inquire into the writings of this
or, to call him before them, and prepare the
er for the next General Aſſembly."

this motion a ſtrenuous oppoſition was made,
various objections were raiſed, all of which
be compriſed in the following articles:

It was aſſerted by the oppoſers of the motion,
many members had not read the writings in

* Vol. xviii. p. 287. et ſeq. 1756.

queſtion,

queſtion, and, conſequently, could not be deemed competent judges of them. To this it was anſwered, that the objection was the weakeſt which could be deviſed in the preſent caſe; as no ſentence was immediately craved, but merely an inquiry propoſed. For ſuch a purpoſe a general *fama* of the pernicious tendency of the writings, and the information of thoſe members who had peruſed them, were, by the laws of the church, abundantly ſufficient.

2. It was repeatedly maintained, that the inquiſition could ſerve no good purpoſe, and that it was not to be ſuppoſed, that proſecution or cenſure would convince Mr. Hume, or make him change his opinions, in which he ſeemed to be ſo firmly rivetted.—The ſupporters of the overture inſiſted, on the contrary, that it was a preſumptuous limitation of Almighty power to affirm, that any man was incapable of being reclaimed; and that diſcipline, even carried the length of excommunication, being one mean appointed in ſcripture for this purpoſe, ought to be tried. Beſides, reclaiming offenders, they obſerved, was far from being the only, and, perhaps, was not even the chief end of the infliction of diſcipline; which was, doubtleſs, principally intended to preſerve others from infection, and deter them from offending.

3. It was ſaid by ſome, that it would be a tedious and difficult inquiry, and would lead to the diſcuſſion of many philoſophical opinions. They reminded

ninded the committee of the many long and rce debates, which had formerly agitated the ıriſtan church, about fate, free-will, and the e; ſo that the affair, if entered upon, might t for many years, and become, in a manner, the e buſineſs of the Aſſembly. In anſwer to this was denied, that there could be any difficulty or ricacy in aſcertaining the pernicious tendency of nciples levelled againſt the very foundations of ɔrality.

4. It was alleged, that the writings of Mr. Hume ntained opinions, which every man of common ıſe deteſted, and which were ſo groſs, and ſo dently falſe, that they could not poſſibly occa- n any harm. It would, therefore, be doing :m too much honour to take ſuch public notice them.—The friends of the motion endeavoured ſhew, that this objection was diametrically oppo- : to the former. They obſerved, that the groſs- s and wickedneſs of his aſſertions made it ſo ch the greater ſcandal to permit ſuch a perſon wear the chriſtian name; and that, as human ure is exceedingly corrupt, forbearance, in the ſent inſtance, might tempt many to think lightly the chriſtian character, when they ſaw it pro- uted, and left open to the poſſeſſion of thoſe o were ſo unworthy to bear it.

5. It was maintained, that however wrong his nions were, his writings were moſtly of an ab- ct and metaphyſical kind, unintelligible to the multitude;

multitude; and, therefore, as little danger could ariſe from them, liberty of judgment ought to be allowed. In fine, they were not proper objects of cenſure, which ought rather to be applied to practical errors, and caſes more immediately criminal. To this it was anſwered, that whatever metaphyſical turn Mr. Hume might have ſhewn in ſome of his writings, the paſſages complained of were of the plaineſt, as well as of the groſſeſt kind. Liberty of judgment in doubtful matters was very neceſſary in the preſent ſtate of human nature; but it was ſtrange, that any one could not ſee the abſurdity of ſuppoſing, that a good thing cannot be ſpoiled by exceſs, or by being wrong applied. A man, it ſeems, might ſay the moſt immoral things, and even defend immorality; yet if it be only called an opinion, it muſt not be conſidered as a crime. But why are viſible crimes an object of cenſure or church diſcipline? Is it not, becauſe they are a proper evidence of a wicked heart? And is not an open profeſſion of wickedneſs of heart alſo an evidence of it? Is an act of whoredom or of theft cenſurable in a profeſſed chriſtian?—And is it not cenſurable to deride chaſtity, reject its obligation, and affirm that all juſtice is founded on power and conveniency? Theſe are not metaphyſical or intricate opinions, but errors having the moſt certain and immediate influence upon practice. Formerly it was thought ſufficient to ſay, that forbearance was to be uſed in petty matters; but that to overthrow the great doctrines of morality, by which ſociety ſubſiſts, demanded pu-

ient even by the civil power. Now, how- they had lived to ſee the groſſeſt immorality t, publiſhed, and defended, as freedom of ry. It was added, that if people would re- upon the nature of church diſcipline, nothing be more ridiculous than to conſider it as eſtraint upon liberty. The object of it was o puniſh men in their bodies, nor even to r them from publiſhing their opinions; but to prevent them from injuriouſly poſſeſſing o which they have no right, viz. the chriſtian

The opponents of the motion likewiſe ob- l, that it would highly gratify Mr. Hume lf, and promote the ſale of the book. They d ſeveral anecdotes to ſhew, how bookſellers artfully ſolicited the authoritative condemna- of books, in order to get them off their hands. s repreſented by ſome as very dangerous to l ſuch writings in this manner, and bring into the hands of common or country people, would not otherwiſe have looked into them; he conſequences of this were pointed out ſtrongly. To theſe arguments it was an- d, that it would not perhaps afford much ire to the gentleman, if the inquiry ſhould nate with his excommunication publicly in- ed, while his groſs aſſertions were ſtated to be auſe of it: neither was this likely to give r circulation to his writings among any but who were in the leaſt danger of infection.

Some

Some of the members inſiſted, that Mr. Hume could, in no reſpect, be deemed a chriſtian; that he had openly and publicly thrown off the profeſſion of it, and was therefore one of thoſe who, in the language of ſcripture, *are without*, and conſequently not proper objects of chriſtian diſcipline.

Many of the ſupporters of the overture obſerved in general, that ſeveral of the arguments urged againſt their propoſal, contradicted one another. Whilſt ſome, they ſaid, pretended to foretel, that it would lead the Aſſembly into ſo long and intricate a debate as would be almoſt endleſs; others affirmed, that the writings were ſo groſs and evidently falſe, that they could do little or no harm. It had alſo been maintained, they remarked, that writings, thus repreſented as ſo abſtracted and metaphyſical, could have little connection with morals; while ſome alleged, that we ought to beware of exciting curioſity, and ſpreading a very dangerous poiſon:—all of which aſſertions could not be true, as they were mutually deſtructive of each other.

Among other arguments the friends of the overture ſtrenuouſly urged, that as they could produce not only the Confeſſion of Faith, and Form of Proceſs, but expreſs paſſages of ſcripture, requiring, under ſtrong and awful ſanctions, the exerciſe of diſcipline againſt the maintainers of falſe and pernicious opinions, nothing could be more weak

to bring forward human conjectures againſt
xpediency of it. They obſerved, that the
ng and application of theſe paſſages had not
liſputed by any who had ſpoken on the point;
hey aſked how the Aſſembly, as an eccle-
al court, could excuſe themſelves for a direct
l to comply with an expreſs command of
:?

reply to theſe obſervations;

It was ſaid by one, with whom indeed none
e committee ſeemed inclined to concur, that
xerciſe of diſcipline in a ſtrict and vigorous
er might be a duty, when the church was
and offenders few; but would any man ſay,
when the church was greatly corrupted, and
lers very numerous, all, who deſerved cenſure
ıe rules of the goſpel, ought to have that
re inflicted upon them? If this were the caſe,
uld reduce the church to a very ſmall num-
In animadverting upon theſe obſervations,
of the friends of the motion affirmed, that
had followed, and would follow, no other
of cenſure but thoſe contained in the goſpel;
that however great a reduction this might
in the number of the church, no greater
ɔer had any title to be in it.

It was ſaid, that diſcipline was not of the
:e of duties, which were always binding in-
ndently of their conſequences; but was a
duty

duty or not according to its apparent expediency.—In oppoſition to this, it was denied that any ſuch licence was given in ſcripture; and it was maintained, that, on the contrary, the univerſal and impartial application of it was its chief excellence, and did moſt contribute to render it ſucceſsful.

3. It was urged, as in the laſt objection to the overture, that Mr. Hume was really no chriſtian, had not ſo much as the profeſſion of it, and, therefore, was to be conſidered as one who is *without*, and not a ſubject of chriſtian diſcipline. This was the objection chiefly inſiſted upon; and with a diſcuſſion of it, by mutual interrogations, the debate was cloſed. The friends of the overture allowed, that one who was not in any ſenſe a member of the viſible church was no ſubject of diſcipline. But they obſerved, that whatever groſs crimes Mr. Hume had committed, he had neither been formally excluded by a ſentence, nor had excluded himſelf by any formal declaration; that he had not renounced his baptiſm; that he frequently, in his writings, ranked himſelf among profeſſing chriſtians, ſaying *our holy religion*, &c. words which, however plainly they were in the way of contempt and deriſion, ſhewed more forcibly the neceſſity of a viſible ſeparation. Profeſſing chriſtians held voluntary and unneceſſary communication with him; and even miniſters were ſeen freely converſing with him, which it was preſumed they would not do, if he were formally excluded.

: opponents of the inquiry rejoined, that,
ı Mr. Hume had not ſaid in expreſs words,
: was no chriſtian, he had ſaid it as publicly
ongly by other forms of expreſſion; that he
enerally conſidered in this light; and that
ins were ſuppoſed to frequent his company in
to his reformation. Againſt this it was ar-
ıy the other party, that they would be ſatis-
f the court would fix it as their judgment
e was no chriſtian, and therefore no ſubject
ipline, and give publicity to this determi-

They were then aſked, whether they could
on demand, that ſuch a ſentence ſhould be
when the perſon had not been before them,
ıy regular inquiry into his crime?—To this
nſwered, that they did not demand it, and,
ıre, had propoſed an inquiry, but had made
ɔrmer remarks in conſequence of the reaſon-
their adverſaries; and they retorted the
n, how theſe could ſo often uſe in their
ng, nay apparently form their own opinion
and influence that of others by an argument,
they refuſed to aſſign publicly as the ground
r ſentence?

ɛ a member obſerved, that he had not given
ıis own opinion, as perhaps he had not yet
any upon the ſubject; but that the over-
ſelf repreſented Mr. Hume as no chriſtian,
herefore, ought not to be tranſmitted, be-
t proceeded upon a ſuppoſition, which ren-
ts own demand unneceſſary; for the perſon

 guilty

guilty of ſuch things, as were laid by it to the charge of Mr. Hume, was certainly no chriſtian.—It was replied, that the overture in no other way repreſented him not to be a chriſtian, than by ſaying he deſerved to be excluded from that character. It complained, that he retained the chriſtian name, when he had forfeited all right to it; whereas, according to the reaſoning of the oppoſite party, no perſon ever could be cenſured or excluded by a ſentence, for, as ſoon as he was guilty of any thing deſerving it, he is ſtyled no chriſtian, and conſequently muſt be left to himſelf.

The debate was carried on with an earneſtneſs and decency honourable to both parties, without any violent altercation or perſonal reflection. A motion was made, that the committee ſhould come to a reſolution to the following effect: "That though all the members have a juſt abhorrence of any principles tending to infidelity, or to the prejudice of our holy religion; yet, on account of certain circumſtances in this caſe, they drop the overture, becauſe it would not, in their judgment, ſerve the purpoſe of edification."—The queſtion being put on the original motion, *Tranſmit the overture to the Aſſembly, or not*,—it paſſed in the negative by a great majority *. The reſolution was then agreed to without oppoſition.

From the tenor of the arguments employed in this diſcuſſion, it is obvious that the inquiry was

* Tranſmit, 17; not tranſmit, 50.

f by the influence of friends, rather than
f reaſoning. With whatever indifference
ıe, as a philoſopher, might regard the
s of the church; yet, as a man of the
ıd holding the office of librarian to the
f Advocates, he muſt have been ſenſible
opriety of quaſhing any farther inquiſi-
ames, it is true, had not been the oſten-
ct of the motion; but he was ſtill more
implicated in the iſſue. A ſimilar proſe-
ıpended over him; and as his language
:r, and, in fact, confeſſedly hoſtile to the
creed, he was in the moſt alarming pre-
. If an inveſtigation had been permitted,
npoſſible to anticipate the conſequences.
open debate in the Aſſembly, by giving
to the affair, might have expoſed him to
quy of the zealots, and the malevolence
ıemies. But if the reſult proved unfa-
to him, his feelings as a gentleman, in-
tly of the interpoſition of the law, muſt
geſted the immediate neceſſity of reſigning
. As a father, and the head of a family,
not view church cenſure with apathy;
as difficult to ſay, where the rancour of
rſaries might ſtop. When armed with a
of excommunication, they had it in their
inſtitute a criminal proceſs againſt him in
uary courts of juſtice. Similar meaſures
ty had not unfrequently been reſorted to
ınd, where Woolſton had not only been
to the pillory, but bore on his perſon
manifeſt

manifeſt evidence of the humane and tolerant ſpirit of a national clergy.

Mr. Hume and Lord Kames were not the only perſons intereſted in this tranſaction. Several miniſters, members of the Aſſembly, and the intimate and daily acquaintances of theſe literary characters, felt the prudence of impoſing the veil of oblivion on the matter, and ſtrenuouſly exerted themſelves for that purpoſe. The reſolution of the committee liberated our author from his uneaſineſs; but the puritanical party were not yet ſilenced, and a new plan of operation was deviſed.

In July or Auguſt 1756, about two months after the diſcuſſion in the committee, the redoubted Mr. George Anderſon, who was formerly mentioned as the author of a pamphlet againſt Lord Kames's Eſſays, preſented a petition and complaint to the preſbytery of Edinburgh, not againſt Mr. Hume, nor againſt Kames, but againſt the booksellers and printer of his Lordſhip's tract. In this application it was ſtated, that Mr. Robert Fleming had printed, for Meſſrs. Alexander Kincaid and Alexander Donaldſon, a book intitled *Eſſays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion*, wherein, among other things, the author maintained, that God deceives mankind with a fallacious ſenſe of liberty; and that, becauſe man is not really but deluſively a free agent, he cannot ſin againſt him. "Though theſe tenets," obſerved the

ioner, " are inconſiſtent with the principles of
·al religion, morality, and the chriſtian revelation,
·theleſs the ſaid Alexander Kincaid and Alex-
r Donaldſon did and do continue to publiſh
vend the ſaid book, to the great ſcandal and
ce of all who believe, that God is holy, and
the goſpel is his word of truth. The Peti-
r, therefore, in his own name, and in the name
l who adhered, or ſhall adhere, prays, that
id printer and bookſellers may be ſummoned to
ext meeting of the Preſbytery, and there and
to declare and give up the author of the ſaid
; and that he and they may be cenſured,
ding to the law of the goſpel, and the prac-
f this and all other well governed churches."

liſt of paſſages from the Eſſays was annexed,
port of theſe aſſertions.

e petition being ſerved on the defendants by
·der of the Preſbytery, anſwers, ſigned by
ninent advocates (Mr. James Ferguſon, after-
a lord of ſeſſion, and Mr., now Sir, John
mple) were given in to theſe charges: this
was probably the production of Kames. As
ntroverſy is curious, and forms an intereſt-
iſode in the life of Mr. Hume, we have ven-
to make a more liberal quotation from the
s, than ſpecial pleadings commonly deſerve,
are ſeldom remarkable either for the cloſe-
f their reaſoning, or the elegance of their

" When

"When books," ſaid the reſpondents, "are publiſhed with an intention to attack either natural or revealed religion, they juſtly give diſquiet to all well-diſpoſed perſons. But it muſt be obvious to every one who looks into this book, that the ſole intent and purview of it was to improve the ſentiments of natural religion and morality, and to enforce them by ſuch motives and arguments as appeared to the author to carry the ſtrongeſt conviction. It is well known that this was the author's deſign in the publication; and that he had it particularly in view to refute certain ſceptical opinions, which appeared to him prejudicial to the cauſe of natural religion and virtue. When ſuch is the profeſſed and only intent of a book, it deſerves a fair conſtruction. The minds of men are ſo formed, that in all philoſophical diſquiſitions, eſpecially thoſe of the niceſt kind, it will often happen, that thoſe who have the ſame common end in view, will differ upon the reaſonings and deductions that lead to it. To ſome one argument will appear more ſtrong and forcible, to others another: and it will alſo ſometimes happen, that a chain of reaſoning, which appears to one very ſtrong for demonſtrating the foundeſt principles, may appear to another to have an erroneous tendency in other reſpects, which is not perceived by the author, otherwiſe he would moſt heartily diſclaim it.

"It muſt be very apparent to the reverend Preſbytery, that nothing can be more unfair than to

to impute to an author, who is inveſtigating truth by ſuch deductions as appear to him moſt probable, conſequences ariſing from his arguments which he himſelf entirely diſclaims. If this be allowed, the liberty of reaſoning, and all the valuable conſequences reſulting from it, are at an end. And this is truly the only pretence or handle for the preſent complaint. The complainer imagines, that he has diſcovered certain paſſages in the book, that repreſent the Creator in a diſreſpectful view, or deny the poſſibility of ſin in man. Nothing can be more manifeſt than that the general tendency of the book is directly oppoſite to theſe inferences. It is obvious, that the anxious aim of the author, throughout the whole, is to demonſtrate the exiſtence and ever-adorable perfections of the deity, and to inculcate the love of virtue, and regard to the authority of conſcience, the law written on our hearts, whereby all ſinful and corrupt affections may be deſtroyed.

[In proof that ſuch is the author's aim, ſeveral paſſages of the book are quoted.]

"The reſpondents will not trouble the reverend Preſbytery with entering into a detail of the ſeveral paſſages referred to in the paper ſubjoined to the complaint. There are few books written upon ſubjects of this kind; but it is very poſſible, by culling out broken ſentences from the midſt of paragraphs, and drawing remote inferences from them, to make the author appear to maintain

opinions that never entered into his thought. Such are the arts which have been uſed in this caſe; and the reſpondents do not know, whether even the complainer's own writings would be able to ſtand an inquiſition of this kind. Whatever good intention he may have had in publiſhing his thoughts on theſe matters to the world, yet it is not eaſy to guard every expreſſion with ſo much caution, that inferences may not be drawn, which may be liable to objection. If this ſhould happen to be the caſe, the complainer would think it hard uſage, if either he himſelf, or his printers or booksellers, were brought to the bar of an eccleſiaſtical court as criminals upon a charge founded on no better ground than critical wire-drawn inferences from detached ſentences in his writings. It is evident, that this is not the fair way of treating our author, to fix upon him, by remote inferences, opinions contrary to his declared ſentiments in other parts of the book. The reſpondents believe, that many of the paſſages againſt which the complainer moſt loudly exclaims, are to be met with in the writings of the moſt orthodox divines, who are juſtly held in veneration by this and other reformed churches. This is what will be much better known to the reverend Preſbytery, than to the reſpondents, who do not pretend to be much verſant in the many learned books that have been written upon theſe ſubjects. But without entering into ſuch diſquiſition, they are adviſed, that there is no colour for proſecuting an author, ſtill leſs a printer

or

or bookſeller, upon ſuch pretences as are ſuggeſted in this caſe.

"If it were not lawful for a bookſeller to admit into his ſhop, or diſpoſe of any book until he had examined it according to the ſtrict rules of orthodoxy, and found that there was not a ſentence in it that could not be ſupported by the concurring ſentiments of ſome approved author, it is plain this would be equal to an injunction to every bookſeller to ſhut up his ſhop. It is an inquiry he is neither in capacity, nor by any means bound to make.

"It is involved in the conſtitution of every country, which is ſo happy as to be poſſeſſed of its liberty, that freedom of inquiry and reaſoning is allowed, and ſubject to no puniſhment when it is carried on with decency. Were ſuch complaints as this to take place, no man could ſafely print or ſell a book upon any religious ſubject, as he would be liable to ſtand a trial on every unguarded word that could be poſſibly miſconſtrued to an erroneous meaning; and every diſquiſition and inquiry into matters of this kind would be excluded until licenſed by perſons authoriſed for that purpoſe. And upon the ſame ground, all reaſonings concerning the adminiſtration of affairs that relate to the intereſt of the country, would alſo be excluded, until authorized by the civil power. So an univerſal reſtraint would be laid upon the liberty of the preſs, in the only points where it is of import-

ance

ance to be free; than which there cannot be a ſurer badge of approaching ſlavery in any country. Such reſtraints have not been known in this iſland ſince the time of the revolution. The ſpirit of liberty which then ſhone forth, and ſtill continues, abſolutely excludes it. Books are publiſhed every day relating to public affairs without cenſure or puniſhment, even where decency is not ſtrictly obſerved. And in matters of ſpeculation it is ſtill more neceſſary, that the freedom of inquiry ſhould be allowed, as it is the only means for inveſtigating truth and correcting errors. It is the means by which this iſland and many other nations were happily reſcued from the tyranny that formerly predominated, and whereby even the minds of men were enſlaved; and, therefore, in all proteſtant countries, this liberty has been conſidered as the moſt valuable preſervative and ſecurity againſt ſuch ſlavery for the future. There is no reaſon to apprehend, that it will give riſe to error; for when liberty of reaſoning is allowed on all ſides, it is not to be doubted, that truth, by its own intrinſic energy and force, will ſtill prevail.

"It was upon theſe principles, that when a motion was made in the committee of overtures named by the General Aſſembly of this church in May laſt, to make an inquiry into ſome other writings, which were thought to be exceptionable, it was rejected by a great majority; and the moſt zealous members declared their opinion, that there was

was no place for any ſuch inquiry as to the book in queſtion. It cannot make any difference, that the complainer has now thought fit to ſubſcribe and give in a complaint to the Preſbytery. It is not in the power of a private party in any well-governed country, to force a proſecution on pretence of a public offence, in any caſe where it appears to be inexpedient and improper. In the ordinary criminal courts, this is ſufficiently guarded againſt by the privilege of the lawyers intruſted by the crown, or the procurators-fiſcal of the court, whoſe concurrence is requiſite in all thoſe proceſſes, and who daily reject them when they are attempted without ſufficient cauſe. In eccleſiaſtic courts there is no ſuch office; but then the court itſelf is, in that reſpect, guardian of the quiet and tranquillity of the lieges, and intitled to prevent its being diſturbed, either by the violence, malice, or other ſiniſter view or miſapprehenſion of any private complainer, when they ſee, from the circumſtances of the caſe, that it cannot anſwer any good purpoſe, but quite the contrary. It is not doubted but the reverend Preſbytery will be of the ſame opinion with the committee of the venerable Aſſembly upon this point, and will diſmiſs this groundleſs and unprecedented complaint."

In the month of October, Mr. Anderſon publiſhed his *Remonſtrance againſt Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke's philoſophical Religion, addreſſed to David Mallet Eſq. the Publiſher;* and in the ſame month he

he printed and publiſhed *The Complaint made to the Preſbytery of Edinburgh verified.* On the 19th December following, this ſincere, but weak and fiery clergyman expired at Edinburgh in the 80th year of his age; and ten days afterwards the next meeting of the Preſbytery was held, when the counſel for the defendants, waving any defence which might be pleaded from the want of a proſecutor, conſented of their own accord, that the Preſbytery ſhould give judgment upon the merits of the caſe. Previous to this meeting a pamphlet had been publiſhed, which was profeſſedly an apology for the author of the Eſſays. It was intitled, *Objections againſt the Eſſays on Morality and Natural Religion examined;* and was known to be the ſecond production of Kames's pen on this ſubject.

The Preſbytery reſumed the conſideration of the queſtion upon the 26th of January, 1757, when Mr. Dalrymple, one of the counſel for the defendants, produced in court his Lordſhip's pamphlet. Copies of it had been ſent to the members immediately on its publication; and Mr. Dalrymple deſired the court to conſider it as a further defence, being authorized to aſſure them that it was written by the author of the Eſſays.

The members entertaining a diverſity of opinions on the ſubject, a ſhort debate occurred. Some held the anſwers to the charge to be ſufficiently ſatisfactory, and warranting the Preſbytery to diſmiſs the proceſs. They, therefore, propoſed the following

following reſolution or ſentence;—"That though "there are ſome very unguarded expreſſions in the "book, and ſome paſſages which cannot be juſ- "tified, and may have a bad tendency, which "may have given offence to many ſincere good "people, and have been the foundation of this "proceſs; yet as it appears, that the author, in "ſeveral parts of the book, has declared his re- "gard to the principles of religion, and that in "the foreſaid pamphlet, which they were aſſured "was wrote by the author, he has diſavowed and "diſclaimed all thoſe bad conſequences which "were apprehended aroſe from the reaſonings in "the book; that, upon all theſe conſiderations, "and to prevent their entering further into ſo "abſtruſe and metaphyſical a diſpute, they judge, "upon the whole, that it is more for the purpoſes "of edification to diſmiſs this proceſs."

It was maintained by thoſe who objected to this reſolution, that the anſwers were not ſatisfactory as to ſeveral parts of the charge. In particular, although the author ſays, that virtue has foundations independent of deluſive feelings, he ſeemed to them to reſt virtue, in ſo far as it implies, or ſtands connected with moral obligation, accountableneſs, merit, reward, &c. wholly upon theſe feelings *. They propoſed, therefore, "that a committee ſhould be appointed to compare the book with the charge, and alſo with the pamphlet, and bring in an

* See Eſſays, pp. 199. 205, 206, &c. firſt edit.

overture

overture upon the whole to the next meeting of Preſbytery."

It was then moved, *Approve of the above overture for diſmiſſing the proceſs*, or *appoint a committee*, when it was carried *approve*. The Preſbytery accordingly diſmiſſed the proceſs; and thus our two authors eſcaped from the diſagreeable and perhaps dangerous conſequences of a clerical inquiſition. The performance and publication of the tragedy of Douglas began to engroſs the eccleſiaſtical judicatures, and gave riſe to proceedings on their part, which have impoſed an eternal ſtigma on the Scottiſh church.

During theſe tranſactions Mr. Hume was employed in compiling the ſecond volume of his Hiſtory, which was publiſhed at London by Millar in November 1756*. It contained the hiſtory of the commonwealth, and of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. As the two volumes compriſed the whole extent of the author's profeſſed plan, they made by themſelves a complete work; a circumſtance highly favourable to the ſale of every literary performance. A narrative, publiſhed in parts at diſtant periods, generally experiences a dull circulation, and is always reckoned a hazardous adventure. Mr. Hume's book began to riſe ſlowly into requeſt; and to promote this, beſides its own intrinſic qualities, the late diſcuſſions in the

* Price 14s. boards.

eccleſiaſtical courts contributed not a little. Such was to our author the fortunate conſequence ariſing from the perſecution, to which he had been expoſed.

In January 1756, the Rev. Mr. Daniel M'Queen, one of the miniſters of Edinburgh, publiſhed there, but without his name, *Letters on Mr. Hume's Hiſtory of Great Britain.* They are principally levelled againſt two paſſages, in which our hiſtorian contraſts the catholic with the proteſtant religion. Theſe offenſive paſſages Hume afterwards expunged; but he retained the political paragraphs, attacked by the Doctor. The Letters are ſufficiently learned, and ſhew great extent of reading, but favour too much of the whining piety of a cleric, and, with reſpect to manner and ſtyle, are intolerably prolix and diffuſe.

While Mr. Hume was employed in his laborious hiſtorical undertaking, his countryman Smollet had conceived a ſimilar deſign, and been engaged by an aſſociation of London bookſellers to accompliſh it. So eminent a veteran in the ingenious ſcience of book-making, ſeconded by the ponderous influence of a number of men already maſters of the avenues of literature, threatened with defeat every other candidate, who could not repoſe on the like ſupport. In the ſhort period of fourteen months this indefatigable writer compiled three quarto volumes of his *Complete Hiſtory of England*, which

which were publiſhed in April 1757. A fourth volume appeared in December that year, and brought down the narrative to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. The work was then publiſhed in octavo, and circulated in numbers: a ſecond and a third edition were ſoon exhauſted, and had a very diſagreeable effect on the ſale of Mr. Hume's performance.

From the more ſerious purſuits of Hume, we may deſcend to his feſtive habits. We have to regret our unſucceſsful inquiries as to the commencement of a literary ſociety, which bore the illuſtrious title of the *Poker Club*, and which was inſtituted by the preſent Dr. Adam Ferguſon; but its formation was previous to that of the Select Society to be afterwards noticed. It met on Tueſdays and Fridays during four or five years, at a houſe, called the Diverſorium, in the vicinity of the Netherbow of Edinburgh; and although it is here dignified with the character of a literary ſociety, the reader will not, we hope, conceive an unfavourable opinion of it, when he learns, that the ſole object of the members was conviviality. Claret was then ſold at eighteen pence *per* bottle; and the club might have enjoyed a longer exiſtence, if it had not been irrecoverably ruined by a riſe in the price of its favourite beverage. Economy was its firſt and great law; and we cannot ſuſpect its ſobriety, ſince, beſides Hume and ſeveral learned laymen, Robertſon, John Home,

Carlyſle, and many other clergymen, were among its members.

The Poker Club was ſucceeded, in 1756, by the Select Society, which attained great celebrity; but to avoid confuſion in the hiſtory of this erudite aſſemblage, and ſimilar contemporary eſtabliſhments, it will be neceſſary to give a chronological narrative of their origin and progreſs.

The firſt literary aſſociation in Edinburgh was the *Rankenian Club*, inſtituted in 1717, and ſo denominated from the maſter of the tavern where it held its meetings. This club was compoſed of ſome young gentlemen of very promiſing talents, and numbered among its members the celebrated Colin Maclaurin, afterwards profeſſor of mathematics at Edinburgh; Dr. Wiſhart, principal of the univerſity; Dr. Young, author of a Treatiſe on Opium; Sir Andrew Mitchel, our ambaſſador at Berlin; Lord Kames, and many other eminent names. The circle of their inquiry was very extenſive, for it compriſed every department of literature.

It is ſtill held diſputable, whether theſe inſtitutions be conducive to the progreſs of knowledge; but there can ſcarcely exiſt a difference of opinion as to the eligibility of convening a literary club in a tavern. Yet this ſociety is reputed to have not only infuſed a liberality of ſentiment into the minds of the individuals compoſing it, but to have eſſentially

tially contributed to diſſeminate through their native country a boldneſs and accuracy of reaſoning, and a correctneſs of taſte in compoſition, without which ſcience cannot be beneficially cultivated. The following anecdote reſpecting this club is worthy of being preſerved.

In 1710, the famous Dr. Berkeley, biſhop of Cloyne, publiſhed his *Principles of Human Knowledge*, and three years afterwards his *Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*. Treatiſes whoſe object was to diſprove the exiſtence of matter, and eſtabliſh or rather revive the hypotheſis that the entity of material objects is ſolely in the mind, could not fail to attract general notice, and provoke animadverſion. The *Rankenian Club* entered with ardour into the controverſy; and not content with canvaſſing the Berkeleian tenets in the meetings of the ſociety, actually engaged in an epiſtolary correſpondence on the ſubject with that worthy prelate. The Doctor, with the paternal ſolicitude becoming a clergyman, and the politeneſs of a man of letters, regularly tranſmitted his anſwers to the objections advanced by the club; and endeavoured to refute or evade the inconſiſtent or irrational conſequences reſulting from his doctrines.

In the courſe of this friendly diſcuſſion, the biſhop imbibed ſo favourable an idea of the acuteneſs and erudition of the ſociety, that he latterly offered to the members profeſſorſhips in his projected college in the Bermuda iſlands; but theſe gentlemen,

tlemen, thinking his project viſionary, and having more inviting proſpects in life, declined to accept his propoſal. Nevertheleſs he ever afterwards ſpoke in terms of the higheſt approbation of their ingenuity and abilities.

Few men have rendered themſelves more ridiculous than Berkeley by the vagaries of a lively imagination, and a credulous mind. Beſides the eccentric dogmas of his philoſophy, a knowledge of which is confined to the cloſets of the learned, he long amuſed the world with his celebrated tar-water; and ſo prone are mankind to become the dupes of bold pretenders in medicine, that the belief in the efficacy of this quack noſtrum is not yet entirely eradicated. His object in the erection of a college at the Bermudas was to convert the American ſavages to the Chriſtian religion; and ſo unwearied were his labours to promote this ſcheme, that, in 1724, he obtained a grant of 10,000*l.* from parliament, and ſailed in perſon for America, where he reſided nearly two years. But the miniſter, Sir Robert Walpole, being more intent on gaining political proſelytes than propagating chriſtianity, and on organizing ſtate-corruption than the downfal of heatheniſm, diverted the money to other purpoſes; and the ſum never being made good, the Doctor, after much expence, was conſtrained to abandon his project.

The ſecond literary aſſociation in Edinburgh was inſtituted in 1731, for the purpoſe of advancing medical

medical knowledge by the publication of remarkable caſes, or theoretic eſſays, in the various branches of medicine and ſurgery. The elder Munro, then profeſſor of anatomy, and founder of the medical ſchool in the univerſity of Edinburgh, not only promoted the object of the inſtitution by his learned lucubrations, but condeſcended to officiate as ſecretary; and under his ſuperintendance, its tranſactions, bearing the title of *Medical Eſſays and Obſervations*, &c. were ſucceſſively publiſhed in five octavo volumes. This work has been characteriſed by Haller as one of the moſt uſeful books in the ſciences of anatomy, ſurgery, and medicine. It was well received by the profeſſion, has run through various editions, and been tranſlated into ſeveral foreign languages.

Soon after the publication of theſe volumes, and about the year 1739, Maclaurin, who then filled the mathematical chair, propoſed to extend the plan of the ſociety, ſo as to embrace philoſophical and literary ſubjects. To this the members aſſented, and with a conſiderable increaſe of their numbers, they aſſumed the name of *The Society for improving Arts and Sciences*, or more generally *The Philoſophical Society of Edinburgh*. James, Earl of Morton, who was afterwards preſident of the Royal Society of London, was the firſt preſident of this newly-modelled inſtitution: Sir John Clerk, one of the barons of exchequer, and Dr. John Clerk, an eminent phyſician, were its vice-preſidents; and Mr. Maclaurin and Dr. Plummer its ſecreta-

ries. The ſociety, ſoon after its eſtabliſhment, could boaſt of poſſeſſing all the eminent literati of Scotland; but, imitating the abſurd practice of the learned bodies in other countries, it received into the number of its members, baronets and peers whoſe ſole claims to admiſſion conſiſted in their high birth and titles.

The ſubſequent diſturbances in Scotland during the years 1745-6 interrupted its labours, which experienced another eſſential injury by the death of the induſtrious Maclaurin; and it was not until the year 1752, that the members recommenced their meetings, when Dr. Munro junior, and our author, David Hume, (newly appointed librarian to the Faculty of Advocates,) were elected ſecretaries. They were, at the ſame time, directed to arrange, and ſuperintend the printing of ſuch papers as had been declared worthy of public attention. Accordingly the firſt volume of theſe lucubrations was publiſhed in 1754, the ſecond in 1756, and the third in 1771, under the title of *Eſſays and Obſervations, phyſical and literary.*

For ſeveral years afterwards the labours of the ſociety languiſhed, and ſeemed incapable of revival. At laſt principal Robertſon propoſed the eſtabliſhment of a new aſſociation, under the name of *The Royal Society of Edinburgh*, on a more extended plan, and after the model of the foreign academies, which direct their inquiries to every branch of ſcience. The ſcheme being approved of.

of, application was made, in 1783, for a charter of incorporation; and ſince that period ſeveral volumes of their Tranſactions have been publiſhed.

From theſe details it is obvious, that the inſtitution of the Select Society was totally diſtinct from that train of literary aſſociations which led to the eſtabliſhment of the Royal Society. The former was intended not only for philoſophical inquiry, but for the improvement of the members in public ſpeaking; and the origin of it has been aſcribed to Mr. Allan Ramſay, the painter, and ſon of the poet of that name. In May 1754, he and two or three of his friends invited about fifteen gentlemen to meet in the Advocates' Library, where they agreed to form themſelves into a ſociety; future admiſſions were to be by ballot, and the meetings held every Friday evening during the ſittings of the court of ſeſſion, both in ſummer and winter.

In the liſt of thoſe who united with Mr. Ramſay in promoting this inſtitution, we find the names of Robertſon, Hume, Kames, John Home, Carlyſle, Wedderburn, Andrew Stewart, and Sir Gilbert Elliot. In fine, it ſoon attracted ſo much of the public notice, that, in the following year, the number of members exceeded a hundred. In 1759, they amounted to one hundred and thirty, and included all the diſtinguiſhed literati of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, with an appropriate complement of nobility and gentry, moſt of whom gave a punctual attendance, though a few only took

ſhare in the debates. The ſociety continued
iſh for ſix or ſeven years, but the ardour
members began gradually to ſubſide. It
credit of contributing moſt eſſentially to the
n of the practice of giving vails to ſervants.

ng the firſt year of the Society's eſtabliſh-
the taſk of maintaining the debates was
undertaken by the elder Munro, Sir Alex-
)ick, and two or three others, who were
ɜd by a crowd of orators. Among the
ıinent ſpeakers were Mr. Wedderburn (bet-
vn under the title of Lord Loughborough),
drew Pringle, (afterwards a lord of ſeſſion),
.ames, Sir Gilbert Elliot, Dr. Robertſon,
Lord Elibank, and Mr. Walter Stewart,
:. Charles Townſhend ſpoke once; David
and Adam Smith very prudently never
their lips.

ng the members were;

afterwards Dr.) Hugh Blair.
Dalrymple, advocate (now Sir John D,
ı of exchequer)—author of ſeveral well-
)erformances.
ı Burnet, advocate, afterwards Lord Mon-

ım Cullen, M. D. and profeſſor.
ım Johnſton, advocate, afterwards Sir W.
', M.P.
Swinton, advocate, afterwards a lord of
under the title of Lord Swinton—author

of an Abridgment of the Laws of Scotland and ſome pamphlets on the general Equalization of Weights and Meaſures in Scotland.

John Home, author of Douglas.

Sir David Dalrymple, advocate, afterwards a lord of ſeſſion, under the title of Lord Hailes:—a voluminous writer, and a learned antiquarian. Sir David was a man of wit; but it was remarked, that his ſpeeches were always tinctured with religion.

Adam Ferguſon, afterwards Dr. A. F. and Profeſſor of Moral Philoſophy.

Francis Home, M. D. Profeſſor of Materia Medica, and author of ſome profeſſional treatiſes.

John and James Adam, the eminent architects.

Robert Whytt, M. D. whoſe treatiſes on Vital Motion and the Nerves ſtill maintain their well-earned celebrity in the medical ſchools.

William Tytler, writer to the ſignet, author of the Vindication of Queen Mary.

Francis Garden, advocate, afterwards a lord of ſeſſion, under the title of Lord Gardenſtone:—he is known to the literary world as the author of two puny volumes of Travelling Memorandums, and ſome other bagatelles.

John Clerk Eſq. of Eldin:—author of an excellent work on Naval Tactics.

Hugh Dalrymple, advocate:—author of Rodondo.

Andrew Stewart, ſince M. P. for Weymouth:—author of Letters to Lord Mansfield, a Hiſtory of the

the Houſe of Stewart, and a Supplement to this Hiſtory.

Rev. Dr. Robert Wallace, author of a Diſſertation on the Numbers of Mankind, and other tracts.

His ſon, George Wallace, advocate:—author of a folio Inſtitute of the Law of Scotland.

Patrick, Lord Elibank:—he had ſerved as a lieutenant-colonel in the Carthagena expedition. He was a celebrated wit, and ſpoke every night with uncommon fluency. His Lordſhip was a favourite member of the Poker Club. Two or three pamphlets have been aſcribed to him.

Rev. Mr. William Wilkie, miniſter of Ratho:—author of the Epigoniad, and afterwards Profeſſor of Natural Philoſophy at St. Andrew's. He was an able orator, remarkable for his ſingular abſence of mind, great intelligence, and livelineſs of fancy.

Lord Elibank, Lord Monboddo, and Mr. Wilkie, particularly diſtinguiſhed themſelves, as ſpeakers, by the eccentricity of their arguments, and their inexhauſtible flow of humour. The ſociety held its meetings, which generally conſiſted of about 20 or 30 members, not in a tavern, as its predeceſſors had done, but in a room belonging to one of the Maſon lodges of Edinburgh. Moſt of the clergymen of the metropolis were members, and attended with great punctuality.

After this detail of the commencement of the *Select Society*, a brief account of its ſubſequent operations

operations cannot be unintereſting, in ſo far as they are connected with the literary hiſtory of Scotland.

In 1761, it undertook the Herculean taſk of annihilating the Scottiſh tongue, and ſubſtituting the Engliſh language and pronunciation in its place. What gave riſe to this chimerical project was the important incident of old Sheridan's arrival at Edinburgh, who had made the tour of Great Britain as an itinerant lecturer on elocution. This gentleman announced his appearance in the Scottiſh capital, and his plan of inſtruction in his uſual ſtyle of arrogance, vanity, and ſelf-conceit; indeed the lofty notion he entertained of the vaſt importance of the art which he profeſſed to teach, and his own excluſive abilities for teaching it, appear in every page of his flimſy publications *.

* The luminous manner, in which Mr. Sheridan inſtructed his auditory, may be gathered from the Lectures he publiſhed, the following paſſage in which is a fair and ſtriking inſtance of their perſpicuity, and of the vaunted talents of this literary charlatan.

"The next progreſſion of number," ſays he, "is, when the ſame note is repeated, but in ſuch a way that one makes a more ſenſible impreſſion on the ear than the other, by being more forcibly ſtruck, and therefore having a greater degree of loudneſs. As *tĭ-tùm—tĭ-tùm* or *tùm-tĭ—tùm-tĭ*. Or when two weak notes precede a more forcible one, as *tĭ-tĭ-tùm—tĭ-tĭ-tùm*; or when they follow one, as *tùm-tĭ-tĭ—tùm-tĭ-tĭ*. Sheridan's Lectures on the Art of Reading; ſecond part, containing the Art of Reading Verſe.

Mr,

Sheridan's Lectures continued for four
; and ſuch was the rage for ſpeaking
an Engliſh accent, that more than three
ed gentlemen, among whom were the moſt
nt in the country for rank and learning,
ed him. Availing himſelf of this kind re-
n, he gave notice, that he propoſed to pub-
s Lectures on Elocution, with ſeveral tracts
e to that ſubject, in one volume quarto.
of the gentlemen ſubſcribed for copies; and
lar project for improving the elocution of
s was welcomed by them with a ſimilar ſub-
on. The long interval, which elapſed be-
Sheridan's receiving the ſubſcription-money
ne publication of his book, expoſed him to
r warfare in the public journals.

ſe Lectures were delivered in St. Paul's cha-
nd during their continuance the church was
ed with ladies and gentlemen, moſt of whom
to affect a nicety of pronunciation in their
ry diſcourſe. Even the grave academic gave
the prevailing faſhion of the day; and Dr.
tſon was ſo much enamoured with it, that
*rted*, on all occaſions, his progreſs in ſpeak-
ngliſh, and to the day of his death, perſe-
in the practice of enunciating his words
ne moſt pointed correctneſs.

h were the effects of this general frenzy,
about a month after Sheridan's arrival,
public

public intimation was given in the Edinburgh newſpapers, that the plan of a new eſtabliſhment for carrying on, in Scotland, the ſtudy of the Engliſh tongue, in a regular and proper manner, was to be laid before the *Select Society*; and accordingly at their enſuing meeting the following reſolutions were agreed to and publiſhed.

" *Regulations of the Select Society for promoting the Reading and Speaking of the Engliſh Language in Scotland.*

" As the intercourſe between this part of Great Britain and the capital daily increaſes, both on account of buſineſs and amuſement, and muſt ſtill go on increaſing, gentlemen, educated in Scotland, have long been ſenſible of the diſadvantages under which they labour, from their imperfect knowledge of the *Engliſh tongue*, and the impropriety with which they ſpeak it.

" Experience hath convinced Scotſmen, that it is not impoſſible for perſons born and educated in this country, to acquire ſuch knowledge of the Engliſh tongue, as to write it with ſome tolerable purity. But with regard to the other point, that of ſpeaking with propriety, as little has been hitherto attempted, it has generally been taken for granted, that there was no proſpect of attempting any thing with a probability of ſucceſs, though at the ſame time it is allowed to be an accompliſhment more

more important, and more univerſally uſeful than the other.

"In other countries great and beneficial effects have flowed from the regular ſtudy of their own languages, and the art of public ſpeaking, under diligent and well-inſtructed maſters. And, in proportion as the dialect of any province is corrupt or barbarous, the neceſſity of ſtudying purity in ſpeech increaſes. Even perſons well advanced in life may be taught, by ſkilful inſtructors, to avoid many groſs improprieties in quantity, accent, the manner of ſounding the vowels, &c. which, at preſent, render the Scotch dialect ſo offenſive. Among thoſe in a more early period of life, greater effects may be expected from regular inſtruction. It is in their power not only to guard againſt the more groſs faults in ſpeech peculiar to Scotſmen, but to attain, in ſome degree, propriety and elegance in diſcourſe. Such as are juſt entering upon their courſe of education, whoſe organs are yet pliable, and capable of being formed to new ſounds and new habits, may acquire the power of ſpeaking, not only with purity, but with grace and eloquence.

"For theſe reaſons the SELECT SOCIETY, at a very numerous meeting held in order to conſider this matter, did unanimouſly declare it to be their opinion, that it would be of great advantage to this country, if a proper number of perſons from England, duly qualified to inſtruct gentlemen in the

the knowledge of the Engliſh tongue, the manner of pronouncing it with purity, and the art of public ſpeaking, were ſettled in Edinburgh; and if, at the ſame time, a proper number of maſters from the ſame country, duly qualified for teaching children the reading of Engliſh, ſhould open ſchools in Edinburgh for that purpoſe.

"But being fully ſenſible that there could be no proſpect of procuring perſons with the qualifications requiſite for theſe ſtations, without giving them proper ſecurity for their encouragement and ſubſiſtence, the ſociety, in order to promote this laudable deſign by their example, did inſtantly begin a voluntary ſubſcription, for raiſing the ſum neceſſary towards carrying it into execution; and appointed ſome of their number to apply to the abſent members, to other private gentlemen, and to moſt of the public bodies or ſocieties in Scotland, that they might give it their countenance and aſſiſtance.

"And as the direction of this ſcheme would greatly interrupt the proper buſineſs of the SELECT SOCIETY, and as it is equitable that all contributors ſhould have acceſs to overſee and direct the application of the ſums to be levied, it is therefore reſolved,

1. That the management and direction of this undertaking be veſted in ſixteen perſons to be elected as Ordinary Directors in the manner after mentioned.

2. That beſides theſe, ten perſons ſhall be elected Extraordinary Directors.

3. That the Ordinary Directors ſhall be empowered to elect their own treaſurer, ſecretary, and other officers; to appoint the time and place of their meeting, and to receive and apply the money ſubſcribed.

4. That the Ordinary Directors ſhall employ as many teachers and maſters as the funds will permit, and appoint them ſuch ſalaries as to them ſhall appear proper, and oblige them to teach according to ſuch plans or regulations as they ſhall judge moſt expedient for promoting the purpoſes which the ſubſcribers have in view.

5. That two of the Ordinary Directors ſhall, on the firſt Mondays of July and December, in each year, viſit the ſchools taught by the maſters whom they have appointed, examine the children under their care, and make a report in writing to the next meeting of the Ordinary Directors.

6. That, on the ſame days, two of the Ordinary Directors ſhall call before them the teachers whom they have appointed, take account of their method of inſtructing thoſe under their care, and inquire concerning their diligence and ſucceſs.

7. That there ſhall be held two general meetings of the SOCIETY in each year, one on the ſecond

ſecond Wedneſday of July, and the other on the ſecond Wedneſday of December; of which meetings, not only all the members of the SELECT SOCIETY, but every other perſon who ſhall ſubſcribe one guinea yearly, for the ſpace of three years, ſhall be members, and have a right to vote in all matters that come before them.

8. That the Ordinary Directors ſhall lay before each of theſe meetings a report of their tranſactions during the ſix months preceding.

9. That the Directors, both Ordinary and Extraordinary, ſhall be annually elected, on the ſecond Wedneſday of December by the foreſaid general meeting of contributors; it being underſtood that a third part of the Directors ſhall be changed each year.

10. That on Tueſday the 4th of Auguſt, the SELECT SOCIETY ſhall elect Directors, Ordinary and Extraordinary, who ſhall continue in office till the ſecond Wedneſday of December 1762.

11. That the general body of contributors, together with the members of the Select Society, ſhall take the name of *The Society for promoting the Reading and Speaking of the Engliſh Language in Scotland.*

N. B. In order to ſatisfy contributors, that teachers and maſters properly qualified may be got,

ſhall be employed, it is proper to inform them,
Mr. SHERIDAN, whoſe ingenious and in-
ctive lectures in this city firſt ſuggeſted the idea
eſtabliſhing the ſociety propoſed, has not only
aged to find out teachers and maſters, and to
municate to them his ideas concerning the
per method of performing their duty; but has
offered to viſit this place, as often as the ſitua-
of his affairs will permit, and, during his
dence here, to contribute his advice and aſſiſt-
e, towards carrying forward the operations of
ſociety in the moſt extenſive and ſucceſsful
ner.

*of* ORDINARY *and* EXTRAORDINARY DI-
ECTORS *named and appointed for the Purpoſe
bove-mentioned.*

ORDINARY DIRECTORS.

Lord Auchinleck.
Lord Alemoor.
Sir Adam Ferguſon, baronet.
Mr. Walter Stewart.
Mr. William Johnſtone,
Mr. George Dempſter,
Mr. Jas. Ferguſon, TERTIUS,
} advocates.
Mr. Alexander Tait, clerk of ſeſſion.
Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair.
Rev. Dr. John Jardine.
Rev. Dr. William Robertſon.

Dr.

Dr. John Hope.
Profeſſor Adam Ferguſon.
Mr. John Fordyce, merchant.
Mr. John Adam, architect.
Mr. James Ruſſel, ſurgeon.

EXTRAORDINARY DIRECTORS.

Earl of Errol.
Earl of Eglinton.
Earl of Galloway.
Earl of Elgin.
Lord Elibank.
Lord Kames.
Sir Alexander Dick.
Mr. James Ferguſon, advocate, dean of faculty.
George Drummond Eſq. commiſſioner of exciſe.
Mr. Charles Hamilton-Gordon, advocate.

So formidable a liſt of great names preſaged the immediate diſappearance of the vernacular language of Scotland: but their ſanguine expectations were ſoon blaſted; and credit will ſcarcely be given to the ignominious reſult of all this mighty buſtle. A few weeks afterwards, the managers intimated in the newſpapers, that they had engaged Mr. Leigh, a perſon well qualified to teach the pronunciation of the Engliſh tongue with propriety and grace; and that they had fixed the prices and conditions of his attendance upon gentlemen:— And with this contemptible *annonce* the SELECT

Society, which compriſed all the high rank and literature of Scotland, cloſed its labours for ever.

To this ſingular epidemic in the metropolis of Scotland may, in ſome meaſure, be aſcribed the eſtabliſhment of a Regius Profeſſorſhip of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the univerſity of Edinburgh. A few years previous to this period, Adam Smith had read lectures on the ſame ſubject in that city, which were interrupted by his appointment to the Profeſſorſhip of Moral Philoſophy at Glaſgow. In winter 1755-6, theſe lectures were revived with great approbation by Mr. Robert Watſon, afterwards Profeſſor of Logic and Principal of the univerſity of St. Andrew's. Dr. Hugh Blair, now one of the miniſters of Edinburgh, gave a courſe of lectures on compoſition in winter 1759-60, and with ſuch general ſatisfaction, that the magiſtrates or city-corporation were afterwards induced to erect in the college a new profeſſorſhip of rhetoric, and appoint the Doctor to fill the chair; but no ſalary was annexed to it. The favourite purſuit of the day was friendly to the Doctor's views, and a royal warrant was obtained on the 27th April 1762, erecting and endowing his office, under the name of "The Profeſſion of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres," and nominating him Regius Profeſſor, with a ſalary of 70*l.* per annum. After this long digreſſion reſpecting a tranſaction, in which Mr. Hume was prevented from directly parti-

participating by a journey he made to London, we will reſume the account of the Life and Writings of our Hiſtorian.

Mr. Hume reſigned his office of librarian on the 4th of January 1757. This ſtep was owing, according to our information, to the piety of the late Lord Hailes, who was then a barriſter, and who affected to take offence at our author's official conduct, alleging that he brought improper books into the library. Nettled at this charge, and ſtill ſmarting under the calumny of zealots, Hume threw up his appointment in diſguſt, and was ſucceeded by his friend Mr. (now Dr.) Adam Ferguſon, who was chaplain to Lord John Murray's Highland regiment. Thus, in the number of librarians, the Faculty of Advocates can boaſt of having Ruddiman, Hume, and Ferguſon, who held ſucceſſively the office, and form a ſeries which reproaches the indolence of their ſucceſſors.

In February 1757, Mr. Hume publiſhed at London, a tract intitled, *Four Diſſertations:* viz. 1. *The Natural Hiſtory of Religion.*—2. *Of the Paſſions.*—3. *Of Tragedy.*—4. *Of the Standard of Taſte* *. It might have been expected, that the violent

* In 12mo. price 3s. Millar. In his own Life Mr. Hume ſays, that he publiſhed this volume in the interval between the appearance of the firſt and ſecond volume of his Hiſtory. I

violent clamour, which, according to his own account, the firſt volume of his Hiſtory had excited; and late events would, together, have conferred ſuch celebrity on his name, that the public would have ſought with avidity any performance coming from his pen. Yet this new work experienced the ſame obſcurity and neglect, which its predeceſſors had done.

Such was the fate which his Diſſertations met with, and which Mr. Hume himſelf has mentioned with his uſual *naïveté:* but they ſeem to have received more notice in the literary world, than he has mentioned in his narrative. In May 1757, there appeared *Remarks on Hume's Natural Hiſtory of Religion:* in June 1758, a pamphlet, likewiſe intitled *Remarks on Hume's Eſſays on the Natural Hiſtory of Religion*, was publiſhed at London; and in November that year, appeared *Remarks upon the Natural Hiſtory of Religion, by Mr. Hume, with Dialogues on Heathen Idolatry and the Chriſtian Religion.* The laſt mentioned tract, which is alluded to by our author in his own Life, was the production of Dr. Hurd, now Biſhop of Worceſter, the friend and biographer of Warburton; and this ſlight mark of attention contributed to ſooth the chagrin, which oppreſſed the breaſt of our hiſtorian in conſequence of the cold reception of his performance.

have, however, followed the date of the imprint in its title-page, and that of its advertiſement in the public journals.

In 1758, his philoſophical and literary works, with the omiſſion of his Treatiſe on Human Nature, were collected into a quarto volume, under the title of *Eſſays and Treatiſes on ſeveral Subjects; by* DAVID HUME, *Eſq.* It contained all the tracts, which, in 1760, were publiſhed in the more convenient form of 4 vols. 12mo., and compoſe our preſent editions in two volumes, 8vo. after undergoing ſeveral alterations, ſome of which will be noticed in the courſe of our remarks on his literary and political pieces.

The year 1759 forms a kind of epoch in Scottiſh literature. Adam Smith made his firſt eſſay in authorſhip by the publication of his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*. The *Hiſtory of Scotland*, in 2 vols. 4to. by Dr. Robertſon, appeared on the firſt of February, and met with ſuch a flattering reception, that, by the end of the month, the bookſeller ſent him word to make the requiſite preparations for a ſecond edition. Mr. Hume went to London in 1758, for the purpoſe of ſuperintending the new edition of his Eſſays, and for the more important object of correcting the proof ſheets of two additional volumes of his hiſtorical work. In March 1759, that part of the Hiſtory of England, which compriſes the reigns of the houſe of Tudor, from the acceſſion of Henry VII. to the death of Queen Elizabeth, was publiſhed in two volumes 4to *.

* Price 1l. 10s. boards.

Of

Of all his works this ſeems to have been the moſt kindly received. It embraced a portion of our national annals, which had given riſe to much controverſy, and which was at this very time recommended to the public attention by Dr. Robertſon's performance. Mr. Hume, in ſpeaking of the reception which this portion of his Hiſtory experienced, tells us, that "the clamour againſt it was "almoſt equal to that againſt the Hiſtory of the "two firſt Stuarts. The reign of Elizabeth was "particularly obnoxious. But I was," ſays he, "now callous againſt the impreſſions of public "folly, and continued very peaceably and con-"tentedly in my retreat at Edinburgh." Induced by this detail to believe that the republic of letters had been thrown into commotion by his publication, we ſearched with earneſtneſs into the literary hiſtories of that period; but have been unable to diſcover any of that outcry which aſſailed the too ſenſitive ears of Mr. Hume. In later times, indeed, his accuracy, impartiality, and political tenets have been attacked, and with juſtice, but without any clamour, and ſeldom with illiberality.

Our author, although a man of the world, did not, on this viſit to the metropolis, intermingle in its learned or faſhionable circles, but confined himſelf to the object of his journey. His reſidence, however, was not unuſeful to his literary friends at Edinburgh; and the intereſt which he took in their ſucceſs, will appear from the following letters. He alſo addreſſed to the editors of the Critical

tical Review a long letter on the literary character and poetic merit of Mr. Wilkie's Epigoniad. It was publiſhed by them in the Review for April 1759, and is inſerted in our Appendix, No. II.

## Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON *.

" London, Liſle-ſtreet,
Nov. 18, 1758.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" According to your permiſſion I have always got your corrected ſheets from Strahan; and am glad to find, that we ſhall agree in almoſt all the material parts of our Hiſtory. Your reſolution to aſſert the authenticity of Mary's letter to Bothwel, with the conſequence which muſt neceſſarily follow, removes the chief point, in which, I apprehend, we ſhould differ. There remain, however, two other points, where I have not the good fortune to agree with you, viz. the violation of the treaty of Perth by Mary of Guiſe, and the innocency of Mary with regard to Babington's conſpiracy: but as I had written notes upon theſe paſſages, the public muſt judge between us. Only allow me to ſay, that even if you be in the right with regard to the laſt, (of which, notwithſtanding my deference to your authority, I cannot perceive the leaſt appearance), you are certainly too ſhort and abrupt in handling it. I believe you go contrary to received opinion; and the point was of conſequence enough to merit a note or diſſertation.

* Prof. Stewart's Life of Dr. Robertſon, Ap. p. 235.

" There

"There is ſtill another point, in which we differ, and which reduced me to great perplexity. You told me that all hiſtorians had been miſtaken with regard to James's behaviour on his mother's trial and execution; that he was not really the pious ſon he pretended to be; that the appearances, which deceived the world, were put on at the ſolicitation of the French ambaſſador, Courcelles; and that I ſhould find all this proved by a manuſcript of Dr. Campbell's. I accordingly ſpoke of the matter to Dr. Campbell, who confirmed what you ſaid, with many additions and amplifications. I deſired to have the manuſcript, which he ſent me: but great was my ſurpriſe, when I found the contrary in every page, many praiſes beſtowed on the king's piety, both by Courcelles and the French court; his real grief and reſentment painted in the ſtrongeſt colours; reſolutions even taken by him to form an alliance with Philip of Spain, in order to get revenge; repeated advices given him, by Courcelles and the French miniſters, rather to conceal his reſentment till a proper opportunity offered of taking vengeance.

"What moſt diſpleaſed me in this affair was, that as I thought myſelf obliged to follow the ordinary tenor of the printed hiſtorian, while you appealed to manuſcript, it would be neceſſary for me to appeal to the ſame manuſcripts, to give extracts of them, and to oppoſe your concluſions. Though I know that I could execute this matter

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in a friendly and obliging manner for you, yet I own that I was very uneaſy at finding myſelf under a neceſſity of obſerving any thing which might appear a miſtake in your narration. But there came to me a man this morning, who, as I fancied, gave me the key of the difficulty, but without freeing me from my perplexity. This was a man commonly employed by Millar and Strahan to decypher manuſcripts. He brought me a letter of yours to Strahan, where you deſired him to apply to me in order to point out the paſſages proper to be inſerted in your Appendix, and proper to prove the aſſertion of your text. You add there, theſe letters are in the French language. I immediately concluded that you had not read the manuſcripts, but had taken it on Mr. Campbell's word; for the letters are in Engliſh, tranſlated, by I know not whom, from the French.

"I could do nothing on this occaſion, but deſire Strahan to ſtop the preſs in printing the Appendix, and ſtay till I wrote to you. If I could perſuade you to change the narration of the text, that ſheet could be eaſily cancelled, and an Appendix formed proper to confirm an oppoſite account. If you ſtill perſiſt in your opinion, ſomebody elſe whom you truſted, might be employed to find the proper paſſages; for I cannot find them.

"There is only one paſſage which looks like your opinion, and which I ſhall tranſcribe to you. It is a relation of what paſſed between James and Courcelles

Courcelles upon the firſt rumour of the diſcovery of Babington's conſpiracy, before James apprehended his mother to be in any danger. 'The king 'ſaid, he loved his mother as much as nature and 'duty bound him; but he could not love her * *: 'for he knew well ſhe bore him no more good will 'than ſhe did to the Queen of England: That he 'had ſeen, with his own eyes, before Foulnaye's 'departure out of Scotland, a letter to him, 'whereby he ſent him word, that if he would not 'conform himſelf to her will, and follow her 'counſels and advice, that he ſhould content him-'ſelf with the lordſhip of Darnley, which was all 'that appertained unto him by his father: Far-'ther, that he had ſeen other letters, under her 'own hand, confirming her evil towards him. 'Beſides, that ſhe had oftentimes gone about to 'make a regency in Scotland, and to put him be-'ſide the crown; that it behoved him to think of 'his own affairs, and that he thought the Queen 'of England would attempt nothing againſt her 'perſon without making him acquainted: That 'his mother was henceforward to carry herſelf 'both towards him and the Queen of England 'after another ſort, without bending any more 'upon ſuch practices and intelligences as ſhe had 'in former times: That he hoped to ſet ſuch per-'ſons about her as' [Here the manuſcript is not farther legible.]

"But though ſuch were James's ſentiments, before he apprehended his mother to be in danger, he

he adopted a directly oppoſite conduct afterwards, as I told you. I can only expreſs my wiſhes, that you may ſee reaſon to conform your narrative in vol. ii. pp. 139, 140, to this account, or omit that Appendix altogether, or find ſome other perſon who can better execute your intentions than it is poſſible for me to do."

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

"25th January, 1759.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"What I wrote you with regard to Mary's concurrence in the conſpiracy againſt Queen Elizabeth, was from the printed hiſtories of papers; and nothing ever appeared to me more evident. Your chief objection I ſee is derived from one circumſtance, that neither the ſecretaries nor conſpirators were confronted with Mary: but you muſt conſider that the law did not then require this confrontation, and it was in no caſe the practice. The crown could not well grant it in one caſe without granting it in all; becauſe the refuſing of it would then have been a ſtrong preſumption of innocence in the priſoner. Yet as Mary's was an extraordinary caſe, Elizabeth was willing to have granted it. I find in Forbes's MS. papers, ſent me by Lord Royſton, a letter of her's to Burleigh and Walſingham, wherein ſhe tells them, that, if they thought proper, they might carry down the two ſecretaries to Fotheringay, in order to confront

front them with her. But they reply, that they think it needleſs.

"But I am now ſorry to tell you, that by Murden's State Papers, which are printed, the matter is put beyond all queſtion. I got theſe papers during the holidays by Dr. Birch's means; and as ſoon as I had read them, I ran to Millar, and deſired him very earneſtly to ſtop the publication of your Hiſtory till I ſhould write to you, and give you an opportunity of correcting a miſtake of ſo great moment; but he abſolutely refuſed compliance. He ſaid that your book was now finiſhed; that the copies would be ſhipped for Scotland in two days; that the whole narration of Mary's trial muſt be wrote over again; that this would require time, and it was uncertain whether the new narrative could be brought within the ſame compaſs with the old; that this change, he ſaid, would require the cancelling a great many ſheets; that there were ſcattered paſſages through the volumes founded on your theory, and theſe muſt alſo be all cancelled, and that this change required the new printing of a great part of the edition.

"For theſe reaſons, which do not want force, he refuſed, after deliberation, to ſtop his publication, and I was obliged to acquieſce. Your beſt apology, at preſent, is, that you could not poſſibly ſee the grounds of Mary's guilt, and every equitable perſon will excuſe you.

"I am

"I am ſorry, on many accounts, that you did not ſee this collection of Murden's. Among other curioſities, there are ſeveral inſtructions to H. Killigrew, dated 10th September 1572. He was then ſent into Scotland. It there appears, that the regents, Murray and Lennox, had deſired Mary to be put into their hands, in order to try her and put her to death. Elizabeth there offers to regent Mar to deliver her up, provided good ſecurity was given, 'that ſhe ſhould receive that ſhe hath de-'ſerved there by order of juſtice, whereby no fur-'ther peril ſhould enſue by her eſcaping, or by 'ſetting her up again.' It is probable, Mar re-fuſed compliance, for no ſteps were taken to-wards it.

"I am nearly printed out, and ſhall be ſure to ſend you a copy by the ſtage-coach, or ſome other conveyance. I beg of you to make remarks as you go along. It would have been much better had we communicated before printing, which was always my deſire, and was moſt ſuitable to the friendſhip which always did, and, I hope, always will ſubſiſt between us. I ſpeak this chiefly on my own account. For though I had the peruſal of your ſheets before I printed, I was not able to de-rive ſufficient benefits from them, or, indeed, to make any alteration by their aſſiſtance. There ſtill remain, I fear, many errors, of which you could have convinced me, if we had canvaſſed the mat-ter in converſation. Perhaps I might alſo have been ſometimes no leſs fortunate with you. Parti-

cularly I could almoſt undertake to convince you, that the Earl of Murray's conduct with the Duke of Norfolk was no way diſhonourable.

"I have ſeen a copy of your hiſtory with Charles Stanhope. Lord Willoughby, who had been there reading ſome paſſages of it, ſaid, that you was certainly miſtaken with regard to the act paſſed in the laſt parliament of Mary, ſettling the Reformation. He ſaid, that the act of parliament, the firſt of James, was no proof of it: for though that ſtatute contains a ſtatute where the Queen's name was employed, yet that is always the caſe with the bills brought into parliament, even though they receive not the royal aſſent, nor, perhaps, paſs the houſes. I wiſh this be not the caſe, conſidering the teſtimony of Buchanan, Calderwood, and Spottiſwood. Beſides, if the bill had before received the royal aſſent, what neceſſity of repeating it, or paſſing it again? Mary's title was more indiſputable than James's.

"Dr. Blair tells me, that Prince Edward is reading you, and is charmed. I hear the ſame of the Princeſs and Prince of Wales. But what will really give you pleaſure, I lent my copy to Elliot during the holidays, who thinks it one of the fineſt performances he ever read; and though he expected much, he finds more. He remarked, however, (which is alſo my opinion,) that in the beginning, before your pen was ſufficiently accuſtomed to the hiſtoric ſtyle, you employ too many digreſſions

digreſſions and reflections. This was alſo ſomewhat my own caſe, which I have corrected in my new edition.

" Millar was propoſing to publiſh me about the middle of March, but I ſhall communicate to him your deſire, even though I think it entirely groundleſs, as you will likewiſe think after you have read my volume. He has very needleſsly delayed your publication till the firſt of February, at the deſire of the Edinburgh bookſellers, who could no way be affected by a publication in London.

" I was exceedingly ſorry not to be able to comply with your deſire, when you expreſſed your wiſh that I ſhould not write this period. I could not write downward: for when you find occaſion, by new diſcoveries, to correct your opinion with regard to facts which paſſed in Queen's Elizabeth's days; who that has not the beſt opportunities of informing himſelf, could venture to relate any recent tranſactions? I muſt, therefore, have abandoned altogether this ſcheme of the Engliſh hiſtory, in which I had proceeded ſo far, if I had not acted as I did. You will ſee what light and force this hiſtory of the Tudors beſtows on that of the Stuarts. Had I been prudent I ſhould have begun with it. I care not to boaſt, but I will venture to ſay, that I have now effectually ſtopped the mouths of all thoſe villanous Whigs who railed at me.

"You are ſo kind as to aſk me about my coming down. I can yet anſwer nothing. I have the ſtrangeſt reluctance to change places. I lived ſeveral years happy with my brother at Ninewells, and had not his marriage changed a little the ſtate of the family, I believe I ſhould have lived and died there. I uſed every expedient to evade this journey to London, yet it is now uncertain whether I ſhall ever leave it. I have had ſome invitations, and ſome intentions of taking a trip to Paris; but I believe it will be ſafer for me not to go thither, for I might probably ſettle there for life. No one was ever endowed with ſo great a portion of the *vis inertiæ*. But as I live here very privately, and avoid as much as poſſible (and it is eaſily poſſible) all connexions with the great, I believe I ſhould be better at Edinburgh. * * * *

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## Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

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"I forgot to tell you, that two days ago I was in the Houſe of Commons, where an Engliſh gentleman came to me, and told me that he had lately ſent to a grocer's ſhop for a pound of raiſins, which he received wrapt up in a paper that he ſhewed me. How would you have turned pale at the ſight! It was a leaf of your Hiſtory, and the very character

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of Queen Elizabeth, which you had laboured ſo finely, little thinking it would ſo ſoon come to ſo diſgraceful an end. I happened a little after to ſee Millar, and told him the ſtory; conſulting him, to be ſure, on the fate of his new boaſted hiſtorian, of whom he was ſo fond. But the ſtory proves more ſerious than I apprehended. For he told Strahan, who thence ſuſpects villany among his 'prentices and journeymen; and has ſent me very earneſtly to know the gentleman's name, that he may find out the grocer, and trace the matter to the bottom. In vain did I remonſtrate, that this was ſooner or later the fate of all authors, *ſerius, ocyus, ſors exitura.* He will not be ſatisfied; and begs me to keep my jokes for another occaſion. But that I am reſolved not to do; and, therefore, being repulſed by his paſſion and ſerioufneſs, I direct them againſt you.

"Next week I am publiſhed; and then I expect a conſtant compariſon will be made between Dr. Robertſon and Mr. Hume. I ſhall tell you in a few weeks, which of theſe heroes [illegible] likely to prevail. Meanwhile, I can inform both of them for their comforts, that their combat is not likely to make half ſo much noiſe as that between Broughton and the one-eyed coachman. *Vanitas vanitatum, atque omnia vanitas.* I ſhall ſtill except, however, the friendſhip and good opinion of worthy men.

"I am, &c."

## Mr. Hume to Dr. Robertson.

"You have very good cauſe to be ſatisfied with the ſucceſs of your Hiſtory, as far as it can be judged of from a few weeks publication. I have not heard of one, who does not praiſe it warmly; and were I to enumerate all thoſe, whoſe ſuffrages I have either heard in its favour, or been told of, I ſhould fill my letter with a liſt of names. Mallet told me, that he was ſure there was no Engliſhman capable of compoſing ſuch a work. The town will have it, that you was educated at Oxford, thinking it impoſſible for a mere untravelled Scotchman to produce ſuch language. In ſhort, you may depend on the ſucceſs of your work, and that your name is known very much to your advantage.

"I am diverting myſelf with the notion, how much you will profit by the applauſe of my enemies in Scotland. Had you and I been ſuch fools as to have given way to jealouſy, to have entertained animoſity and malignity againſt each other, and to have rent all our acquaintances into parties, what a noble amuſement we ſhould have exhibited to the blockheads, which now they are likely to be diſappointed of. All the people whoſe friendſhip or judgment either of us value, are friends to both, and will be pleaſed with the ſucceſs of both,

as

as we will be with that of each other. I declare to you I have not, of a long time, had a more ſenſible pleaſure than the good reception your Hiſtory has given me within this fortnight."

## Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

"I am afraid that my letters will be tedious and diſagreeable to you by their uniformity. Nothing but continued and unvaried accounts of the ſame thing muſt in the end prove diſguſting. Yet ſince you will hear me ſpeak on this ſubject, I cannot help it, and muſt fatigue your ears, as much as ours are in this place by endleſs, and repeated, and noiſy praiſes of the Hiſtory of Scotland. Dr. Douglas told me yeſterday, that he had ſeen the Biſhop of Norwich, who had juſt bought the book from the high commendations he heard of it from Mr. Legge. Mallet told me, that Lord Mansfield is at a loſs, whether he ſhall moſt eſteem the matter or the ſtyle. Elliot told me, that being in company with George Grenville, that gentleman was ſpeaking loud in the ſame key. Our friend pretended ignorance; ſaid he knew the author, and if he thought the book good for any thing would ſend for it and read it. Send for it by all means, (ſaid Mr. Grenville,) you have not read a better book of a long time. But, ſaid Elliot, I ſuppoſe, although the matter may be tolerable, as the author was never on this ſide of the Tweed till he wrote it, it muſt be very barbarous in the expreſſion. By

no means, cried Mr. Grenville, had the author lived all his life in London, and in the beſt company, he could not have expreſſed himſelf with greater elegance and purity. Lord Lyttleton ſeems to think, that ſince the time of St. Paul there ſcarce has been a better writer than Dr. Robertſon. Mr. Walpole triumphs in the ſucceſs of his favourites the Scotch, &c.

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"The great ſucceſs of your book, beſides its real merit, is forwarded by its prudence, and by the deference paid to eſtabliſhed opinions. It gains alſo by its being your firſt performance, and by its ſurpriſing the public, who are not upon their guard againſt it. By reaſon of theſe two circumſtances juſtice is more readily done to its merit, which, however, is really ſo great, that I believe there is ſcarce another inſtance of a firſt performance being ſo near perfection."

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON,

"London, March 12, 1759.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I believe I mentioned to you, a French gentleman, Monſieur *Helvetius*, whoſe book *De l'Eſprit* was making a great noiſe in Europe. He is a very fine genius, and has the character of a very worthy man. My name is mentioned ſeveral times in his work with marks of eſteem; and he has

has made me an offer, if I would tranſlate his work into Engliſh, to tranſlate anew all my philoſophical writings into French. He ſays, that none of them are well done, except that on the Natural Hiſtory of Religion, by Monſieur Matigny, a counſellor of ſtate. He added, that the Abbé Prevot, celebrated for the *Memoires d'un Homme d'Honneur*, and other entertaining books, was juſt now tranſlating my Hiſtory.

" This account of Helvetius engaged me to ſend him over the new editions of all my writings; and I have added your Hiſtory, which, I told him, was here publiſhed with great applauſe; adding that the ſubject was intereſting, and the execution maſterly; and that it was probable ſome men of letters at Paris may think that a tranſlation of it would be agreeable to the public. I thought that this was the beſt method of executing your intentions. I could not expect, that any Frenchman here would be equal to the work. There is *one* Carracioli, who came to me and ſpoke of tranſlating my new volume of Hiſtory; but as he alſo mentioned his intentions of tranſlating Smollet, I gave him no encouragement to proceed. The ſame reaſon would make me averſe to ſee you in his hands.

" But though I have given this character of your work to Monſieur Helvetius, I warn you that this is the laſt time, that either to Frenchman or Engliſhman I ſhall ever ſpeak the leaſt good of it. A plague

ue take you! Here I ſat near the hiſtorical
mit of Parnaſſus, immediately under Dr.
llet; and you have the impudence to ſqueeze
ſelf directly under his feet. Do you imagine,
this can be agreeable to me? and muſt not I
guilty of great ſimplicity to contribute by my
avours to your thruſting me out of my place
aris as well as at London? But I give you
ning, that you will find the matter ſomewhat
cult, at leaſt in the former city. A friend of
e, who is there, writes home to his father the
geſt accounts on that head, which my modeſty
not permit me to repeat, but which it allowed
very deliciouſly to ſwallow.

I have got a good reaſon or pretence for ex-
ng me to Monſieur Helvetius with regard to
tranſlating his work. A Tranſlation of it was
iouſly adverti ſed here.

"I remain, &c."

Mr. HUME to Mr. ADAM SMITH,

n after the publication of the Theory of Moral Sentiments.]

"London, April 12, 1759.

"DEAR SIR,

I give you thanks for the agreeable preſent of
Theory. Wedderburn and I made preſents
ur copies to ſuch of our acquaintances as we
ght good judges, and proper to ſpread the
reputation

reputation of the book. I ſent one to the Duke of Argyle, to Lord Littleton, Horace Walpole, Soame Jennyns, and Burke, an Iriſh gentleman, who wrote lately a very pretty Treatiſe on the Sublime. Millar deſired my permiſſion to ſend one in your name to Dr. Warburton.

"I have delayed writing to you, till I could tell you ſomething of the ſucceſs of the book, and could prognoſticate, with ſome probability, whether it ſhould be finally damned to oblivion, or ſhould be regiſtered in the temple of immortality. Though it has been publiſhed only a few weeks, I think there appear already ſuch ſtrong ſymptoms, that I can almoſt venture to foretel its fate. It is, in ſhort, this ——

"But I have been interrupted in my letter by a fooliſh impertinent viſit of one who has lately come from Scotland. He tells me, that the Univerſity of Glaſgow intend to declare Rouet's office vacant, upon his going abroad with Lord Hope. I queſtion not but you will have our friend Ferguſon in your eye, in caſe another project for procuring him a place in the Univerſity of Edinburgh ſhould fail. Ferguſon has very much poliſhed and improved his Treatiſe on Refinement *; and with ſome amendments it will make an admirable book, and diſcovers an elegant and a ſingular genius. The Epi-

* Publiſhed afterwards under the title of "An Eſſay on the Hiſtory of Civil Society."

goniad,

niad, I hope, will do; but it is ſomewhat up-
ll work. As I doubt not but you conſult the
eviews ſometimes at preſent, you will ſee in the
itical Review a letter upon that poem; and I
ſire you to employ your conjectures in finding
t the author. Let me ſee a ſample of your
ll in knowing hands by your gueſſing at the
rſon.

" I am afraid of Kames's Law Tracts. A man
ght as well think of making a fine ſauce by a
xture of wormwood and aloes, as an agreeable
mpoſition by joining metaphyſics and Scotch
v. However, the book, I believe, has merit;
ough few people will take the pains of diving
o it. But to return to your book, and its ſuc-
s in this town, I muſt tell you ——

" A plague of interruptions! I ordered myſelf
be denied; and yet here is one that has broke in
on me again. He is a man of letters, and we
ve had a good deal of literary converſation.
u told me, that you was curious of literary
ecdotes, and therefore I ſhall inform you of a few
it have come to my knowledge. I believe I have
ntioned to you already Helvetius's book De
ſprit. It is worth your reading, not for its phi-
ophy, which I do not highly value, but for its
eeable compoſition. I had a letter from him a
v days ago, wherein he tells me that my name
s much oftener in the manuſcript, but that the
ſor of books at Paris obliged him to ſtrike it out.

" Voltaire

"Voltaire has lately publiſhed a ſmall work called Candide, *ou l'Optimiſme*. I ſhall give you a detail of it.—But what is all this to my book, ſay you?—My dear Mr. Smith, have patience: compoſe yourſelf to tranquillity: Shew yourſelf a philoſopher in practice as well as profeſſion: Think on the emptineſs, and raſhneſs, and futility of the common judgments of men; how little they are regulated by reaſon in any ſubject, much more in philoſophical ſubjects, which ſo far exceed the comprehenſion of the vulgar.

*——— Non ſi quid turbida Roma,*
*Elevet, accedas: examenve improbum in illa*
*Caſtiges trutina: nec te quæſiveris extra.*

A wiſe man's kingdom is his own breaſt; or, if he ever looks farther, it will only be to the judgment of a ſelect few, who are free from prejudices, and capable of examining his work. Nothing indeed can be a ſtronger preſumption of falſehood than the approbation of the multitude; and Phocion, you know, always ſuſpected himſelf of ſome blunder, when he was attended with the applauſes of the populace.

"Suppoſing, therefore, that you have duly prepared yourſelf for the worſt by all theſe reflections, I proceed to tell you the melancholy news, that your book has been very unfortunate; for the public ſeem diſpoſed to applaud it extremely. It was looked for by the fooliſh people with ſome impatience; and the mob of literati are beginning

already to be very loud in its praiſes. Three biſhops called yeſterday at Millar's ſhop in order to buy copies, and to aſk queſtions about the author. The Biſhop of Peterborough ſaid, he had paſſed the evening in a company where he heard it extolled above all books in the world. The Duke of Argyle is more deciſive than he uſes to be, in its favour. I ſuppoſe he either conſiders it as an exotic, or thinks the author will be ſerviceable to him in the Glaſgow elections. Lord Lyttleton ſays, that Robertſon, and Smith, and Bower are the glories of Engliſh literature. Oſwald proteſts he does not know whether he has reaped more inſtruction or entertainment from it. But you may eaſily judge what reliance can be put on his judgment, who has been engaged all his life in public buſineſs, and who never ſees any faults in his friends. Millar exults and brags, that two-thirds of the edition are already ſold, and that he is now ſure of ſucceſs. You ſee what a ſon of the earth that is, to value books only by the profit they bring him. It that view, I believe it may prove a very good book.

" Charles Townſend, who paſſes for the cleverest fellow in England, is ſo taken with the performance, that he ſaid to Oſwald he would put the Duke of Buccleugh under the author's care, and would make it worth his while to accept of that charge. As ſoon as I heard this, I called on him twice, with a view of talking with him about the matter; and of convincing him of the propriety of

of ſending that young nobleman to Glaſgow: For I could not hope, that he could offer you any terms which would tempt you to renounce your Profeſſorſhip; but I miſſed him. Mr. Townſend paſſes for being a little uncertain in his reſolutions; ſo perhaps you need not build much on his ſally.

"In recompence for ſo many mortifying things, which nothing but truth could have extorted from me, and which I could eaſily have multiplied to a greater number, I doubt not but you are ſo good a Chriſtian as to return good for evil; and to flatter my vanity by telling me, that all the godly in Scotland abuſe me for my account of John Knox and the Reformation. I ſuppoſe you are glad to ſee my paper end, and that I am obliged to conclude with

"Your humble ſervant, &c."

## Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

"London, May 29, 1759.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I had a letter from Helvetius lately wrote before your book arrived at Paris. He tells me, that the Abbé Prevot, who had juſt finiſhed the tranſlation of my Hiſtory, *Paroit très-diſpoſé à traduire l'Hiſtoire d'Ecoſſe que vient de faire Monſieur Robertſon.* If he be engaged by my perſuaſion,

ſion, I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of doing you a real credit and pleaſure; for he is one of the beſt pens in Paris.

"I looked with great impatience in your new edition for the note you ſeemed to intend with regard to the breach of the capitulation of Perth; and was much diſappointed at miſſing it. I own that I am very curious on that head. I cannot ſo much as imagine a colour upon which their accuſations could poſſibly be founded. The articles were only two; indemnity to the inhabitants, and the excluſion of French ſoldiers—now that Scotch national troops were not Frenchmen and foreigners ſeems pretty apparent: and both Knox and the manifeſto of the congregation acquit the Queen-Regent of any breach of the firſt article, as I had obſerved in my note to page 422. This makes me ſuſpect, that ſome facts have eſcaped me; and I beg you to indulge my curioſity by informing me of them.

* * * * * * *

"Our friend Smith is very ſucceſsful here, and Gerard is very well received. The Epigoniad I cannot ſo much promiſe for, though I have done all in my power to forward it, particularly by writing a letter to the Critical Review, which you may peruſe. I find, however, ſome good judges profeſs a great eſteem for it, but *habent et ſua fata libelli*: however, if you want a little flattery to the author,

author, (which I own is very refreſhing to an author), you may tell him, that Lord Cheſterfield ſaid to me he was a great poet. I imagine, that Wilkie will be very much elevated by praiſe from an Engliſh Earl, and a Knight of the Garter, and an Ambaſſador, and a Secretary of State, and a man of ſo great reputation. For, I obſerve, that the greateſt ruſtics are commonly moſt affected with ſuch circumſtances.

" Ferguſon's book has a great deal of genius and fine writing, and will appear in time."

* * * * * * *

Theſe letters afford a noble ſpecimen of generoſity on the part of Hume; and the intimate and uninterrupted friendſhip between our two great and immortal hiſtorians is honourable to both, conſidering the coincidence of their labours.

After the publication of the Hiſtory of Scotland, Dr. Robertſon conſulted his literary friends on the choice of a ſubject for his next work. It is known, that he had not only tempting offers from the bookſellers, but confident aſſurances of the countenance of government, if he would undertake the Hiſtory of England. In particular, Dr. John Blair, prebendary of Weſtminſter, and author of *The Chronology and Hiſtory of the World*, urged him to engage in it, and informed him that Lord Cheſterfield was prepared to move in the Houſe of Peers, that he ſhould have public encouragement to

enable him to execute the taſk. Lord Cathcart alſo wrote the Doctor, that the Earl of Bute had expreſſed to him his Majeſty's wiſh to ſee a Hiſtory of England from the pen of Dr. Robertſon, and that every ſource of information, which government could command, would be open to him, and encouragement given in proportion to the labour and extent of ſo great an undertaking. His Lordſhip, in order to overcome the Doctor's ſcruples, pointed out likewiſe the difference in the manner and ſtyle of two writers like him and Mr. Hume, and argued that their works could not interfere, as our author's had ſo much the ſtart of the other in point of time.

Although Dr. Robertſon had already fixed on the reign of Charles V., and even made ſome progreſs in writing it, theſe powerful reaſons, the flattering manner in which they were conveyed, and the reſpectability of the quarter from which they came, ſeem to have ſtaggered his reſolution. He began to conſider, that from the time which ſuch a work would require for its execution, little injury could ariſe to Mr. Hume. He, therefore, expreſſed an inclination for the undertaking, and even agreed to commence it after completing the Hiſtory of Charles V.; to accompliſh which, as only one-third of it was finiſhed, two years would be neceſſary. "The Hiſtory of England," ſaid he, "was my firſt choice long before Mr. Hume "undertook it, though I was then too diffident of "myſelf, and too idle to make any progreſs in the "execution

" execution of it, farther than forming ſome gene-
" ral ideas as to the manner in which it ſhould be
" proſecuted."

As to the propoſed eſtabliſhment in his favour during the work, he intimated a wiſh, that his chief reſidence ſhould ſtill be in Scotland, both for his own ſake and that of his family, as three or four months of an occaſional viſit to England would be fully ſufficient for conſulting manuſcripts. He did not want, he ſaid, to drop his connection with the church, but deſired ſtill to hold ſome ſtation in it without being reduced entirely to the profeſſion of an author: at the ſame time he acknowledged, that he had often wiſhed to be freed from the labour of daily preaching, and to have it in his power to apply himſelf to his ſtudies without interruption.

In his letters to his friends the Doctor explained himſelf farther; but the reaſon, why he did not afterwards proſecute the deſign, has not been communicated to the world: perhaps it was owing to the reſignation of Lord Bute, which might have rendered it neceſſary to commence negociations in a new channel for a change of ſituation.

Among the friends whom Dr. Robertſon conſulted on the ſubject of his next work, immediately after the publication of the Hiſtory of Scotland, was Mr. Hume, whoſe ſentiments appear, from one of the following letters, to have been inimical

to his undertaking the reign of the Emperor Charles V.

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

" I have frequently thought, and talked with our common friends upon the ſubject of your letter. There always occurred to us ſeveral difficulties with regard to every ſubject we could propoſe. The ancient Greek hiſtory has ſeveral recommendations, particularly the good authors from which it muſt be drawn: but this ſame circumſtance becomes an objection, when more narrowly conſidered: for what can you do in moſt places with theſe authors but tranſcribe and tranſlate them? No letters or ſtate-papers from which you could correct their errors, or authenticate their narration, or ſupply their defects. Beſides Rollin is ſo well wrote with reſpect to ſtyle, that with ſuperficial people it paſſes for ſufficient.

" There is *one* Dr. Leland, who has lately wrote the Life of Philip of Macedon, which is one of the beſt periods. The book, they tell me, is perfectly well wrote; yet it has had ſuch ſmall ſale, and has ſo little excited the attention of the public, that the author has reaſon to think his labour thrown away. I have not read the book; but by the ſize, I ſhould judge it to be too particular. It is a pretty large quarto. I think a book of that ſize ſufficient for the

the whole hiſtory of Greece till the death of Philip; and I doubt not but ſuch a work would be ſucceſsful, notwithſtanding all theſe diſcouraging circumſtances. The ſubject is noble, and Rollin is by no means equal to it.

"I own, I like ſtill leſs your project of the age of Charles the Fifth. That ſubject is disjointed; and your hero, who is the ſole connection, is not very intereſting. A competent knowledge, at leaſt, is required of the ſtate and conſtitution of the empire; of the ſeveral kingdoms of Spain, of Italy, of the Low Countries, which it would be the work of half a life to acquire; and though ſome parts of the ſtory may be entertaining, there would be many dry and barren; and the whole ſeems not to have any great charms.

"But I would not willingly ſtart objections to theſe ſchemes, unleſs I had ſomething to propoſe, which would be plauſible; and I ſhall mention to you an idea which has ſometimes pleaſed me, and which I had once entertained thoughts of attempting. You may obſerve that, among modern readers, Plutarch is in every tranſlation the chief favourite of the ancients. Numberleſs tranſlations, and numberleſs editions have been made of him in all languages, and no tranſlation has been ſo ill done as not to be ſucceſsful. Though thoſe who read the originals never put him in compariſon either with Thucydides or Xenophon, he always

attaches more the reader in the tranſlation; a proof that the idea and execution of his work is, in the main, happy.

"Now, I would have you think of writing modern lives, ſomewhat after that manner: not to enter into a detail of the actions, but to mark the manners of the great perſonages, by domeſtic ſtories, by remarkable ſayings, and by a general ſketch of their lives and adventures. You ſee, that, in Plutarch, the life of Cæſar may be read in half an hour. Were you to write the life of Henry IV. of France after that model, you might pillage all the pretty ſtories in Sully, and ſpeak more of his miſtreſſes than of his battles. In ſhort, you might gather the flowers of all modern hiſtory in this manner: the remarkable Popes, the Kings of Sweden, the great diſcoverers and conquerors of the new world: even the eminent men of letters might furniſh you with matter, and the quick diſpatch of every different work would encourage you to begin a new one. If one volume were ſucceſsful, you might compoſe another at your leiſure, and the field is inexhauſtible. There are perſons whom you might meet with in the corners of hiſtory, ſo to ſpeak, who would be a ſubject of entertainment quite unexpected; and as long as you live, you might give and receive amuſement by ſuch a work. Even your ſon, if he had a talent for hiſtory, would ſucceed to the ſubject, and his ſon to him. I ſhall inſiſt no farther on this idea;

becauſe, if it ſtrikes your fancy, you will eaſily perceive all its advantages, and, by farther thought, all its difficulties."

## Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

" London, Feb. 8, 1759.

" * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *. As to the *Age of Leo the Tenth*, it was Warton himſelf who intended to write it, but he has not wrote it, and probably never will. If I underſtand your hint, I ſhould conjecture, that you had ſome thoughts of taking up the ſubject. But how can you acquire knowledge of the great works of ſculpture, architecture, and painting, by which that age was chiefly diſtinguiſhed? Are you verſed in all the anecdotes of Italian literature? The queſtions I heard propoſed in a company of literati, when I inquired concerning this deſign of Warton. They applied their remarks to that gentleman, who yet, they ſay, has travelled. I wiſh they do not all of them fall more fully on you. However you muſt not be idle. May I venture to ſuggeſt to you the ancient hiſtory, particularly that of Greece? I think Rollin's ſucceſs might encourage you, nor need you be in the leaſt intimidated by his merit. That author has no other merit, but a certain facility and ſweetneſs of narration; but has loaded his work with fifty puerilities.

" Our friend, Wedderburn, is advancing with great ſtrides in his profeſſion. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

" I deſire my compliments to Lord Elibank. I hope his Lordſhip has forgot his vow of anſwering us, and of waſhing Queen Mary white. I am afraid that is impoſſible; but his Lordſhip is very well qualified to gild her.

" I am, &c."

During this viſit to the metropolis, our author ſeems, from a paſſage in one of the preceding letters, to have had ſome view of ſettling in it; but whether in a private or public capacity he does not mention. This intention, however, was relinquiſhed; and in the end of 1759, or beginning of the next year, he returned to Edinburgh, where he ſpent nearly two years in writing the two volumes of the more early part of the Engliſh Hiſtory.

In 1760, Mr. William Tytler publiſhed his *Hiſtorical and Critical Inquiry into the Evidence produced by the Earls of Murray and Morton againſt Mary Queen of Scots: With an Examination of the Rev. Dr. Robertſon's Diſſertation and Mr. Hume's Hiſtory with reſpect to that Evidence.* Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Alexander Gerard, then Profeſſor of Divinity in the Mariſchal College of Aberdeen, publiſhed, in the ſame year, a ſermon preached before the ſynod of Aberdeen on the 8th of April 1760, and

and intitled, *The Influence of the Paſtoral Office on the Character examined; with a view eſpecially to Mr. Hume's Repreſentation of the ſpirit of that Office.* This was an attack on one of our author's Moral and Political Eſſays: the firſt edition of it was printed in October, and a ſecond in the enſuing January. It is a ſingular fact, that Hume's principal antagoniſts on the ſubjects of ſcepticiſm and religion were gentlemen reſiding in Aberdeen. Reid, when he wrote his Inquiry into the Human Mind, was a Profeſſor there. Dr. Campbell, who publiſhed A Diſſertation on the Miracles, was Principal of Mariſchal College. Beattie, the author of the Eſſay on Truth, was Profeſſor of Moral Philoſophy in the ſame univerſity. Gerard, when he preached his ſermon, was, as has been juſt mentioned, Profeſſor of Divinity there; and Dr. Duncan Shaw, when he publiſhed his Hiſtory and Philoſophy of Judaiſm, was one of the clergymen of that city.

The noted Mr. James Macpherſon publiſhed at Edinburgh, in June 1760, his FRAGMENTS OF ANCIENT POETRY, *collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and tranſlated from the Gaelic or Erſe Language.* Theſe fragments were fifteen in number, and formed the firſt ſpecimen of the celebrated Poems of Oſſian, the diſpute as to the authenticity of which ſtill engages the attention of the literary world. Dr. Hugh Blair communicated to the public his ſentiments on theſe poems in his well-known Diſſertation; and although Mr. Hume did not publiſh any thing on the ſubject, the following letter

letter of his to a friend will ſhew the opinion he entertained reſpecting them.

" Edinburgh, Auguſt 16, 1760.

" SIR,

" I am not ſurpriſed to find by your letter, that Mr. Gray ſhould have entertained ſuſpicions with regard to the authenticity of theſe fragments of our Highland poetry. The firſt time I was ſhewn the copies of ſome of them in manuſcript, by our friend John Home, I was inclined to be a little incredulous on that head; but Mr. Home removed my ſcruples, by informing me of the manner in which he procured them from Mr. Macpherſon, the tranſlator.

" Theſe two gentlemen were drinking the waters together at Moffat laſt autumn, when their converſation fell upon Highland poetry, which Mr. Macpherſon extolled very highly. Our friend, who knew him to be a good ſcholar, and a man of taſte, found his curioſity excited, and aſked whether he had ever tranſlated any of them. Mr. Macpherſon replied, that he never had attempted any ſuch thing; and doubted whether it was poſſible to transfuſe ſuch beauties into our language; but, for Mr. Home's ſatisfaction, and in order to give him a general notion of the ſtrain of that wild poetry, he would endeavour to turn one of them into Engliſh. He accordingly brought him one next day, which our friend was ſo much pleaſed with, that he never ceaſed ſoliciting Mr. Macpherſon,

ſon, till he inſenſibly produced that ſmall volume which has been publiſhed.

" After this volume was in every body's hands, and univerſally admired, we heard every day new reaſons, which put the authenticity, not the great antiquity, the tranſlator aſcribes to them, beyond all queſtion; for their antiquity is a point, which muſt be aſcertained by reaſoning; though the arguments he employs ſeem very probable and convincing. But certain it is, that theſe poems are in every body's mouth in the Highlands, have been handed down from father to ſon, and are of an age beyond all memory and tradition.

" In the family of every Highland chieftain, there was anciently retained a bard, whoſe office was the ſame with that of the Greek rhapſodiſts; and the general ſubject of the poems, which they recited, was the wars of Fingal; an epoch no leſs celebrated among them, than the wars of Troy among the Greek poets. This cuſtom is not even yet altogether aboliſhed: the bard and piper are eſteemed the moſt honourable offices in a chieftain's family, and theſe two characters are frequently united in the ſame perſon. Adam Smith, the celebrated Profeſſor in Glaſgow, told me that the piper of the Argyleſhire militia repeated to him all thoſe poems which Mr. Macpherſon has tranſlated, and many more of equal beauty. Major Mackay, Lord Rae's brother, alſo told me, that he remembers them perfectly; as likewiſe did the Laird

Laird of Macfarlane, the greateſt antiquarian whom we have in this country, and who inſiſts ſtrongly on the hiſtorical truth, as well as on the poetical beauty of theſe productions. I could add the Laird and Lady Macleod to theſe authorities, with many more, if theſe were not ſufficient, as they live in different parts of the Highlands, very remote from each other, and they could only be acquainted with poems that had become in a manner national works, and had gradually ſpread themſelves into every mouth, and been imprinted on every memory.

"Every body in Edinburgh is ſo convinced of this truth, that we have endeavoured to put Mr. Macpherſon on a way of procuring us more of theſe wild flowers. He is a modeſt, ſenſible young man, not ſettled in any living, but employed as a private tutor in Mr. Grahame of Balgowan's family, a way of life which he is not fond of. We have, therefore, ſet about a ſubſcription of a guinea, or two guineas a-piece, in order to enable him to quit that family, and undertake a miſſion into the Highlands, where he hopes to recover more of theſe fragments. There is, in particular, a country ſurgeon ſomewhere in Lochaber, who, he ſays, can recite a great number of them, but never committed them to writing; as indeed the orthography of the Highland language is not fixed, and the natives have always employed more the ſword than the pen. This ſurgeon has by heart the epic poem mentioned by Mr. Macpherſon in his

his preface; and as he is ſomewhat old, and the only perſon living that has it entire, we are in the more haſte to recover a monument, which will certainly be regarded as a curioſity in the republic of letters.

" I own, that my firſt and chief objection to the authenticity of theſe fragments, was not on account of the noble and even tender ſtrokes which they contain; for theſe are the offspring of genius and paſſion in all countries; I was only ſurpriſed at the regular plan which appears in ſome of theſe pieces, and which ſeems to be the work of a more cultivated age. None of the ſpecimens of barbarous poetry known to us, the Hebrew, Arabian, or any other, contained this ſpecies of beauty; and if a regular epic poem, or even any thing of that kind, nearly regular, ſhould alſo come from that rough climate or uncivilized people, it would appear to me a phenomenon altogether unaccountable.

" I remember Mr. Macpherſon told me, that the heroes of this Highland epic were not only like Homer's heroes, their own butchers, bakers, and cooks, but alſo their own ſhoemakers, carpenters, and ſmiths. He mentioned an incident which put this matter in a remarkable light. A warrior has the head of his ſpear ſtruck off in battle; upon which he immediately retires behind the army, where a forge was erected, makes a new one, hurries back to the action, pierces his enemy, while the

iron, which was yet red-hot, hiſſes in the nd. His imagery you will allow to be ſingu- and ſo well imagined, that it would have been ted by Homer, had the manners of the Greeks ved him to have employed it.

I forgot to mention as another proof of the enticity of theſe poems, and even of the reality ne adventures contained in them, that the es of the heroes Fingal, Oſcur, Oſur, Der- are ſtill given in the Highlands to large ffs, in the ſame manner as we affix to them names of Cæſar, Pompey, Hector, or the ch that of Marlborough.

It gives me pleaſure to find, that a perſon of e a taſte as Mr. Gray approves of theſe frag- s; ſo it may convince us, that our fondneſs of is not altogether founded on national prepoſ- as, which, however, you know to be a little g. The tranſlation is elegant; but I made an tion to the author, which I wiſh you would unicate to Mr. Gray, that we may judge of uſtneſs of it. There appeared to me many in his proſe, and all of them in the ſame ire with Mr. Shenſtone's famous ballad,

" Ye ſhepherds ſo careleſs and free,
" Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam, &c."

Pray, aſk Mr. Gray, whether he made the ſame k, and whether he thinks it a blemiſh?

" Yours, moſt ſincerely, &c.

Mr.

Mr. Hume publiſhed at London in 1761, the two remaining quarto volumes of his Hiſtory. They embrace the earlier period of our national annals, and he tells us, that he "gave them to the "public with tolerable, and but tolerable, ſucceſs. "But notwithſtanding," continues he, "this variety "of winds and ſeaſons to which my writings had been "expoſed, they had ſtill been making ſuch advances, "that the copy-money given me by the bookſellers "much exceeded any thing formerly known in "England; I was become not only independent "but opulent. I retired to my native country of "Scotland, determined never more to ſet my foot "out of it; and retaining the ſatisfaction of never "having preferred a requeſt to one great man, or "even making advances of friendſhip to any of "them." In fact, his temporal circumſtances were now in ſuch a thriving condition, that while he was in London, to which place he had gone to ſuperintend the preſs during the printing of theſe two volumes, he inveſted a thouſand pounds in the public funds. This expoſed him to innumerable jokes from his friends, becauſe he had been in the habit of declaiming loudly againſt dealing in the Stocks; but he repelled their railleries by arguing that he had bought real ſtock, and was not a jobber.

In March 1762, Dr. Campbell publiſhed at Edinburgh his DISSERTATION ON MIRACLES; *containing an Examination of the Principles advanced by David Hume Eſq. in an Eſſay on Miracles.* This Diſſertation

Diſſertation was originally a ſermon, which the Doctor, as one of the miniſters of Aberdeen, preached there before the Provincial Synod on the 9th October, 1760, and which, on their deſiring him to publiſh it, he afterwards moulded into the form of an Eſſay. Before ſending it to the preſs, he ſent a copy of the manuſcript to Dr. Blair of Edinburgh, with a requeſt, that, after peruſing it, he would communicate the performance to Mr. Hume. Blair read the Diſſertation, both as a friend and a critic, and then ſhewed it to our Hiſtorian, who returned it with the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,

"I have peruſed the ingenious performance, which you was ſo obliging as to put into my hands, with all the attention poſſible; though not perhaps with all the ſerioufneſs and gravity which you have ſo frequently recommended to me. But the fault lies not in the piece, which is certainly very acute; but in the ſubject. I know you will ſay, it lies in neither, but in myſelf alone. If that be ſo, I am ſorry to ſay that I believe it is incurable.

"I could wiſh that your friend had not choſen to appear as a controverſial writer, but had endeavoured to eſtabliſh his principles in general, without any reference to a particular book or perſon; though I own he does me a great deal of honour, in thinking that any thing I have wrote deſerves his

his attention. For beſides many inconveniences which attend that kind of writing, I ſee it is almoſt impoſſible to preſerve decency and good manners in it. This author, for inſtance, ſays ſometimes obliging things of me much beyond what I can preſume to deſerve, and I thence conclude that in general he did not mean to inſult me; yet I meet with ſome other paſſages more worthy of Warburton and his followers than of ſo ingenious an author.

" But as I am not apt to loſe my temper, and would ſtill leſs incline to do ſo with a friend of yours, I ſhall calmly communicate to you ſome remarks on the argument, ſince you ſeem to deſire it. I ſhall employ very few words, ſince a hint will ſuffice to a gentleman of this author's penetration.

" SECT. I. I would deſire the author to conſider, whether the medium, by which we reaſon concerning human teſtimony, be different from that which leads us to draw any inferences concerning other human actions; that is, our knowledge of human nature from experience? Or why it is different? I ſuppoſe we conclude an honeſt man will not lie to us, in the ſame manner as we conclude that he will not cheat us. As to the youthful propenſity to believe, which is corrected by experience, it ſeems obvious that children adopt blindfold all the opinions, principles, ſentiments, and paſſions of their elders, as well as credit their

teſtimony: nor is this more ſtrange than that a hammer ſhould make an impreſſion on clay.

" SECT. II. No man can have any other experience but his own. The experience of others becomes his only by the credit which he gives to their teſtimony; which proceeds from his own experience of human nature.

" SECT. III. There is no contradiction in ſaying, that all the teſtimony, which ever was really given for any miracle, or ever will be given, is a ſubject of deriſion; and yet forming a fiction or ſuppoſition of a teſtimony for a particular miracle, which might not only merit attention, but amount to a full proof of it. For inſtance, the abſence of the ſun during 48 hours; but reaſonable men would only conclude from this fact, that the machine of the globe was diſordered during the time.

" Page 28. I find no difficulty to explain my meaning, and yet ſhall not probably do it in any future edition. The proof againſt a miracle, as it is founded on invariable experience, is of that *ſpecies* or *kind* of proof, which is full and certain when taken alone; becauſe it implies no doubt, as is the caſe with all probabilities; but there are degrees of this ſpecies, and when a weaker proof is oppoſed to a ſtronger, it is overcome.

" Page

" Page 39. There is very little more delicacy in telling a man he ſpeaks nonſenſe by implication than in ſaying ſo directly.

" SECT. IV. Does a man of ſenſe run after every ſilly tale of witches, or hobgoblins, or fairies, and canvaſs particularly the evidence? I never knew any one that examined and deliberated about nonſenſe, who did not believe it before the end of his inquiries.

" SECT. V. I wonder the author does not perceive the reaſon, why Mr. John Knox and Mr. Alexander Henderſon did not work as many miracles as their brethren in other churches. Miracle-working was a popiſh trick, and diſcarded with the other parts of that religion. Men muſt have new and oppoſite ways of eſtabliſhing new and oppoſite follies. The ſame reaſon extends to Mahomet. The Greek prieſts, who were in the neighbourhood of Arabia, and many of them in it, were as great miracle-workers as the Romiſh; and Mahomet would have been laughed at for ſo ſtale and ſimple a device. To caſt out devils, and cure the blind, where every one almoſt can do as much, is not the way to get any extraordinary aſcendant over men. I never read of a miracle in my life, that was not meant to eſtabliſh ſome new point of religion. There are no miracles wrought in Spain to prove the Goſpel; but St. Francis Xavier wrought a thouſand well-atteſted ones for that purpoſe in the Indies. The miracles in Spain, which

are alſo fully and completely atteſted, are wrought to prove the efficacy of a particular crucifix or relic, which is always a new point, or at leaſt not univerſally received.

" SECT. VI. If a miracle proves a doctrine to be revealed from God, and conſequently true, a miracle can never be wrought for a contrary doctrine. The facts are, therefore, as incompatible as the doctrines.

" I could wiſh your friend had not denominated me an infidel writer on account of ten or twelve pages, which ſeem to him to have that tendency, while I have wrote ſo many volumes on hiſtory, literature, politics, trade, morals, which, in that particular at leaſt, are entirely inoffenſive. Is a man to be called a drunkard, becauſe he has been ſeen fuddled once in his lifetime?

" Having ſaid ſo much to your friend, who is certainly a very ingenious man, though a little too zealous for a philoſopher, permit me alſo the freedom of ſaying a word to yourſelf. Whenever I have had the pleaſure to be in your company, if the diſcourſe turned upon any common ſubject of literature or reaſoning, I always parted from you both entertained and inſtructed. But when the converſation was diverted by you from this channel towards the ſubject of your profeſſion; though I doubt not but your intentions were very friendly towards me, I own I never received the ſame ſatisfaction:

faction: I was apt to be tired, and you to be angry. I would, therefore, wiſh, for the future, wherever my good fortune throws me in your way, that theſe topics ſhould be forborn between us. I have long ſince done with all inquiries on ſuch ſubjects, and am become incapable of inſtruction; though I own no one is more capable of conveying it than yourſelf.

"After having given you the liberty of communicating to your friend what part of this letter you think proper,

"I remain, Sir."

On receiving this letter, Dr. Blair communicated to Principal Campbell not only what had occurred to himſelf, but alſo the obſervations of Mr. Hume. Dr. Campbell, on his part, expunged or ſoftened any expreſſion, which was either ſevere, or ſuppoſed to be offenſive; and availing himſelf of the remarks both of his friend and his opponent, endeavoured to obviate every objection which had been made to his arguments. Thus corrected and improved, the Diſſertation was ſent to the preſs; but before publiſhing it, he ſent a copy to Hume, who wrote him as follows:

"January 7, 1762.

"DEAR SIR,

"It has ſo ſeldom happened that controverſies in philoſophy, much more in theology, have been

carried on without producing a perſonal quarrel between the parties, that I muſt regard my preſent ſituation as ſomewhat extraordinary, who have reaſon to give you thanks for the civil and obliging manner, in which you have conducted the diſpute againſt me, on ſo intereſting a ſubject as that of miracles. Any little ſymptoms of vehemence, of which I formerly uſed the freedom to complain, when you favoured me with a ſight of the manuſcript, are either removed or explained away, or atoned for by civilities, which are far beyond what I have any title to pretend to. It will be natural for you to imagine, that I will fall upon ſome ſhift to evade the force of your arguments, and to retain my former opinion in the point controverted between us; but it is impoſſible for me not to ſee the ingenuity of your performance, and the great learning which you have diſplayed againſt me.

" I conſider myſelf as very much honoured in being thought worthy of an anſwer by a perſon of ſo much merit; and as I find, that the public does you juſtice with regard to the ingenuity and good compoſition of your piece, I hope you will have no reaſon to repent engaging with an antagoniſt, whom perhaps, in ſtrictneſs, you might have ventured to neglect. I own to you, that I never felt ſo violent an inclination to defend myſelf as at preſent, when I am thus fairly challenged by you, and I think I could find ſomething ſpecious at leaſt to urge in my defence; but as I had fixed a reſolution, in the beginning of my life, always to leave

leave the public to judge between my adverſaries and me, without making any reply, I muſt adhere inviolably to this reſolution, otherwiſe my ſilence on any future occaſion would be conſtrued an inability to anſwer, and would be matter of triumph againſt me.

" It may, perhaps, amuſe you to learn the firſt hint, which ſuggeſted to me that argument, which you have ſo ſtrenuouſly attacked. I was walking in the clo'ſters of the Jeſuits' College of La Fleche, a town in which I paſſed two years of my youth, and engaged in a converſation with a Jeſuit of ſome parts and learning, who was relating to me, and urging ſome nonſenſical miracle performed lately in their convent, when I was tempted to diſpute againſt him; and as my head was full of the topics of my Treatiſe of Human Nature, which I was at that time compoſing, this argument immediately occurred to me, and I thought it very much gravelled my companion; but at laſt he obſerved to me, that it was impoſſible for that argument to have any ſolidity, becauſe it operated equally againſt the Goſpel as the Catholic miracles;—which obſervation I thought proper to admit as a ſufficient anſwer. I believe you will allow, that the freedom at leaſt of this reaſoning makes it ſomewhat extraordinary to have been the produce of a convent of Jeſuits; though perhaps you may think the ſophiſtry of it favours plainly of the place of its birth.

" I beg my compliments to Mrs. Campbell, and am with great regard, Sir, &c."

Being now turned of fifty years of age, our author thought only of paſſing the reſidue of his life in philoſophic retirement and literary purſuits at Edinburgh, when he received a very flattering invitation from the Earl of Hertford, with whom he was not in the leaſt acquainted, to attend him on his embaſſy to the court of France, and, in the meanwhile, to act as ſecretary. This offer, however, he declined, " both," ſays he, " becauſe I " was reluctant to begin connections with the " great, and becauſe I was afraid, that the " civilities and gay company of Paris would prove " diſagreeable to a perſon of my age and humour; " but on his Lordſhip's repeating the invitation, I " accepted of it. I have every reaſon, both of " pleaſure and intereſt, to think myſelf happy in " my connexions with that nobleman, as well as " afterwards with his brother, General Conway."

In December 1763, a penſion of 200 *l.* a-year was ſettled on him by the intereſt of Lord Hertford. His friend, John Home, having been obliged to reſign his cure for the crime of being the author of the tragedy of Douglas, obtained, in 1761, a penſion of 300 *l.* per annum from his Majeſty. Dr. Robertſon, who had been made Principal of the Univerſity in 1762, and one of his Majeſty's chaplains in the year preceding, was appointed, in the month of Auguſt 1763, Hiſtoriographer for

for Scotland with a ſalary for life of 200*l.* per annum. This office was revived for the expreſs purpoſe of befriending the Doctor. The laſt perſon who held it was Mr. David Crawford of Drumſay, by a commiſſion from Queen Anne in 1704, with a ſalary of 40*l.* a-year.

Lord Kames, Hume's fellow ſufferer under eccleſiaſtical intolerance, was, in the month of May 1763, nominated a Lord of Juſticiary in the room of Sir Gilbert Elliot; and even Mallet partook of this flow of good fortune in favour of *liberal opinions*, for, in February that year, he was appointed keeper of the books, in which entries are made of all ſhips coming into the port of London. It is however a lamentable drawback on the generoſity of the times, that Peter Annet, the famous deiſt, was ſentenced for his ſcepticiſm to ſtand on the pillory at Charing Croſs, and the Royal Exchange.

At Paris, the *gens de lettres* are certainly in more eſtimation than in any other part of the world; and the welcome which Mr. Hume experienced, was, according to his own account, peculiarly gratifying to a man of his eaſy and ſocial diſpoſition. "Thoſe," ſays he, "who have not ſeen the "ſtrange effect of modes, will never imagine the "reception I met with at Paris from men and "women of all ranks and ſtations. The more I "*reſiled* from their exceſſive civilities, the more I "was loaded with them. There is, however, a

real ſatisfaction in living at Paris, from the great number of ſenſible, knowing. and polite company, with which that city abounds above all places in the univerſe. I thought once of ſettling there for life."

His letters to his friends at this time bear evince of the felicity of his ſituation in the French pital.

## Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

" Paris, Dec. 1, 1763.

" DEAR ROBERTSON,

" Among other agreeable circumſtances, which end me at Paris, I muſt mention that of having lady for a tranſlator, a woman of merit, the dow of an Advocate. She was before very poor, d known but to few; but this work has got her putation, and procured her a penſion from the urt, which ſets her at her eaſe. She tells me, at ſhe has got a habit of induſtry; and would ntinue, if I could point out to her any other gliſh book ſhe could undertake, without running the riſk of being anticipated by any other nſlator. Your Hiſtory of Scotland is tranſlated, d is in the preſs; but I recommended to her your ſtory of Charles V., and promiſed to write to u, in order to know when it would be printed, d to deſire you to ſend over the ſheets from London

don as they come from the preſs; I ſhould put them into her hands, and ſhe would by that means have the ſtart of every other tranſlator. My two volumes laſt publiſhed are, at preſent, in the preſs. She has a very eaſy natural ſtyle: ſometimes ſhe miſtakes the ſenſe; but I now correct her manuſcript, and ſhould be happy to render you the ſame ſervice, if my leiſure permit me, as I hope it will.

" Do you aſk me about my courſe of life? I can only ſay, that I eat nothing but ambroſia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incenſe, and tread on nothing but flowers. Every man I meet, and ſtill more, every lady, would think they were wanting in the moſt indiſpenſable duty, if they did not make a long and elaborate harangue in my praiſe. What happened laſt week, when I had the honour of being preſented to the D——n's children at Verſailles, is one of the moſt curious ſcenes I have yet paſſed through. The Duc de B. the eldeſt, a boy of ten years old, ſtepped forth, and told me how many friends and admirers I had in this country, and that he reckoned himſelf in the number, from the pleaſure he had received from the reading of many paſſages in my works. When he had finiſhed, his brother, the Count de P. who is two years younger, began his diſcourſe, and informed, that I had been long and impatiently expected in France; and that he himſelf expected ſoon to have great ſatisfaction from the reading of my fine Hiſtory. But what

is

is more curious: when I was carried thence to the Count d'A. who is but four years of age, I heard him mumble ſomething, which, though he had forgot it in the way, I conjectured from ſome ſcattered words, to have been alſo a panegyric dictated to him. Nothing could more ſurpriſe my friends, the Pariſian philoſophers, than this incident.

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* * It is conjectured, that this honour was paid me by expreſs order from the D. who, indeed, is not, on any occaſion, ſparing in my praiſe.

"All this attention and panegyric was at firſt oppreſſive to me; but now it ſits more eaſy. I have recovered, in ſome meaſure, the uſe of the language, and am falling into friendſhips which are very agreeable; much more ſo than ſilly, diſtant admiration. They now begin to banter me, and tell droll ſtories of me, which they have either obſerved themſelves, or have heard from others; ſo that you ſee I am beginning to be at home. It is probable, that this place will be long my home. I feel little inclination to the factious barbarians of London; and have ever deſired to remain in the place where I am planted. How much more ſo, when it is the beſt place in the world? I could here live in great abundance on the half of my income; for there is no place where money is ſo little requiſite to a man who is diſtinguiſhed either by his birth or by perſonal qualities. I could run out,

out, you ſee, in a panegyric on the people; but you would ſuſpect, that this was a mutual convention between us. However I cannot forbear obſerving on what a different footing learning and the learned are here, from what they are among the factious barbarians above mentioned.

"I have here met with a prodigious hiſtorical curioſity, the Memoirs of King James II. in fourteen volumes, all wrote with his own hand, and kept in the Scots college. I have looked into it, and have made great diſcoveries. It will be all communicated to me: and I have had an offer of acceſs to the Secretary of State's office, if I want to know the diſpatches of any French miniſter that reſided in London. But theſe matters are much out of my head. I beg of you to viſit Lord Mariſchal, who will be pleaſed with your company. I have little paper remaining, and leſs time; and therefore conclude abruptly, by aſſuring you that I am, dear Doctor, your's ſincerely, &c."

Mr. Hume's expectation of being appointed ſecretary to the embaſſy was very ſoon realized. In ſummer 1765, the viceroyalty of Ireland was given to Lord Hertford, and on his departure from Paris, Hume officiated as *chargé d'affaires* until the arrival of the Duke of Richmond in the end of the year. In the beginning of 1766, our author left France, and returned to England, where an incident happened which he has not thought proper to notice in his own biographic narrative, but which

which engroſſed the public attention at the time, and was certainly one of the moſt important occurrences in his life. We allude to his unfortunate diſpute with Jean-Jacques Rouſſeau.

In 1762, the parliament of Paris iſſued an *arrêt* againſt Rouſſeau, on account of his Emilius, which had given offence to the eccleſiaſtical order. Hume was then at Edinburgh, where he received a letter from a friend at Paris, informing him that Rouſſeau intended to ſeek an aſylum in England, and deſiring our hiſtorian to do him all the good offices in his power. Mr. Hume believing that Rouſſeau had already put his deſign in execution, wrote to ſeveral of his friends in London, and warmly recommended this celebrated exile to their favour. He alſo wrote to Rouſſeau himſelf, aſſuring him of his deſire to ſerve him, and inviting him to come to Edinburgh, and reſide in his own houſe as long as he, Rouſſeau, ſhould pleaſe to continue. No other motive, ſays Mr. Hume in a pamphlet, which he publiſhed in French on this affair*,—"no other "motive was wanting to incite me to this act of "humanity, than the account given me of M. "Rouſſeau's perſonal character by the friend who "had recommended him;—his well known genius "and abilities, and above all, his misfortunes."

To this letter Rouſſeau returned the following anſwer:

* See Appendix, No. III.

" Motiers-Travers, Feb. 19, 1763.

" SIR,

" I did not receive till lately, and at this place, the letter you did me the honour to direct to me at London, the 2d of July laſt, on the ſuppoſition that I was then in that capital. I ſhould doubtleſs have made choice of a retreat in your country, and as near as poſſible to yourſelf, if I had foreſeen what a reception I was to meet with in my own. There was no other nation I could prefer to England. And this prepoſſeſſion for which I have dearly ſuffered was, at that time, very excuſable; but to my great aſtoniſhment, as well as that of the public, I have met with nothing but affronts and inſults, where I hoped to have found conſolation, if not gratitude. How many things make me regret the want of that aſylum and philoſophical hoſpitality I ſhould have found with you! My misfortunes, indeed, have conſtantly ſeemed to lead me in a manner that way. The protection and kindneſs of Lord Mariſchal, your worthy and illuſtrious countryman, have brought Scotland home to me, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, in the midſt of Switzerland; he has made you ſo often bear a part in our converſation; he has brought me ſo well acquainted with your virtues, while I before was only with your talents; he has inſpired me with the moſt tender friendſhip for you, and the moſt ardent deſire of obtaining yours, before I knew you were diſpoſed to grant it. Judge then of the pleaſure I feel, at finding this inclination reciprocal.

reciprocal. No, Sir, I ſhould pay your merit but half its due, if it were the ſubject only of my admiration. Your great views, your aſtoniſhing impartiality, your genius would lift you far above the reſt of mankind, if you were leſs attached to them by the goodneſs of your heart. My Lord Mariſchal, in acquainting me that the amiableneſs of your diſpoſition was ſtill greater than the ſublimity of your genius, rendered a correſpondence with you every day more deſirable, and cheriſhed in me thoſe wiſhes which he inſpired, of ending my days near you. Oh, Sir, that a better ſtate of health, and more convenient circumſtances, would but enable me to take ſuch a journey in the manner I could like! Could I but hope to ſee you and Lord Mariſchal one day ſettled in your common country, which ſhould for ever after be mine, I ſhould be thankful, in ſo agreeable a ſociety, for the very misfortunes that led me into it, and ſhould account the day of its commencement as the firſt of my life. Would to heaven I might ſee that happy day more to be deſired than expected! With what tranſports ſhould I not exclaim, on ſetting foot in that happy country which gave birth to David Hume and the Lord Mariſchal of Scotland,

" Salve, facis mihi debita tellus!
" Hæc domus, hæc patria eſt."

Rouſſeau was afterwards obliged to fly from Motiers to avoid being ſtoned by the populace, whoſe religious zeal he had offended. He choſe the

the iſle of St. Peter in the midſt of the Lake of Bienne for the place of his retreat; and in a work intitled, Les Reveries du Promeneur Solitaire *, he has introduced an intereſting deſcription of that iſland. His caprices again expoſed him to the popular indignation, and he was ordered by their excellencies the Syndics or Magiſtrates to leave the country: he accordingly withdrew to Straſburgh.

From the date of the preceding letter, all correſpondence ceaſed between Hume and Rouſſeau till about the middle of autumn 1765, when it was renewed by the following accident. The Marchioneſs de Verdelin happened to be on a journey to one of the provinces bordering on Switzerland; and being acquainted with Rouſſeau, ſhe took the opportunity of paying a viſit to him in his retreat at Motiers-Travers. He complained to the Marchioneſs, that his reſidence at Neufchatel was become extremely diſagreeable, as well on account of the ſuperſtition of the people, as the reſentment of the clergy; and expreſſed his fear, that he ſhould ſhortly be under the neceſſity of ſeeking an aſylum elſewhere; in which caſe England appeared to him to be the moſt eligible place he could retire to with perfect ſecurity. He added, that his friend Lord Mariſchal had adviſed him to put himſelf under Mr. Hume's protection, and that if he did not think it would have been giving

* Cinquieme promenade.

the latter too much trouble, he would have already addreſſed him on the ſubject.

Hume, who was then *chargé d'affaires* at Paris, but had a proſpect of ſoon returning to England, immediately wrote to Rouſſeau, and made him an offer of his ſervices. To this letter he received the following anſwer:

" Straſburgh, Dec. 4, 1765.

" SIR,

" Your goodneſs affects me as much as it does me honour. The beſt reply I can make to your offers is to accept them, which I do. I ſhall ſet out in five or ſix days to throw myſelf into your arms. It is the advice of my Lord Mariſchal, my protector, friend, and father: it is the advice alſo of Madame * * * †, whoſe good ſenſe and benevolence ſerve equally for my direction and conſolation; in fine, I may ſay it is the advice of my own heart, which takes a pleaſure in being indebted to the moſt illuſtrious of my contemporaries, to a man whoſe goodneſs ſurpaſſes his glory. I ſigh for a ſolitary and free retirement, where I may finiſh my days in peace. If this be procured me by means of your benevolent ſolicitude, I ſhall then enjoy at once the only good my heart deſires, and the pleaſure of being indebted for it to you.

" I am, Sir, with all my heart, &c."

† Mde. the Marchioneſs de Verdelin.

Rouſſeau

Rouſſeau having obtained a paſſport by the aid of his friends, repaired to Paris, and afterwards accompanied Mr. Hume to England. Many were the plans deviſed for obtaining a comfortable reſidence for him after his arrival, ſome of which are detailed in the *Expoſé* inſerted in the Appendix. "For upwards of two months," ſays Hume, "I employed myſelf and my friends, in looking out for a ſituation which might be agreeable to him. We gave way to all his caprices, excuſed all his ſingularities, indulged him in all his humours; in ſhort, neither time nor trouble was ſpared to procure him what he deſired; and although he rejected moſt of the projects I had formed for his eſtabliſhment, I thought myſelf ſufficiently recompenſed for my trouble, by the gratitude, and even affection with which he appeared to repay my ſolicitude."

Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of family, fortune, and worth, had a houſe at Wooton, in the county of Derby, where he himſelf ſeldom reſided. This houſe he offered to Rouſſeau, who finally agreed to live there at a very moderate board.

On his arrival at Wooton he wrote to Mr. Hume the following letter:

"Wooton, March 22, 1766.

"You ſee already, my dear patron, by the date of my letter, that I am arrived at the place of my deſtination; but you cannot ſee all the charms

which I find in it; to do this, you ſhould be acquainted with the ſituation, and be able to read my heart. You ought, however, to read there my ſentiments with reſpect to you, ſentiments which you have ſo well deſerved. If I live in this agreeable aſylum as happy as I hope to do, one of the greateſt pleaſures of my life will be, to reflect that I owe it to you. To make another happy is to deſerve to be happy one's ſelf. May you, therefore, find in yourſelf the reward of all you have done for me! Alone, I might perhaps have met with hoſpitality, but I ſhould never have reliſhed it ſo highly as I now do, in owing it to your friendſhip. Retain ſtill that friendſhip for me, my dear patron; love me for my ſake, who am ſo much indebted to you; love me for your own, for the good you have done me. I am ſenſible of the full value of your ſincere friendſhip: I ardently wiſh it: I am ready to repay it with all mine, and feel ſomething in my heart which may one day convince you that it is not without its value. As, for the reaſons agreed on between us, I ſhall receive nothing by the poſt, I beſeech you, when you have the goodneſs to write to me, to ſend your letters to Mr. Davenport. The affair of the carriage is not yet adjuſted, becauſe I know I was impoſed on; it is a trifling fault, however, which may be only the effect of an obliging vanity, unleſs it ſhould happen to be repeated. If you were concerned in it, I would adviſe you to give up, once for all, theſe little impoſitions, which cannot proceed from any good motive, when converted

into

into ſnares for ſimplicity. I embrace you, my dear patron, with the ſame cordiality I hope to find in you."

Some days afterwards Mr. Hume received another letter from Rouſſeau, as follows:

" Wooton, March 29, 1766.

" You will ſee, my dear patron, by the letter which Mr. Davenport will have tranſmitted you, how I find myſelf ſituated in this place, according to my wiſhes. I might, perhaps, be more at my eaſe if I were leſs noticed; but the ſolicitude of ſo polite a hoſt as mine is too obliging to give offence; and as every thing in life is mingled with inconvenience, that of being too good is one of thoſe which is the moſt tolerable. I find a much greater inconvenience in not being able to make the ſervants underſtand me, and particularly in my not underſtanding a word of what they ſay. Luckily Mademoiſelle le Vaſſeur ſerves me as interpreter, and her fingers ſpeak better than my tongue. There is one advantage, however, attending my ignorance, which is a kind of compenſation; it ſerves to tire and keep at a diſtance impertinent viſitors. The miniſter of the pariſh came to ſee me yeſterday, who, finding that I ſpoke to him only in French, would not ſpeak to me in Engliſh, ſo that our interview was almoſt without the interchange of a word. I have taken a fancy to this expedient, and ſhall make uſe of it with all my

neighbours, if I have any. Nay, if I ſhould learn to ſpeak Engliſh, I will converſe with them only in French, eſpecially if I were ſo happy as to find they did not underſtand a word of that language. It is an artifice much of the ſame kind with that which the negroes ſay the monkeys practiſe, who, though they are capable of ſpeech, will not be prevailed upon to talk, leſt they ſhould be ſet to work.

"It is by no means true, that I agreed to accept of a model from Mr. Goſſet as a preſent. On the contrary, I aſked him the price, which he told me was a guinea and a half, adding that he intended to preſent me with it; an offer I did not accept. I beg of you, therefore, to pay him for it, and Mr. Davenport will be ſo good as repay you the money. If Mr. Goſſet does not conſent to this, it muſt be returned to him, and purchaſed by ſome other hand. It is deſigned by M. du Peyrou, who long ſince deſired to have my portrait, and cauſed one to be painted in miniature, which is not at all like me. You were more fortunate in this reſpect than he, but I am ſorry that, by your aſſiduity to ſerve me, you deprive me of the pleaſure of diſcharging the ſame friendly obligation with regard to yourſelf. Be ſo good, my dear patron, as to order the model to be ſent to Meſſrs. Guinand and Hankey, Little St. Helen's, Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, in order to be tranſmitted to M. du Peyrou by the firſt ſafe conveyance. It has been a froſt ever ſince I have been here: the ſnow falls daily, and the wind

is

is cutting and ſevere; notwithſtanding all which I had rather lodge in the hollow trunk of an old tree, in this country, than in the moſt ſuperb apartment in London. Good day, my dear patron. I embrace you with all my heart."

When it was firſt propoſed, that Rouſſeau ſhould take up his reſidence in Britain, it was alſo in view with his friends to procure a penſion of 100*l.* a-year to him from his Majeſty; but the arrangement of this was likely to be much impeded by the peculiar ſenſibility of Rouſſeau's temper. As Hume and he were converſing together one evening at Calais, where they were detained on their way to England by contrary winds, our hiſtorian aſked him, if he would accept of a penſion from the king in caſe his Majeſty ſhould grant it. He replied, that it was a matter of ſome difficulty to reſolve on; but that he would be entirely guided by the advice of Lord Mariſchal.

Encouraged by this anſwer, Hume, immediately on his arrival in London, ſtated the matter to his Majeſty's miniſters, and particularly to General Conway, Secretary of State, and General Græme, Secretary and Chamberlain to the Queen. Application was accordingly made to their Majeſties, who readily aſſented, on condition that the tranſaction ſhould not be made public. The reaſon of this ſtipulation was, that theſe great perſonages did not chuſe to appear publicly to countenance the author of obnoxious writings. Hume afterwards

wrote to Lord Mariſchal, to whom Rouſſeau alſo wrote, and expreſſed himſelf highly pleaſed with the conditional article of ſecrecy. Lord Mariſchal, as it will eaſily be ſuppoſed, ſent his approbation, and Rouſſeau ſet out for Wooton, the completion of the affair being retarded by the indiſpoſition of General Conway.

"In the mean time," obſerves Mr. Hume, "I began to be afraid, from what I had obſerved of M. Rouſſeau's diſpoſition and character, that his natural reſtleſſneſs of mind would prevent his enjoying that repoſe, to which the hoſpitality and ſecurity he found in England invited him. I ſaw with infinite regret, that he was born for ſtorms and tumults, and that the diſguſt which might ſucceed the peaceful enjoyment of ſolitude and tranquillity, would ſoon render him a burden to himſelf and every body about him. But as I lived at the diſtance of a hundred and fifty miles from the place of his reſidence, and was conſtantly employed in doing him good offices, I did not expect that I myſelf ſhould be the victim of this unhappy diſpoſition."

The late Lord Orford, better known as Horace Walpole, happened to be at Paris, while Hume reſided there; and his turn for pleaſantry led him to exerciſe it at the expence of poor Rouſſeau, in the following letter written in the name of the King of Pruſſia.

"My

"MY DEAR JEAN JACQUES,

"You have renounced Geneva, your native land. You have been driven from Switzerland, a country of which you have made ſuch boaſt in your writings. In France you are outlawed: come then to me. I admire your talents, and amuſe myſelf with your reveries; on which, however, by the way, you beſtow too much time and attention. It is high time to grow prudent and happy: you have made yourſelf ſufficiently talked of for ſingularities little becoming a truly great man: ſhow your enemies that you have ſometimes common ſenſe: this will vex them without hurting you. My dominions offer you a peaceful retreat: I am deſirous to do you good, and will do it, if you can but think it ſuch. But if you are obſtinate in refuſing my aſſiſtance, you may expect that I ſhall ſay not a word about it to any one. If you perſiſt in perplexing your brains to find out new misfortunes, chuſe ſuch as you like beſt: I am a King, and can make you as miſerable as you can wiſh; and, what your enemies certainly never will, I will ceaſe to perſecute you, when you are no longer vain of perſecution.

"Your ſincere friend,

"FREDERICK."

Although this letter had been written three weeks before the departure of the two philoſophers from

the French capital, its author, out of regard to Hume, concealed it from him, although they lodged in the ſame hotel. Walpole afterwards ſhowed it to his friends, and copies of it being taken, the epiſtle was handed about and ſpread over Europe. "It was" ſays Hume, "in every body's hands when I ſaw it, for the firſt time, in London. I believe every one, who knows any thing of the liberty of this country, will allow that ſuch a piece of raillery could not even by the utmoſt influence of King, Lords, and Commons, by all the authority eccleſiaſtical, civil, and military, be kept from finding its way to the preſs."

It was accordingly publiſhed in the St. James's Chronicle, and a few days afterwards the following piece appeared in the ſame paper.

M. ROUSSEAU to the Author of the ST. JAMES's CHRONICLE.

"Wooton, April 7, 1766.

"SIR,

"You have been wanting in that reſpect which every private perſon owes to crowned heads, in publicly aſcribing to the king of Pruſſia a letter full of extravagance and baſeneſs; by which circumſtance alone you might be very well aſſured he could not be the author. You have even dared to ſubſcribe his name, as if you had ſeen him write it with his own hand. I inform you, Sir, that that letter was fabricated at Paris; and, what

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rends and afflicts my heart, the impoſtor has his accomplices in England.

"In juſtice to the king of Pruſſia, to truth, and to myſelf, you ought therefore to print the letter I now write you, and to which I ſet my name; by way of reparation for a fault, which you would undoubtedly reproach yourſelf for, if you knew of what atrociouſneſs you have been made the inſtrument. Sir, I make you my ſincere ſalutations."

However much Mr. Hume might regret, that his friend ſhould have condeſcended to notice a puerile *jeu d'eſprit* in a newſpaper, he never could have ſurmiſed that he himſelf would be accuſed of being the writer of it. "I am ſurely," ſays he, "the laſt man in the world, who, in common ſenſe, ought to be ſuſpected: yet, without even the pretence of the ſmalleſt proof or probability, I am, of a ſudden, the firſt man, not merely ſuſpected, but fixed upon to be the publiſher: I am, without any inquiry or explanation, inſulted in a public journal: I am, from the deareſt friend, converted into a treacherous and malignant enemy; and all my preſent and paſt ſervices are at once adroitly cancelled. Were it not ridiculous to employ reaſoning on ſuch a ſubject, and with ſuch a man, I might aſk M. Rouſſeau, why I am ſuppoſed to have any malignity againſt him? My actions, in a hundred inſtances, had ſufficiently demonſtrated the contrary; and it is not uſual for favours conferred

ferred to beget ill-will in the perſon who confers them."

Two days after the laſt letter of Rouſſeau to Hume (29th March) in which he employs the moſt fulſome adulation, he wrote to M. d'Ivernois, in a very different ſtyle, his ſentiments of our author; and it appears from the following paſſage of his letter to that gentleman, that at the time this philoſopher was overwhelming Mr. Hume with ardent expreſſions of gratitude, he had conceived againſt him the moſt abſurd ſuſpicion and violent animoſity.

" Wooton, March 31, 1766.

" My friend, I wrote you the day before yeſterday, and the ſame evening I received your letter of the 15th. It had been opened and ſealed again: it came to me through Mr. Hume, who is very intimate with the ſon of the juggler Fronchin, and reſided in the ſame houſe with him. He is alſo much connected with my moſt dangerous enemies at Paris, and if he be not a cheat, I owe him in my heart many reparations. I owe him thanks for the trouble he has taken reſpecting me, in a land where I know not the language. He concerns himſelf much about my little intereſts; but my reputation gains not by this, and I know not how it happens, that the public papers, which ſpoke much of me, and always with honour, before our arrival, have ceaſed to do ſo ſince he came to London, or only ſpeak to my diſadvantage.

tage. All my affairs, all my letters paſs through his hands: thoſe I write, arrive not; thoſe I receive, are open. Several other circumſtances render me ſuſpicious of his conduct, and even of his zeal. I cannot yet diſcover what his intentions are, but I cannot help thinking them ſiniſter; and I am much deceived, if all our letters are not divulged by the jugglers, who will infallibly endeavour to injure us. In the hope of learning ſomething to aid my inquiry, ſeal your letters with more care, and I will try on my part to open with your correſpondents a direct communication, without the letters paſſing through this dangerous entrepôt."

Rouſſeau had brought over with him a copy of M. du Peyrou's letters concerning the treatment he met with at Neufchatel, and given them to Mr. Becket the bookſeller to publiſh. A delay having ariſen in conſequence of the indiſpoſition of the tranſlator, the fretful Rouſſeau immediately perceived conſpiracy and treaſon in this circumſtance; and under that impreſſion wrote the following letter to Meſſrs. Becket and De Hondt: a further explanation of the accidental cauſes of this delay will be afterwards given.

"Wooton, April 9, 1766.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I was ſurpriſed at not ſeeing publiſhed the tranſlation of the letters of M. du Peyrou, which I had tranſmitted to you, and about which you ſeemed

ſo

ſo earneſt. But on reading in the public papers a pretended letter of the king of Pruſſia to me, I readily conceived why thoſe of M. du Peyrou had not appeared. Well, gentlemen, as the public wiſh to be deceived, let them be ſo. I myſelf feel but very little intereſt in it, and hope that the black vapours, raiſed at London, will not diſturb the ſerenity of the air I breathe here. But it appears to me, that as you make no uſe of the copy, you ought to have returned it, before my bringing it to your recollection. Have the goodneſs, I requeſt you, to ſend it back, &c."

It was the practice of Rouſſeau, on the occurrence of a ſtorm, of which he himſelf was generally the author, to fill Europe with his complaints; and he was not wanting in induſtry upon the preſent occaſion. The Counteſs de Boufflers, the common friend of both philoſophers, had long intereſted herſelf in behalf of Rouſſeau, and was one of thoſe who had arranged his journey to England; ſhe was a woman of ability, a ſçavante, miſtreſs of the Prince of Conti, and very deſirous of being his wife. To this lady the angry citizen of Geneva, two days after he had written to the editor of the St. James's Chronicle, ſent a letter containing a violent attack on the integrity of Hume. He wrote in a like ſtyle to the Marchioneſs de Verdelin, to Lord Mariſchal, to M. d'Ivernois, and M. de Malſherbes. His letter to the Counteſs was as follows:

"Wooton,

" Wooton, April 9, 1766.

" MADAM,

" It is with regret, that I have to afflict your benevolent heart; but it is abſolutely neceſſary that you ſhould know this David Hume, into whoſe hands you have delivered me, in the belief of obtaining a quiet ſituation for me. Since our arrival in England, where I knew only himſelf, ſome one, who ſeems acquainted with all my affairs, labours in ſecret, but without intermiſſion, to diſhonour me, and has prevailed with a ſucceſs which aſtoniſhes me. All that happened to me in Switzerland has been miſrepreſented: my laſt journey to Paris, and the reception I met with there, have been falſified. It is alleged, that I was generally deſpiſed in France for my bad conduct, and that it is on that account I dare not ſhow myſelf in that country. It is inſerted in the public papers, that, without Mr. Hume's protection, I durſt not, in my laſt journey, have ventured to croſs France in order to embark at Calais, and that he had procured my paſſport. A forged letter of the king of Pruſſia, fabricated by d'Alembert, and circulated at Paris by their common friend Walpole, has been tranſlated and publiſhed. They have endeavoured to preſent me and Madlle. le Vaſſeur at ſuch times as they could turn me into ridicule. They have ſuppreſſed at a bookſeller's an edition and tranſlation which was to have been made of the letters of M. du Peyrou. In leſs than ſix weeks, all the

the public papers, which at firſt ſpoke of me only in honourable terms, have changed their ſtyle, and ſpeak no more, except in contempt. The court and the public have altered their ſentiments reſpecting me with the ſame rapidity; and, above all, the perſons with whom Mr. Hume is moſt connected are thoſe who diſtinguiſh themſelves by the moſt pointed contempt;—affecting, from a regard to him, to do me an act of charity rather than of courteſy, without the leaſt mark of affection or eſteem: and as if they were perſuaded, that it is only pecuniary ſervices which can be of uſe to a man like me.

"During the journey, he ſpoke to me of the juggler Fronchin, as a man who had made deceitful advances to him, which he had reaſon to miſtruſt. In the mean time, he lodged at London, with the ſon of that juggler, lived in the greateſt intimacy with him, and at laſt placed him with M. Mitchel, the miniſter at Berlin, where this young man goes, no doubt, charged with inſtructions relating to me. I had the misfortune to reſide two days with Mr. Hume in that ſame houſe, on a viſit from the country to London.

"I cannot expreſs to you to what a pitch hatred aad ſcorn have been manifeſted towards me in the hoſteſſes and ſervants, and what a diſgraceful reception they have given Madlle. le Vaſſeur. In fine, I was almoſt certain of meeting with a malicious and contemptuous behaviour in thoſe connected

ed with Mr. Hume; and I have, a hundred times, heard converſation held even in my own preſence, tending to inflame againſt me thoſe to whom he ſpoke. The difficulty is to divine his object; and this is encreaſed by my being at his diſcretion in a country, of the language of which I am ignorant, and where all my letters paſs through his hands. Theſe he has ever been very earneſt to ſee and to get hold of: few of thoſe I have written, have arrived; almoſt all I have received, have been opened; and ſuch as I might have drawn ſome light from were probably ſuppreſſed.

"There were two incidents, which I cannot forget: one of them was, that, on the evening after our departure from Paris, as we were all three lying in the ſame chamber, I heard, in the middle of the night, David Hume exclaim ſeveral times with a loud voice, *I have J. J. Rouſſeau.* Theſe words I could only interpret favourably at the time; yet there was in the tone, ſomething I cannot deſcribe, hideous and deceitful, which I never will forget.

"The ſecond incident aroſe from a kind of overflowing of the heart which I gave way to on another occaſion with him, reſpecting a letter which I am about to mention. In the evening I was writing on his table to Mad. de Chenonceaux. He was very anxious to know what I had written, and could ſcarcely refrain from reading it. I cloſed my letter without ſhewing it to him; but he ear-

neſtly aſked for it, ſaying, that he would ſend it next day by the poſt. I was forced to give it him; and it remained on the table. Lord Newnham arrived, and David left us a moment, but for what reaſon I know not. I took up my letter, obſerving that it would be in time to ſend it to morrow. Lord Newnham offered to ſend it by the packet of the French Ambaſſador. I accepted this offer, and David entered while Lord Newnham was putting the letter under cover. His Lordſhip drew out his ſeal, but David offered his with ſo much eagerneſs, that it was neceſſary to take it in preference. The bell was rung, and Lord Newnham gave the letter to a ſervant to be ſent immediately to the ambaſſador's houſe. I ſaid to myſelf, I am ſure that David will follow the ſervant. This he did not fail to do; and I will lay a wager that my letter was not ſent, or that it was firſt unſealed.

"At ſupper, he fixed his eyes alternately on Madelle. le Vaſſeur and on me, in ſuch a manner as to terrify me,—eyes which an honeſt man is ſeldom ſo unfortunate as to receive from nature. When ſhe had gone to bed in the dog-kennel allotted her, we remained ſome time without ſpeaking. He fixed his attention on me in a ſimilar manner; and I endeavoured to do the ſame on him, but found it impoſſible to ſupport his hideous looks. I felt my ſoul troubled within me; I experienced a horrible emotion: in fine, the remorſe of judging evilly of ſo great a man on mere appearances overcame me. I threw myſelf in his arms,

arms, and burſting into tears, exclaimed, *No, David Hume is not a traitor; that is impoſſible: but if he is not the beſt of men, he muſt be the blackeſt.* Upon this, my gentleman, inſtead of being ſoftened as I was, or putting himſelf in a paſſion; inſtead of demanding explanations from me, remained tranquil, and returned my tranſports with ſome cold careſſes, patting me gently on the back, and ſaying ſeveral times, *my dear Sir; what, my dear Sir!* I declare, that this manner of receiving the overflowing of my heart ſtruck me more than every thing elſe. I ſet out next day for the country, where I have collected new facts, and now conclude with a wiſh to die.

" In this reverſe of my affairs, which does not permit me to ſpeak to you of any thing elſe, I poſſeſs all my faculties. Madam, do not be diſheartened by my miſeries, and deign to love me ſtill, although the moſt unfortunate of men.

" I have ſeen Dr. Gatti * in ſtrong intimacy with our gentleman; and two interviews have ſatisfied me, that, whatever you may ſay of him, Doctor Gatti does not love me. I ought alſo to have apprized you, that the box you ſent to me by him has been opened, and that another ſeal than yours was put on it. It would tempt one to laugh, to think how my inquiſitive folks have been puniſhed."

* *Query.* Should not this be Dr. Maty?

One of his letters from Wooten to M. de Malſherbes contains farther details, highly characteriſtic of the eccentricity of the writer. It is dated the 10th May; and after ſome introductory remarks of a general nature, proceeds as follows:

"Allow me, for the ſecond time in my life, to inform you of my ſituation. How altered is my fortune, ſince my reſidence at Montmorency! You thought me then unhappy, and you deceived yourſelf: if you think that I am happy at preſent, you ſtill more deceive yourſelf. You are going to hear of a new ſpecies of misfortunes, worthy of crowning all the others, and ſuch as I could not indeed have ſuppoſed in reſerve for me.

"I lived in Switzerland as a mild and quiet man, ſhunning the converſe of the world, without concerning myſelf about any thing, never engaging in diſpute, and not even expreſſing my opinions. I was driven from it by perſecutions, without an object, without a motive, without pretext; by perſecutions the moſt violent and undeſerved that it is poſſible to imagine; yet ſome have even the barbarity to reproach me, as if I had drawn them on myſelf through vanity. Languid, ſick, and afflicted, I made preparations in the beginning of winter to go to Berlin. While at Straſburgh, I received from Mr. Hume the moſt affectionate invitation to put myſelf under his protection, and

to

to follow him to England, where he would procure for me an agreeable and tranquil retreat. I had formerly a deſign of retiring into that country, and Lord Mariſchal had always adviſed me to it. The Duke d'Aumont, at the requeſt of Mad. de Verdelin, procured for me a paſſport, by means of which I ſet out with a heart full of the good David. I haſtened to Paris to throw myſelf into his arms. The Prince of Conti honoured me with a reception more ſuitable to his generoſity than to my ſituation; and I acquieſced in it from a ſentiment of reſpect, though with repugnance, as I forſaw that my enemies would make me pay dear for the eclat of it.

" It was very gratifying to me to perceive the increaſe of good will towards Mr. Hume, which this act of kindneſs procured him at Paris. He ought, as well as myſelf, to have been touched with it; yet I doubt if he was in a ſimilar manner. But what gave me extreme uneaſineſs was, to ſee the Prince of Conti loading me in his preſence with ſuch great favours, that they might have paſſed as if done in jeſt, if I had had leſs reaſon to be melancholy, or the Prince had been leſs generous. All theſe attentions were directed to me: Mr. Hume was in a manner forgotten, or merely aſked to ſhare in them. It was clear, that this preference of kindneſs, of which I was the object, was not very flattering to him; for it was as much as to ſay,—*my friend Hume, aid me in ſhewing commiſeration to this unfortunate.* But his

jealous heart was too brutal to feel this diſtinction.

" We ſet out. His mind was ſo occupied about me, that he ſpoke of me in his ſleep. You will learn afterwards what he ſaid on the firſt night of our journey. On landing at Dover, I was tranſported on touching at laſt that land of liberty, and at being conducted to it by that illuſtrious man: I leaped on his neck, embraced him without uttering a word, and covered his face with kiſſes and with tears. It was not the only time, nor the moſt remarkable inſtance, that he had witneſſed in me a ſudden emotion of an affectionate heart. I know not what he does with theſe recollections, if he feels them; but I ſuſpect that they have been ſometimes importunate.

" We arrived in London. In both Houſes of Parliament, and even at court, they were eager to ſhew me kindneſs and eſteem. Mr. Hume preſented me politely to every body, and I naturally aſcribed to him the chief part of this reception. The reſort of company made a reſidence in London inconvenient: immediately country-houſes preſented themſelves in abundance: I had my choice in every county. Mr. Hume charged himſelf with theſe propoſals, communicated them to me, and even conducted me to two or three places in the neighbourhood. I heſitated long in my choice; but at laſt determined on this place. Mr. Hume immediately arranged every thing: all difficulties were

were removed: I ſet out, and arrived at a commodious, agreeable, and ſolitary habitation, where the maſter provides every thing, and nothing is wanting: I am quiet and independent. This was the moment ſo much deſired, when all my misfortunes were to terminate: no, it was only the moment when they were to commence, misfortunes more cruel than any I had hitherto experienced.

"Perhaps, Sir, you may not be ignorant, that before my arrival in England, it was one of the countries in Europe where I had the greateſt reputation, and I will almoſt venture to ſay, conſideration. The public papers were full of my praiſes, and there was only one cry of indignation againſt my perſecutors. This was the tone on my arrival, which the papers announced with triumph: England was honoured by becoming my place of refuge, and ſhe was juſtly proud of her laws and her government. On a ſudden, and without any aſſignable cauſe, this tone was changed; but ſo ſtrongly and ſo rapidly, that, in all the caprices of the public, never was any thing more ſurpriſing. The ſignal was given in a certain magazine, as full of abſurdities as of lies; and in it the author, doubtleſs well informed, gave me out for the ſon of a muſician. From that moment, all was inſult and outrage: crowds of books and other writings attacked me perſonally, without reſpect or diſcretion; and no paper dared appear, unleſs it contained ſome rudeneſs towards me. Though too much accuſtomed to injuries from the public

to be affected by this, I could not help being ſurpriſed at a change ſo quick, a concert ſo completely unanimous, that not one of thoſe who had ſo much praiſed me ſaid a ſingle word in my defence.

" I thought it ſtrange, that preciſely on the return of Mr. Hume, who has ſo much influence here with the men of letters, and ſuch great connection with them, his preſence ſhould have produced an effect ſo contrary to what I might have expected; in ſo much, that not one of his friends ſhewed himſelf to be mine; and it was eaſy to perceive that thoſe who treated me ſo ill were none of his enemies; for while ſpeaking highly of his quality of miniſter, they ſaid that I could not have travelled through France except under his protection, and that he had obtained for me a paſſport from the court of France; and they were little from adding, that I had made the journey at his expence.

" Another thing aſtoniſhed me ſtill more. Every body had careſſed me on my arrival; but in proportion to the length of our ſtay, I obſerved the behaviour of his friends to alter in a very ſtriking manner. I own, that they have ever taken the ſame trouble on my account; but far from giving me their eſteem, they accompanied their ſervices with the moſt ſhocking air of diſdain, and it might be ſaid, that they ſought to oblige me, merely to have a right to load me with contempt.

Unfor-

Unfortunately I was in their power. At their mercy in a country, the language of which was unknown to me, what could I do?—bow down my head, and ſee none of theſe affronts. If ſome Engliſhmen have continued to give me their eſteem, they are perſons with whom Mr. Hume has no connection.

" Flattery I have always ſuſpected. He has offered me the loweſt, and in every way; but I have never remarked in his language any thing which indicated real friendſhip. It might be ſaid, that, in ſeeking to procure patrons to me, he ſtrove to bereave me of their good will. He wiſhed that I ſhould obtain aid rather than affection; and I have a hundred times been ſurpriſed at the repulſive turn he gave to my conduct before people who might have taken offence at it. An example will illuſtrate this. Mr. Penneck of the Muſeum, a friend of Lord Mariſchal, and clergyman of a pariſh in which they wanted me to reſide, came to ſee me. Mr. Hume, in my preſence, made my excuſes for not having paid him a viſit. Doctor Maty, ſaid he, had invited us to the Muſeum on Thurſday, where M. Rouſſeau ſhould have ſeen you, but he preferred going with Mrs. Garrick to the play; he could not do ſo many things on the ſame day.

" A forged letter of the King of Pruſſia was circulated at Paris, and afterwards tranſlated and publiſhed here. I heard with aſtoniſhment, that

the perſon who circulated the letter was a Mr. Walpole, a friend of Mr. Hume. I aſked him, if this was true; but inſtead of anſwering me, he coldly demanded, who told me ſo; and a few days afterwards, he wanted me to intruſt this ſame Mr. Walpole with ſome papers of conſequence to me, which I wiſhed to ſend by a ſafe conveyance. I ſaw this pretended letter of the King of Pruſſia, and immediately recognized in it the ſtyle of M. d'Alembert, another friend of Mr. Hume, and my enemy, who is the more dangerous as he takes care to conceal his hatred. I learned that the ſon of the juggler Fronchin, my moſt deadly foe, was not only a friend of Mr. Hume, but that he reſided with him; and when Mr. Hume ſaw that I knew this, he confidently aſſured me that the ſon did not reſemble the father. I lodged two or three nights with my governante in the ſame houſe with Mr. Hume, and from the reception his hoſteſſes, who are his friends, gave us, I judged of the manner in which this man, who was ſaid not to reſemble his father, had ſpoken of her and me to them.

"All theſe facts taken together, and others I obſerved of a ſimilar nature, inſenſibly produced an uneaſineſs which I repulſed with horror. In the mean time, the letters I wrote did not arrive, ſeveral of thoſe I received had been opened, and all of them paſſed through the hands of Mr. Hume: if any one eſcaped him, he could not conceal his anxiety to ſee it. I ſtill recollect a circumſtance, which

which ſtruck me one evening, reſpecting a letter. It was this, for it is neceſſary that I relate it; and in doing ſo, I muſt be particular. After ſupper, we were both ſitting in ſilence by the fireſide, when I obſerved him to fix his eyes on me; which he often did, and in a very remarkable manner. His eager and prolonged attention was this time almoſt diſtreſſing. I endeavoured to fix my eyes on him in my turn: but when mine ſtruck his, I felt an unaccountable terror, and I was ſoon obliged to turn them elſewhere. The phyſiognomy and tone of the good David are thoſe of a good man; but to engage me in a tête-à-tête with him, the good man muſt have other eyes than thoſe he has.

" The impreſſion of this look remained with me. My uneaſineſs encreaſed even to oppreſſion. Very ſoon afterwards a violent remorſe ſeized me: I was indignant at myſelf. At laſt, in a tranſport, which I ſtill recollect with pleaſure, I threw myſelf on his neck, and inundating it with my tears, I exclaimed, *No, no, David Hume is not a traitor: if he were not the beſt of men, he would be the blackeſt.* David returned my embraces, and patting me on the back with his finger, repeated ſeveral times in a placid tone: *What, my dear Sir? Eh, my dear Sir! What then, my dear Sir?* He ſaid no more; I felt my heart yearn within me; our explanation ſtopt there; we went to bed, and next day I ſet out for the country.

" I re-

" I return now to what I heard at Raye the firſt night after our departure. We were in bed in the ſame chamber; and ſeveral times in the middle of the night I heard him cry with extreme violence, *I have J. J. Rouſſeau.* I took theſe words in a favourable ſenſe, which his tone certainly did not warrant. It was a tone of which it is impoſſible to give an idea, and which had no reſemblance to that he has during the day, but correſponded very well with the looks I formerly mentioned. Every time he uttered theſe words, I ſhuddered with terror which I could not reſiſt: but a moment only was neceſſary to reſtore me, and I then laughed at my fright. Next day every thing was ſo completely forgot, that I did not even think of the affair during my ſtay in London and its neighbourhood; and it was not until my arrival here, that, on reviewing the obſervations I had made, and the number of which augmented daily, the circumſtance came to my recollection. At preſent, I am too certain that I ſhall not again forget it. This man, whom my unlucky deſtiny ſeems to have created to diſtreſs me, is not in the ordinary ſphere of human nature, and you have certainly, more than any one, a reaſon to hold his character incredible.

" It is, however, not my object that you ſhould judge of him on my repreſentation, but only that you judge of my ſituation. Alone in a country unknown to me, among a people but little mild, whoſe

whoſe language I know not, and whoſe hatred is inflamed againſt me,—without ſupport, without a friend, without the means of warding off the blows aimed againſt me, I might, from theſe alone, feel reaſons for ſorrow. But I proteſt, that it is neither for the troubles I endure, nor the dangers I run, that I am uneaſy. I repoſe ſo confidently on my reputation, that I no longer think of defending it. Without pain I abandon it, at leaſt during my life, to my indefatigable enemies; but to think that a man with whom I have never had any difference, —a man of merit, eſtimable for his talents, and reſpected for his character, ſhould ſtretch out his arms to me in my diſtreſs, and when I throw myſelf into them, ſtifle me with his embrace—that, Sir, is the idea which overwhelms me. Voltaire, d'Alembert, Fronchin, have not for an inſtant affected my ſoul; but were I to live a thouſand years, I ſhould feel at the laſt moment of my exiſtence, that David Hume would never ceaſe to be preſent to my view.

"Yet I endure my misfortunes with ſufficient patience, and, above all, felicitate myſelf, that my temper is not ſoured by them: this renders them leſs inſupportable to me. I have renewed my ſolitary walks; but inſtead of indulging in a reverie, I botaniſe: it is a change of purſuit of which I ſtand in need. Unfortunately I have no great reſource here; we have few fine days; I have bad eyes, and a bad microſcope. I am to collect plants without

without books, for I have none here. Beſides my nights are unpleaſant, my body ſuffers ſtill more than my heart: the total loſs of ſleep renders me a prey to the moſt melancholy ideas: the air of the country joins its ſombre influence to all this, and I begin to feel frequently that I have lived too long. The worſt is, that I fear death ſtill more, not merely for itſelf, not merely becauſe I have not a friend to ſweeten my laſt hours, but on account of the deſolate ſtate in which I ſhall leave here the companion of my misfortunes, abandoned to inhumanity, or, what is worſe, the inſulting pity of thoſe whoſe cares are only a refinement of cruelty to make one endure opprobrium in ſilence. I know not, in fact, what reſources philoſophy can offer to a man in my ſituation. Indeed, I perceive two only which can be of uſe,—hope and reſignation.

"The pleaſure, Sir, which I have in writing you is ſo wholly independent of the expectation of an anſwer, that I do not ſend you any addreſs for that purpoſe, and I am very certain you will not make uſe of that of Mr. Hume, with whom I have broken off all connection. Your ſentiments are known to me; and I have the evidence of a hundred letters that you think of me ſometimes with intereſt. I have reſolved to break off hereafter all commerce by letters, except in the caſe of abſolute neceſſity,—to read in future neither journals nor public papers, but to paſs the

the tranquil days which may be left me, in total ignorance of what is ſaid or done in the world."

Inconſcious of having committed any fault, the unſuſpecting Hume continued his kind offices in behalf of Rouſſeau, and renewed his ſolicitations reſpecting the penſion, as ſoon as the ſtate of General Conway's health permitted. The General applied again to his Majeſty, who likewiſe renewed his conſent. Application had been alſo made to the Marquis of Rockingham, then firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury. In fine, Hume, having happily accompliſhed his purpoſe according to his wiſhes, informed Rouſſeau of his ſucceſs; but all his exertions were blaſted by the following letter, which the philoſopher thought proper to write to General Conway.

" May 12, 1766.

" SIR,

" Affected by a moſt lively ſenſe of the favour his Majeſty has honoured me with, and of your goodneſs, which procured it me; I experience the moſt agreeable ſenſation in reflecting that the beſt of Kings, and the perſon moſt worthy of his confidence, are pleaſed to intereſt themſelves in my fortune. This, Sir, is an advantage of which I am juſtly tenacious, and which I will never deſerve to loſe. But it is neceſſary I ſhould ſpeak to you with the frankneſs you admire. After ſo many misfortunes, I thought myſelf armed againſt all poſſible events: there have happened

to

to me ſome, however, which I did not foreſee; and which indeed an ingenuous mind could not have foreſeen. Hence it is that they affect me ſo much the more ſeverely, and the trouble in which they involve me deprives me of the eaſe of mind neceſſary for directing my conduct. All I can reaſonably do, in ſo diſtreſſed a ſituation, is to ſuſpend my reſolutions about every affair of ſuch importance as that in agitation. So far from refuſing the beneficence of the King from pride, as is imputed to me, I am proud of acknowledging it, and am only ſorry I cannot do ſo more publicly. But when I actually receive it, I wiſh to be able to give up myſelf entirely to thoſe ſentiments which it would inſpire, and to have a heart replete with gratitude for his Majeſty's goodneſs and yours. I am not at all afraid that this manner of thinking will make any alteration in yours towards me. Deign, therefore, Sir, to preſerve that kindneſs for me, till a more happy opportunity: you will then be ſatisfied, that I defer taking advantage of it, only to render myſelf more worthy of it. I beg of you, Sir, to accept of my moſt humble and reſpectful ſalutations."

This letter appeared both to General Conway and to our hiſtorian a plain refuſal, as long as the ſtipulation of ſecrecy was inſiſted on. Hume, however, being willing to overlook the apparent neglect in writing him, prevailed on the General to keep the matter ſtill open, and wrote a friendly letter to Rouſſeau, exhorting him to return to his

his former way of thinking, and to accept of the penſion. As to the pretended diſtreſs which he mentions in his letter to the General, all fears were removed by a letter from Mr. Davenport, who reported his gueſt to be at the time extremely happy, eaſy, cheerful, and even ſociable. "I ſaw plainly in this occurrence," obſerves Mr. Hume, "the uſual infirmity of my friend, who wiſhes to intereſt the world in his favour by paſſing for ſickly, and perſecuted, and diſtreſſed, and unfortunate, beyond all meaſure, even while he is the moſt happy and contented. His pretences of an extreme ſenſibility had been too frequently repeated, to have any effect on a man who was ſo well acquainted with them."

After waiting three weeks in vain for an anſwer to his letter, but having to do with a very eccentric character, and ſtill accounting for his ſilence by ſuppoſing him aſhamed to write to him, Hume nevertheleſs determined not to abate in his endeavours to do him an eſſential ſervice; and accordingly renewed his applications to the miniſters, the reſult of which he communicated to him in the following letter:

"Liſle-ſtreet, Leiceſter-Fields,
June 19, 1766.

"SIR,

"As I have not received any anſwer from you, I conclude, that you perſevere in the reſolution of refuſing all marks of his Majeſty's goodneſs, as

long as they muſt remain a ſecret. I have, therefore, applied to General Conway to have this condition removed; and I have been ſo fortunate as to obtain his promiſe that he would ſpeak to the King for that purpoſe. It will only be requiſite, ſaid he, that we know previouſly from M. Rouſſeau, whether he would accept of a penſion publicly granted him, that his Majeſty may not be expoſed to a ſecond refuſal. He gave me authority to write to you on the ſubject; and I beg to hear your reſolution as ſoon as poſſible. If you give your conſent, which I earneſtly entreat you to do, I know that I can depend on the good offices of the Duke of Richmond to ſecond General Conway's application; ſo that I have no doubt of ſucceſs. I am, my dear Sir, your's, with great ſincerity."

Five days afterwards Rouſſeau returned the following anſwer:

"Wooton, June 23, 1766.

"SIR,

"I imagined, that my ſilence, truly interpreted by your conſcience, had ſaid enough; but ſince you have ſome deſign in not underſtanding me, I ſhall ſpeak. You have but ill diſguiſed yourſelf. I know you, and you are not ignorant of it. Before we had any connection, quarrels or diſputes; while we knew each other only by literary reputation, you affectionately made me an offer of the good offices of yourſelf and friends. Affected by this generoſity, I threw myſelf into your arms; you brought me to England, apparently to procure me an

an aſylum; but, in fact, to bring me to diſhonour. You applied to this noble work, with a zeal worthy of your heart, and a ſucceſs worthy of your abilities. To ſucceed, it was not neceſſary to take ſo much pains: you live in the world, and I in ſolitude. The public love to be deceived, and you were formed to deceive them. I know one man, however, whom you cannot deceive; I mean yourſelf. You know with what horror my heart rejected the firſt ſuſpicion of your deſigns. I told you with tears in my eyes, while I embraced you, that if you were not the beſt of men, you muſt be the baſeſt. In reflecting on your ſecret conduct, you muſt ſay to yourſelf, ſometimes, you are not the beſt of men; and I doubt, if, under that impreſſion, you will ever be the happieſt.

"I leave your friends and you to carry on your ſchemes as you pleaſe; and I give up to you, without regret, my reputation during life, certain that, one day, juſtice will be done to the reputation of both. As to your good offices in matters of intereſt, which you have made uſe of as a maſk, I thank you for them, and ſhall diſpenſe with profiting by them. I ought not to hold a correſpondence with you any longer, or to accept of it even to my advantage in any affair in which you are to be the mediator. Adieu, Sir, I wiſh you the trueſt happineſs; but as we ought not to have any thing to ſay to each other for the future, this is the laſt letter you will receive from me."

To this letter Mr. Hume immediately ſent the following reply:

" June 26, 1766.

" As I am conſcious of having ever acted towards you the moſt friendly part, of having always given you the moſt tender and the moſt active proofs of ſincere affection, you may judge of my extreme ſurpriſe on peruſing your epiſtle. Such violent accuſations, confined altogether to generalities, it is as impoſſible to anſwer, as it is impoſſible to comprehend them. But affairs cannot, muſt not remain on that footing. I ſhall charitably ſuppoſe, that ſome infamous calumniator has belied me to you. But, in that caſe, it is your duty, and, I am perſuaded, it will be your inclination, to give me an opportunity of detecting him, and of juſtifying myſelf; which can only be done by your mentioning the particulars of which I am accuſed. You ſay, that I myſelf know that I have been falſe to you; but I ſay it loudly, and will ſay it to the whole world, that I know the contrary; that I know my friendſhip towards you has been unbounded and uninterrupted; and that though I have given you inſtances of it, which have been univerſally remarked both in France and England, the public as yet are acquainted only with the ſmalleſt part of it. I demand, that you name to me the man who dares aſſert the contrary; and, above all, I demand, that he ſhall mention any one particular in which I have been wanting to you. You owe this

to

to me; you owe it to yourſelf; you owe it to truth, and honour, and juſtice, and to every thing deemed ſacred among men. As an innocent man, —for I will not ſay, as your friend; I will not ſay, as your benefactor; but I repeat it, as an innocent man, I claim the privilege of proving my innocence, and of refuting any ſcandalous falſehood which may have been invented againſt me. Mr. Davenport, to whom I have ſent a copy of your letter, and who will read this before he delivers it, will, I am confident, ſecond my demand, and tell you, that nothing can be more equitable. Happily I have preſerved the letter you wrote me after your arrival at Wooton; and you there expreſs, in the ſtrongeſt terms, in terms indeed, too ſtrong, your ſatisfaction in my poor endeavours to ſerve you. The little epiſtolary intercourſe, which afterwards paſſed between us, has been all employed on my ſide to the moſt friendly purpoſes. Tell me then, what has ſince given you offence. Tell me, of what I am accuſed. Tell me the man who accuſes me. Even after you have fulfilled all theſe conditions to my ſatisfaction, and to that of Mr. Davenport, you will ſtill have great difficulty to juſtify your employing ſuch outrageous terms towards a man, with whom you have been ſo intimately connected, and who was intitled, on many accounts, to have been treated by you with more regard and decency.

" Mr. Davenport knows the whole tranſaction about your penſion, becauſe I thought it neceſſary

that the perſon who had undertaken your ſettlement, ſhould be fully acquainted with your circumſtances; leſt he ſhould be tempted to perform towards you concealed acts of generoſity, which, if they accidentally came to your knowledge, might give you ſome grounds of offence.

"I am, Sir."

In conſequence of Mr. Davenport's interpoſition, Rouſſeau was prevailed on to write, three weeks afterwards, the following long epiſtle to Hume, which is the more intereſting, as it contains Rouſſeau's ſtatement of facts, and to which are ſubjoined the notes annexed by our hiſtorian, in his French pamphlet, already mentioned, and inſerted in the Appendix.

"Wooton, July 10, 1766.

"SIR,

"I am indiſpoſed, and little in a condition to write; but you require an explanation, and it muſt be given you. It was your own fault, that you had it not long ſince; but as you did not deſire it, I was ſilent: at preſent you do, and I have ſent it. It will be a long one: for this I am ſorry; but I have much to ſay, and wiſh not to return hereafter to the ſubject.

"I live retired from the world, and am ignorant of what paſſes in it. I have no party, no aſſociate, no intrigue. I am told nothing, and I know only what I feel; but that I well know, as care has been

been taken to make me ſeverely feel. The firſt care of thoſe who engage in bad deſigns is to ſecure themſelves from legal proofs of detection; it would not be very adviſable to ſeek a remedy againſt them at law. The innate conviction of the heart admits of another kind of proof, which influences the ſentiments of an honeſt man. You well know the baſis of mine.

"You aſk me, with great confidence, to name your accuſer. That accuſer, Sir, is the only man in the world whoſe teſtimony I ſhould admit againſt you: it is yourſelf. Without reſerve or fear, I ſhall give myſelf up to the natural frankneſs of my diſpoſition; and being an enemy to every kind of artifice, I ſhall ſpeak with the ſame freedom, as if you were a perſon in whom I placed all that confidence which I no longer have in you. I will give you a hiſtory of the emotions of my heart, and of what produced them. While ſpeaking of Mr. Hume in the third perſon, I ſhall make yourſelf the judge of what I ought to think of him. Notwithſtanding the length of my letter, I ſhall purſue no other order than that of my ideas, beginning with the premiſes, and ending with the demonſtration.

"I quitted Switzerland, wearied out by the barbarous treatment which I had experienced, but which affected only my perſonal ſafety, while my honour was ſecure. I was going, as my heart directed me, to join Lord Mariſchal, when I received at Straſburg a moſt affectionate invitation from

Mr. Hume, to go over with him to England, where he promiſed me the moſt agreeable reception, and more tranquillity than I had met with. I heſitated ſome time between my old friend and my new one; in this I was wrong. I preferred the latter, and in this was ſtill more ſo; but the deſire of viſiting in perſon a celebrated nation, of which I had heard both ſo much good and ſo much ill, prevailed. Aſſured that I was not to loſe George Keith, I was flattered by the acquiſition of David Hume. His great merit, extraordinary abilities, and eſtabliſhed probity of character, made me deſirous of annexing his friendſhip to that with which I was honoured by his illuſtrious countryman. Beſides, I gloried not a little in ſetting an example to men of letters, in a ſincere union between two men ſo different in their principles.

" Before I had received an invitation from the King of Pruſſia, and Lord Mariſchal, and while undetermined about the place of my retreat, I had requeſted and obtained, by the intereſt of my friends, a paſſport from the court of France. I made uſe of this, and went to Paris to join Mr. Hume. He ſaw, and perhaps ſaw too much of the favourable reception I met with from a great Prince, and, I will venture to ſay, from the public. I yielded, as it was my duty, though with reluctance, to that *eclat;* concluding how far it would excite the envy of my enemies. At the ſame time, I ſaw, with pleaſure, the regard which the public entertained for Mr. Hume ſenſibly increaſing throughout

throughout Paris, on account of the good work he had undertaken with reſpect to me. Doubtleſs he was affected too; but I know not if it was in the ſame manner as I was.

"We ſet out with one of my friends, who came to England almoſt entirely on my account. When we landed at Dover, I was tranſported with the thoughts of having ſet foot in this land of liberty, under the conduct of ſo celebrated a perſon; I threw my arms round his neck, and preſſed him to my heart, without ſpeaking a ſyllable; bathing his cheeks, as I kiſſed them, with tears ſufficiently expreſſive. This was not the only time, nor the moſt remarkable inſtance I have given him of the effuſions of a heart full of ſenſibility. I know not what he does with the recollection of them, when that happens; but I have a notion they muſt be ſometimes troubleſome to him.

"On our arrival in London, all ranks of people eagerly preſſed to give me marks of their kindneſs and eſteem. Mr. Hume politely preſented me to every body: and it was natural for me to aſcribe to him, as I did, the beſt part of my good reception. My heart was full of him: I ſpoke in his praiſe to every one; I wrote to the ſame purpoſe to all my friends: my attachment to him gathered new ſtrength every day, while his appeared the moſt affectionate to me; of which he frequently gave me inſtances that touched me extremely. That of cauſing my portrait to be painted, however,

ever, was not of the number. This ſeemed to me to carry with it too much affectation, and had an air of oſtentation which by no means pleaſed me. All this, however, might have been eaſily excuſable, if Mr. Hume had been a man apt to throw away his money, or had a gallery of pictures, containing the portraits of his friends. After all, I freely confeſs, that, on this head, I may be in the wrong *.

"But what appears to me an act of friendſhip and generoſity the moſt undoubted and eſtimable, in a word, the moſt worthy of Mr. Hume, was the care he took to ſolicit for me of his own accord, a penſion from the King; to which, moſt aſſuredly, I had no right to aſpire. As I was a witneſs to the zeal he exerted in that affair, I was greatly affected by it. Nothing could flatter me more than a piece of ſervice of that nature; not merely for the ſake of intereſt; for, too much attached perhaps to what I actually poſſeſs, I am not capable of deſiring what I have not; and as I am able to ſubſiſt on my labour and the aid of my friends, I covet nothing more. But the honour of

* The fact was this. My friend, Mr. Ramſay, a painter of eminence, and a man of merit, propoſed to draw M. Rouſſeau's picture; and when he had begun it, told me he intended to make me a preſent of it. Thus the deſign of having M. Rouſſeau's picture drawn did not come from me, nor did it coſt me any thing. M. Rouſſeau, therefore, is equally contemptible in paying me a compliment for this pretended gallantry, in his letter of the 29th of March, and in converting it into ridicule here. HUME.

receiving

receiving teſtimonies of the goodneſs, I will not ſay of ſo great a monarch, but of ſo good a father, ſo good a huſband, ſo good a maſter, ſo good a friend, and, above all, ſo worthy a man, ſenſibly affected me; and when I conſidered farther, that the miniſter who had obtained for me this favour, was a living inſtance of that probity ſo uſeful to mankind, and ſo rarely met with in one of his ſituation, I could not forbear to pride myſelf, at having for my benefactors three men, whom, of all the world, I could moſt deſire to have my friends. Thus, ſo far from refuſing the penſion offered me, I only made one condition neceſſary for my acceptance; and that was the conſent of a perſon, whom I could not, without neglecting my duty, fail to conſult.

"Being honoured with the civilities of all the world, I endeavoured to make a proper return. In the mean time, my bad ſtate of health, and my cuſtom of living in the country, made my reſidence in town very diſagreeable. Immediately country-houſes preſented themſelves in plenty; I had my choice of all the counties of England. Mr. Hume took the trouble to receive theſe propoſals, and to repreſent them to me; accompanying me to two or three places in the neighbouring counties. I heſitated a good while in my choice, and he increaſed the difficulty of determination. At length, I fixed on this place, and immediately Mr. Hume ſettled the affair; all difficulties vaniſhed, and I departed. I arrived at this ſolitary, convenient, and agreeable habitation;

habitation; where the owner of the houſe ſuperintends every thing, and provides every thing; and where nothing is wanting. I became tranquil and independent; and this ſeemed to be the wiſhed for moment when all my misfortunes were to have an end. On the contrary, it was now they began; misfortunes more cruel than any I had yet experienced.

"Hitherto I have ſpoken in the fulneſs of my heart, and to do juſtice, with the greateſt pleaſure, to the good offices of Mr. Hume. Would to heaven, that what remains for me to ſay were of the ſame nature! It would never give me pain to ſpeak what would redound to his honour; nor is it proper to ſet a value on benefits till one is accuſed of ingratitude; and Mr. Hume now accuſes me. I will, therefore, venture to make one obſervation. In eſtimating his ſervices by the time and pains they coſt him, they were of an infinite value, and that ſtill more from his good will in their performance; but for the actual ſervice they were of to me, it was much more in appearance than in reality. I did not come over as a mendicant to beg my bread in England; I brought the means of ſubſiſtence with me. I came merely to ſeek an aſylum in a country which is open to every ſtranger. I was, beſides, not ſo totally unknown, that even, if I had arrived alone, I ſhould have wanted either aſſiſtance or ſervice. If ſome perſons have ſought my acquaintance for the ſake of Mr. Hume, others have ſought it for my own. Thus when Mr. Davenport,

Davenport, for example, was ſo kind as to offer my preſent retreat, it was not for the ſake of Mr. Hume, whom he did not know, and whom he ſaw only in order to deſire him to make me his obliging propoſal. So that when Mr. Hume endeavours to alienate from me this worthy man, he ſeeks to take from me what he did not give me *. All the good that has been done me, would have been done me nearly the ſame without him, and perhaps better; but the evil would not have been done me: for why ſhould I have enemies in England? Why are thoſe enemies the very friends of Mr. Hume? Who could have excited their enmity againſt me? It was certainly not I, who knew nothing of them, nor ever ſaw them in my life: I ſhould not have had a ſingle enemy, if I had come to England alone †.

"I have hitherto dwelt upon public and notorious facts, which, from their own nature, and my

* M. Rouſſeau forms a wrong judgment of me, and ought to know me better. I have written to Mr. Davenport, even ſince our rupture, to engage him to continue his kindneſs to his unhappy gueſt. HUME.

† How ſtrange are the effects of a diſordered imagination! M. Rouſſeau tells us he is ignorant of what paſſes in the world, and yet talks of the enemies he has in England. How does he know this? Where did he ſee them? He has received nothing but marks of beneficence and hoſpitality. Mr. Walpole is the only perſon who has thrown out a little piece of raillery againſt him; but is not therefore his enemy. If M. Rouſſeau could have ſeen things exactly as they are, he would have ſeen that he had no other friend in England but me, and no other enemy but himſelf. HUME.

acknowledgment, have made the greateſt *eclat*. Thoſe which are to follow are not only particular, but ſecret, at leaſt, in their cauſe, and all poſſible meaſures have been taken to keep the knowledge of them from the public; but as they are well known to the perſon intereſted, they will not have the leſs influence towards his own conviction.

"A very ſhort time after our arrival in London, I obſerved there an abſurd change in the minds of the people regarding me, which ſoon became very apparent. Before I arrived in England, there was not a country in Europe in which I had a greater reputation, I might indeed venture to ſay, greater eſtimation. The public papers were full of encomiums on me, and a general outcry prevailed againſt my perſecutors. This was the caſe at my arrival, which was announced in the newſpapers with triumph: England prided itſelf in affording me refuge, and juſtly gloried on that occaſion in its laws and government. On a ſudden, and without the leaſt aſſignable cauſe, this tone was changed; and that ſo ſpeedily and totally, that of all the caprices of the public, there never was known any thing more ſurpriſing. The ſignal was given in a certain magazine, equally full of follies and falſehoods, in which the author, being well informed, or pretending to be ſo, gives me out for the ſon of a muſician. From this time, I was conſtantly ſpoken of in the public prints in a very equivocal or ſlighting manner. Every thing that had been publiſhed concerning my misfortunes was miſrepreſented, altered,

tered, or placed in a wrong light, and always as much as poſſible to my diſadvantage. So far was any body from ſpeaking of the reception which I met with at Paris, and which had made but too much noiſe, it was not even ſuppoſed, that I durſt have appeared in that city; and one of Mr. Hume's friends was very much ſurpriſed when I told him I came through it.

"Accuſtomed as I had too much been to the inconſtancy of the public, to be affected by this inſtance of it, I could not help being aſtoniſhed, however, at a change ſo very ſudden and general, that not one of thoſe who had ſo much praiſed me in my abſence, appeared, now I was preſent, to think even of my exiſtence. I thought it ſomething very odd, that, exactly after the return of Mr. Hume, who has ſo much credit in London, ſo much influence over the bookſellers and men of letters, and ſuch great connections with them, his preſence ſhould produce an effect ſo contrary to what might have been expected; that among ſo many writers of every kind, not one of his friends ſhould ſhew himſelf to be mine; while it was eaſy to be ſeen, that thoſe who ſpoke of him were not his enemies, ſince, in noticing his public character, they reported that I had come through France under his protection, and by favour of a paſſport which he had obtained of the court; nay, they almoſt went ſo far as to inſinuate, that I came over in his retinue, and at his expence.

"All

" All this was of little ſignification, and was only ſingular; but what was much more ſo, was, that his friends changed their tone with me as much as the public. I ſhall always take a pleaſure in ſaying, that they were ſtill equally ſolicitous to ſerve me, and that they exerted themſelves greatly in my favour; but ſo far were they from ſhewing me the ſame reſpect, particularly the gentleman at whoſe houſe we alighted on our arrival, that he accompanied all his actions with diſcourſe ſo rude, and ſometimes ſo inſulting, that one would have thought he had taken an occaſion to oblige me, merely to have a right to expreſs his contempt *. His brother, who was at firſt very polite and obliging, altered his behaviour with ſo little reſerve, that he would hardly deign to ſpeak a ſingle word to me, even in their own houſe, in return to a civil ſalutation, or to pay any of thoſe civilities which are uſually paid in like circumſtances to ſtrangers. Nothing new had happened, however, except the arrival of J. J. Rouſſeau and David Hume; and certainly the cauſe of theſe alterations did not come from me, unleſs indeed too great a portion of ſimplicity, diſcretion, and modeſty be the cauſe of offence in England.

* This relates to my friend Mr. John Stewart, who entertained M. Rouſſeau at his houſe, and did him all the good offices in his power. M. Rouſſeau, in complaining of this gentleman's behaviour, forgets that he wrote Mr. Stewart from Wooton, a letter full of acknowledgments, and juſt expreſſions of gratitude. What M. Rouſſeau adds, regarding the brother of Mr. Stewart, is neither civil nor true. HUME.

" As

"As to Mr. Hume, he was ſo far from aſſuming ſuch a diſguſting tone, that he gave into the other extreme. I have always looked upon flatterers with an eye of ſuſpicion; and he was ſo full of all kinds of flattery *, that he even obliged me, when I could bear it no longer †, to tell him my ſentiments on that head. His conduct was ſuch as to render few words neceſſary; yet I could have wiſhed he had ſometimes ſubſtituted, in the place of ſuch groſs encomiums, the ſtyle of a friend; but I never found in his language any thing which ſavoured of true friendſhip, not even in his manner of ſpeaking of me to others in my preſence. One would have thought that, in endeavouring to procure me patrons, he ſtrove to deprive me of their good-will; that he ſought rather to have me aſſiſted than beloved; and I have been ſometimes ſurpriſed at the rude turn he has given to my behaviour before people, who might not unreaſonably have taken offence at it. An example will explain this. Mr. Penneck of the muſeum, a friend of Lord Mariſchal, and paſtor of a pariſh where they wiſhed me

* I ſhall mention only one, which made me ſmile: it was his care to have every time, I came to ſee him, a volume of Eloiſa upon his table; as if I did not know enough of Mr. Hume's taſte, to be well aſſured that of all books in the world, Eloiſa muſt be one of the moſt tireſome to him. ROUSSEAU.

† The reader may judge from the two firſt letters of M. Rouſſeau, which I have publiſhed with that view, on which ſide the flatteries commenced. As for the reſt, I loved and eſteemed M. Rouſſeau, and took a pleaſure in giving him to underſtand ſo. I might perhaps be too laviſh in my praiſes; but I can aſſure the reader, that he never complained of it. HUME.

to reſide, came to ſee us. Mr. Hume made my excuſes, while I myſelf was preſent, for not having paid him a viſit. Doctor Maty, ſaid he, invited us to the Muſeum on Thurſday, where M. Rouſſeau ſhould have ſeen you; but he choſe rather to go with Mrs. Garrick to the play: we could not do both the ſame day *. You will confeſs, Sir, this was a ſtrange method of recommending me to Mr. Penneck.

"I know not what Mr. Hume might ſay of me in private to his acquaintances, but nothing was more extraordinary than their behaviour to me, even by his own confeſſion, and even often through his own means. Although my purſe was not empty, and I needed not that of any other perſon, as he very well knew; yet any one would have thought, that I was come over to ſubſiſt at the expence of the public, and that nothing more was to be done than to give me alms in ſuch a manner as to ſave me a little embarraſſment †. I muſt own, that this conſtant and inſolent piece of affectation was one of

* I don't recollect a ſingle circumſtance of this hiſtory; but what makes me give very little credit to it is, that I remember very well we had ſettled two different days for the purpoſe of viſiting the Muſeum, and going to the play. HUME.

† I conceive M. Rouſſeau hints here at two or three dinners which were ſent him from the houſe of Mr. Stewart, when he choſe to dine at his own lodgings: this was not done, however, to ſave him the expence of a meal, but becauſe there was no convenient tavern or chop-houſe in the neighbourhood. I beg the reader's pardon for deſcending to ſuch trivial particulars. HUME.

thoſe

thoſe things which made me averſe to reſide in London. This certainly is not the footing on which a man ſhould be introduced in England, if there be a deſign of procuring him ever ſo little reſpect; but this diſplay of charity may admit of a more favourable interpretation, and I conſent it ſhould. To proceed.

" At Paris was publiſhed a fictitious letter from the King of Pruſſia, addreſſed to me, and replete with the moſt cruel malignity. I learned with ſurpriſe, that the publiſher of it was one Mr. Walpole, a friend of Mr. Hume. I aſked him, if it was true; but in anſwer to this queſtion, he aſked me from whom I had the information. A moment before he had given me a card for this ſame Mr. Walpole, for the purpoſe of prevailing on him to bring over ſome papers of mine from Paris, which I wanted to have by a ſafe hand.

" I was informed that the ſon of that quack Fronchin, my moſt mortal enemy, was not only the friend of Mr. Hume, and under his protection, but that they both lodged in the ſame houſe; and when Mr. Hume found that I knew this, he imparted it in confidence to me; aſſuring me that the ſon by no means reſembled the father. I lodged a few nights myſelf, together with my governante, in the ſame houſe; and from the air and coldneſs with which we were received by the landladies, who are his friends, I judged in what manner either Mr. Hume, or that man, who, as he

ſaid, was by no means like his father, muſt have ſpoken to them both of her and me *.

"All theſe facts put together, added to a certain appearance of things on the whole, inſenſibly gave me an uneaſineſs, which I rejected with horror. In the mean time, the letters I wrote did not come to hand; thoſe I received had often been opened; and all went through the hands of Mr. Hume †. If at any time a letter eſcaped him, he could

* Thus am I accuſed of treachery, becauſe I am a friend of Mr. Walpole, who has thrown out a little raillery on M. Rouſſeau; and becauſe the ſon of a man whom M. Rouſſeau does not like, lodges by accident in the ſame houſe with me; becauſe my landladies, who do not underſtand a ſyllable of French, received M. Rouſſeau coldly. As to the reſt, all that I ſaid to M. Rouſſeau about the young Fronchin was, that he had not the ſame prejudices againſt him as his father had. HUME.

† The following note was inſerted in ſome editions of the pamphlet already mentioned:

The ſtory of M. Rouſſeau's letters is as follows: He had often been complaining to me, and with reaſon, that he was ruined by poſtage at Neufchatel, which commonly coſt him 25 or 26 louis d'ors a-year; and all for letters which were of no ſignificance, being wrote, ſome of them by people, who took that opportunity of abuſing him, and moſt of them by perſons unknown to him. He was, therefore, reſolved, he ſaid, to receive in England, no letters which came by the poſt; and the ſame reſolution he reiterates in his letter to me, dated the 22d of March. When he went to Chiſwick, near London, the poſtman brought his letters to me. I carried him out a cargo of them: he exclaimed, deſired me to return the letters, and recover the price of poſtage: I told him, that, in that caſe, the clerks of the poſt-office were entire maſters of his letters. He ſaid, he was indifferent; they might do with them what they

could not conceal his eagerneſs to ſee it. One evening in particular I remember a circumſtance of this kind, which greatly ſtruck me *. After

they pleaſed. I added, that he would by that means be cut off from all correſpondence with his friends: he replied, that he would give a particular direction to ſuch as he deſired to correſpond with. But till his inſtructions for that purpoſe could arrive, what could I do more friendly, than to ſave, at my own expence, his letters from the curioſity and indiſcretion of the clerks of the poſt-office? I am indeed aſhamed to find myſelf obliged to diſcover ſuch petty circumſtances. HUME.

* It is neceſſary to explain this circumſtance. I was writing on Mr. Hume's table, during his abſence, an anſwer to a letter I had juſt received. He came in, very curious to know what I was writing, and hardly able to contain himſelf from deſiring to read it. I cloſed my letter, however, without ſhewing it him; and as I was putting it into my pocket, he aſked me for it eagerly, ſaying, he would ſend it away on the morrow, being poſt-day. The letter lay on the table. Lord Newnham came in. Mr. Hume went out of the room for a moment; on which I took the letter up again, ſaying I ſhould find time to ſend it the next day. Lord Newnham offered to get it incloſed in the French ambaſſador's packet; which I accepted. Mr. Hume re-entered the moment his Lordſhip had incloſed it, and was pulling out his ſeal. Mr. Hume officiouſly offered his own ſeal, and that with ſo much earneſtneſs, that it could not well be refuſed. The bell was rung, and Lord Newnham gave the letter to Mr. Hume's ſervant, who was to give it to his Lordſhip's lacquey waiting below with the chariot, in order to have it ſent to the ambaſſador. Scarcely had Mr. Hume's ſervant got out of the room but I ſaid to myſelf, I will lay a wager the maſter follows. He did not fail to do as I expected. Not knowing how to leave Lord Newnham alone, I ſtaid ſome time before I followed Mr. Hume. I ſaid nothing; but he eaſily perceived that I was uneaſy. Thus, although I have received no anſwer to my letter, I doubt not of its going to hand; but I confeſs, I cannot help ſuſpecting it was read firſt. ROUSSEAU.

ſupper, as we were ſitting ſilent by the fire-ſide, I caught his eyes intently fixed on mine, as indeed happened very often; and that in a manner of which it is very difficult to give an idea. At that time he gave me a ſtedfaſt, piercing look, mingled with a ſneer, which greatly diſturbed me. To get rid of my embarraſſment, I endeavoured to look full at him in my turn; but, in fixing my eyes upon his, I felt the moſt inexpreſſible terror, and was ſoon obliged to turn them away. The ſpeech and phyſiognomy of the good David is that of an honeſt man; but where, great God! did this honeſt man borrow thoſe eyes which he fixes on his friend's?

"The impreſſion of this look remained with me, and gave me much uneaſineſs. My trouble increaſed even to a degree of fainting; and if I had not been relieved by a flood of tears, I muſt have been ſuffocated. Preſently after this I was ſeized with the moſt violent remorſe: I even deſpiſed myſelf; till, at length, in a tranſport, which I ſtill remember with delight, I ſprang on his neck, and embraced him eagerly; while almoſt choked with ſobbing, and bathed in tears, I cried out, in broken accents, *No, no, David Hume cannot be treacherous; if he be not the beſt of men, he muſt be the baſeſt* *. David Hume politely returned my

* The whole dialogue in this ſcene is artificially contrived to prepare, and found on it, a part of the tiſſue of fables in this letter. What I have to ſay on this point will appear in my anſwer to M. Rouſſeau. HUME.

embraces,

embraces, and gently tapping me on the back, repeated ſeveral times, in a placid tone, *Why, what, my dear Sir! Nay, my dear Sir! Oh! my dear Sir!* He ſaid nothing more. I felt my heart yearn within me. We went to bed; and I ſet out the next day for the country.

" Arrived at this agreeable aſylum, to which I have travelled ſo far in ſearch of repoſe, I ought to find it in a retired, convenient, and pleaſant habitation; the maſter of which, a man of underſtanding and worth, ſpares in nothing to render my reſidence agreeable. But what repoſe can be taſted in life, when the heart is agitated? Afflicted with the moſt cruel uncertainty, and ignorant what to think of a man whom I ought to love, I ſought to get rid of that fatal doubt, by placing confidence in my benefactor. For from what inconceivable caprice ſhould he diſplay ſo much apparent zeal for my happineſs, and, at the ſame time, entertain ſecret deſigns againſt my honour? Among the obſervations which diſturbed me, each fact was in itſelf of no great moment: it was their concurrence that was ſurpriſing; yet I thought, perhaps, that Mr. Hume, informed of other facts of which I was ignorant, could have given me a ſatisfactory ſolution of them, if we had come to an explanation. The only inexplicable thing was, that he refuſed to come to ſuch an explanation; which both his honour and his friendſhip for me rendered equally neceſſary. I perceived there was ſomething in the affair which I did not comprehend, and

which I earneſtly wiſhed to know. Before I came to an abſolute determination, therefore, with regard to him, I was deſirous of making a laſt effort, and to write him with a view to try to recover him, if he had permitted himſelf to be ſeduced by my enemies, or to prevail on him to explain himſelf one way or other. Accordingly I wrote him a letter, which he ought to have found very natural *, if he were guilty; but very extraordinary, if he were innocent. For what could be more extraordinary than a letter full of gratitude for his ſervices, and, at the ſame time, of diſtruſt of his ſentiments; and in which, placing, as it were, his actions on one ſide, and his ſentiments on the other, inſtead of ſpeaking of the proofs of friendſhip he had given me, I beſought him to love me, for the good he had done me †. I did not take the precaution to preſerve a copy of this letter; but as he has done ſo, let him produce it: and whoever reads it, and ſees in it a man labouring under a ſecret trouble, which he is deſirous of expreſſing, but is afraid to do ſo, will, I am perſuaded, be curious to know what eclairciſſement it produced, eſpecially after the preceding ſcene. None: abſolutely none. Mr. Hume contented himſelf, in his anſwer, with

* It appears from what he wrote to me afterwards, that he was very well ſatisfied with this letter, and that he took it very well. ROUSSEAU.

† My anſwer to this is contained in M. Rouſſeau's letter of the 22d of March, wherein he expreſſes himſelf with the utmoſt cordiality, without any reſerve, and without the leaſt appearance of ſuſpicion. HUME.

telling me the obliging offices Mr. Davenport propoſed to do for me. As for the reſt, he ſaid not a word on the principal ſubject of my letter, nor on the ſituation of my heart, of the diſtreſs of which he could not be ignorant. I was more ſtruck with this ſilence, than I had been with his phlegm during our laſt converſation. I was wrong: this ſilence was very natural after the other, and was no more than I ought to have expected. For when one has ventured to declare to a man's face, *I am tempted to believe you a traitor*, and he has not the curioſity to aſk you *for what*, it may be depended on he will never have any ſuch curioſity as long as he lives: and it is eaſy to judge of this man from theſe ſlight indications.

After the receipt of his letter, which was long delayed, I determined at length to write to him no more. Soon after, every thing ſerved to confirm me in the reſolution to break off all farther correſpondence with him. Curious to the laſt degree concerning the minuteſt circumſtance of my affairs, he was not content to learn them of me in our converſations; but, as I learned, never let ſlip an opportunity of being alone with my governante *, to interrogate her even importunately concerning my occupations, my reſources, my friends, my acquaintances, their names, ſituations, places of

* I had only one ſuch *tête-a-tête* with his governante, which was on her arrival in London. I muſt own it never entered into my head to talk to her upon any other ſubject than the concerns of M. Rouſſeau. HUME.

abode;

abode; nay, with the moſt jeſuitical addreſs, he would aſk the ſame queſtions of us ſeparately. One ought undoubtedly to intereſt one's ſelf in the affairs of a friend; but one ought to be ſatisfied with what he thinks proper to tell of them, eſpecially when people are ſo frank and confiding as I am. Indeed all this petty inquiſitiveneſs is very little becoming a philoſopher.

"About the ſame time I received two other letters which had been opened. The one from Mr. Boſwell, the ſeal of which was in ſo bad a condition, that Mr. Davenport, when he received it, made the ſame remark to Mr. Hume's ſervant. The other was from M. d'Ivernois, in Mr. Hume's packet: it had been ſealed up again by means of a hot iron, which, being aukwardly applied, had burnt the paper round the impreſſion. On this I wrote to Mr. Davenport, and deſired him to take charge of all letters which might be ſent to me, and to truſt none of them in any body's hands, under any pretext whatever. I know not whether Mr. Davenport, who certainly was far from thinking that precaution regarded Mr. Hume, ſhewed him my letter; but I know that Mr. Hume had every reaſon to think he had loſt my confidence, and that he proceeded nevertheleſs in his uſual manner, without troubling himſelf about the recovery of it.

"But what was to become of me, when I ſaw, in the public papers, the pretended letter of the King of Pruſſia, which I had never before ſeen; that

that fictitious letter, printed in French and Engliſh, given for genuine, even with the ſignature of the King, and in which I recognized the pen of M. d'Alembert as certainly as if I had ſeen him write it.

"In a moment, a ray of light diſcovered to me the ſecret cauſe of that touching and ſudden change in the Engliſh public reſpecting me; and I ſaw that the plot, which was put in execution at London, had been laid in Paris.

"M. d'Alembert, another intimate friend of Mr. Hume, had been long my ſecret enemy, and lay in watch for opportunities to injure me without expoſing himſelf. He was the only perſon among the men of letters, of my old acquaintance, who did not come to ſee me*, or ſend their civilities during my laſt journey through Paris; I knew his ſecret diſpoſition, but I gave myſelf very little trouble about it, contenting myſelf with occaſionally appriſing my friends of it. I remember, that being aſked about him one day by Mr. Hume, who afterwards aſked my governante the ſame queſtion; I told him that M. d'Alembert was a cunning, artful man. He contradicted me with a warmth that ſurpriſed me; who did not then know

* M. Rouſſeau declares himſelf to have been fatigued with the viſits he received: ought he, therefore, to complain that M. d'Alembert, whom he did not like, did not importune him with his? HUME.

that

that they ſtood ſo well with each other, and that it was his own cauſe he defended.

"The peruſal of the letter above mentioned alarmed me a good deal, when, perceiving that I had been brought over to England in conſequence of a project which began to be put in execution, but of the end of which I was ignorant, I felt the danger without knowing where it was, or on whom to rely. I then recollected four terrifying words which Mr. Hume had made uſe of, and of which I ſhall ſpeak hereafter. What could be thought of a paper in which my misfortunes were imputed to me as a crime, which tended, in the midſt of my diſtreſs, to deprive me of the compaſſion of the world, and, to render its effect ſtill more cruel, pretended to have been written by a prince who had afforded me protection? What could I divine would be the conſequence of ſuch a beginning? The people in England read the public papers, and are in nowiſe prepoſſeſſed in favour of foreigners. Even a coat, cut in a different faſhion from their own, is ſufficient to excite their ill-humour. What then had not a poor ſtranger to expect in his rural walks, the only pleaſures of his life, when the good people were perſuaded he was fond of being pelted with ſtones? Doubtleſs they would be ready enough to contribute to his favourite amuſement. But my concern, my profound and cruel concern, the bittereſt indeed I ever felt, did not ariſe from the danger to which I was expoſed. I had braved

too

too many others to be much moved by that. The treachery of a falſe friend * to which I had fallen a prey, was the circumſtance that filled my too ſuſceptible heart with deadly ſorrow. In the impetuoſity of its firſt emotions, of which I never yet was maſter, and of which my enemies have artfully taken the advantage, I wrote ſeveral letters full of diſtreſs, in which I did not diſguiſe either my uneaſineſs or indignation.

" I have, Sir, ſo many things to mention, that I forget half of them by the way. For inſtance, a narrative in form of a letter, on my mode of living at Montmorency, was given by the bookſellers to Mr. Hume, who ſhewed it me. I agreed to its being printed, and Mr. Hume undertook the care of editing it; but it never appeared. I had brought over with me a copy of the letters of M. du Peyrou, containing a relation of the treatment I had met with at Neufchatel. I gave them into the hands of the ſame bookſellers at their own requeſt, to have them tranſlated and reprinted. Mr. Hume charged himſelf with the care of them; but they never appeared †. The ſuppoſititious letter of the King

* This *falſe friend* is, undoubtedly, myſelf. But what is the *treachery?* What harm have I done, or could I do to M. Rouſſeau? On the ſuppoſition of my entering into a project to ruin him, how could I think to bring it about by the ſervices I did him? If M. Rouſſeau ſhould gain credit, I muſt be thought ſtill more weak than wicked. HUME.

† The bookſellers have lately informed me that the edition is finiſhed, and ready to be publiſhed. This may be; but it is too

King of Pruſſia, and its tranſlation, had no ſooner made their appearance, than I immediately comprehended why the other pieces had been ſuppreſſed *, and I wrote as much to the bookſellers. I wrote ſeveral other letters alſo, which probably were handed about London: till at length I employed the credit of a man of quality and merit, to inſert a declaration of the impoſture in the public papers. In this declaration, I concealed no part of my extreme concern; nor did I in the leaſt diſguiſe the cauſe.

"Hitherto Mr. Hume ſeems to have walked in darkneſs. You will ſoon ſee him appear in open day, and act without diſguiſe. We have only to act ingenuouſly towards cunning people: ſooner or later they will infallibly betray themſelves.

"When this pretended letter from the King of Pruſſia was firſt publiſhed in London, Mr. Hume, who certainly knew that it was fictitious, as I had told him ſo, ſaid nothing of the matter; he did not write to me, but was totally ſilent; and did not even think of making any declaration of the

too late, and what is ſtill worſe, it is too opportune for the purpoſe intended to be ſerved. ROUSSEAU.

* It is about four months ſince Mr. Becket, the bookſeller, told M. Rouſſeau that the publication of theſe pieces was retarded by the indiſpoſition of the tranſlator. As for any thing elſe, I never promiſed to take any charge of the edition, as Mr. Becket can teſtify. HUME.

truth,

truth, in favour of his abſent friend *. It anſwered his purpoſe better to let the report take its courſe, as he did.

" Mr. Hume having been my conductor into England, was in a manner my protector and patron. If it were natural in him to undertake my defence, it was not leſs ſo, that, when I had a public proteſtation to make, I ſhould addreſs myſelf to him; but having already ceaſed writing to him, I had no wiſh to renew our correſpondence. I addreſſed myſelf therefore to another perſon. This was the firſt ſlap on the face I gave my patron. He felt nothing of it.

" In ſaying that the letter was fabricated at Paris, it was of very little conſequence to me whether it was underſtood particularly of M. d'Alembert, or of Mr. Walpole, whoſe name he borrowed on the occaſion. But in adding that what afflicted and tore my heart was, that the impoſtor had got his accomplices in England, I expreſſed myſelf very clearly to their friend, who was in London, and was deſirous of paſſing for mine. For certainly he was the only perſon in England, whoſe hatred could afflict and rend my heart. This was the ſecond ſlap on the face I gave my patron. He felt nothing of it.

* Nobody could poſſibly be miſtaken with regard to the letter's being fictitious; beſides it was well known, that Mr. Walpole was the author of it. HUME.

" On

" On the contrary, he maliciouſly pretended, that my affliction aroſe ſolely from the publication of the above letter, in order to make me paſs for a vain man, who was exceſſively affected by ſatire. Whether I am vain or not, certain it is I was mortally afflicted: he knew it, and yet wrote me not a word. To this affectionate friend, who had ſo much at heart the filling of my purſe, it gave little trouble to think that my heart was bleeding with ſorrow.

" Another piece appeared ſoon after, in the ſame papers, by the author of the former, and ſtill, if poſſible, more cruel, in which the writer could not diſguiſe his rage at the reception I met with at Paris *. This, however, did not affect me; it told me nothing new. Libels may take their courſe without giving me any emotion; and the inconſtant public may amuſe themſelves as long as they pleaſe with the ſubject. This is not an affair of conſpirators, who, bent on the deſtruction of my honeſt fame, are determined by ſome means or other to effect it: it was neceſſary to change the battery.

" The affair of the penſion was not determined. It was not difficult, however, for Mr. Hume to obtain its ſettlement, from the humanity of the miniſter and the generoſity of the Prince. He was charged with informing me of it, and he did ſo. This, I muſt confeſs, was one of the critical mo-

* I knew nothing of this pretended libel. HUME.

ments

ments of my life. How much did it coſt me to do my duty. My preceding engagements, the neceſſity of ſhewing a due reſpect for the goodneſs of the King, the honour of being the object of his attentions and thoſe of his miniſter, with the deſire of ſhewing how ſenſible I was of both, and the advantage of being made a little more eaſy in circumſtances in the decline of life, ſurrounded as I was by enemies and evils; in fine, the embarraſſment I was under to find a decent excuſe for declining a benefit already half accepted: all theſe together made the neceſſity of that refuſal very difficult and cruel; for neceſſary it was, elſe I ſhould have been one of the baſeſt of mankind to have voluntarily laid myſelf under an obligation to a man who had betrayed me.

"I did my duty, though not without reluctance. I wrote immediately to General Conway, and, in the moſt civil and reſpectful manner poſſible, without giving an abſolute refuſal, excuſed myſelf from accepting the penſion for the preſent.

"Mr. Hume had been the negociator of this affair, and the only perſon who had ſpoke of it, Yet I not only did not give him any anſwer, though it was he who wrote to me on the ſubject, but did not even ſo much as mention him in my letter to General Conway. This was the third ſlap on the face I gave my patron; which, if he does not feel, it is certainly his own fault: he can feel nothing.

" My letter was not clear, nor could it be ſo to General Conway, who did not know the motives of my refuſal; but it was very plain to Mr. Hume, who knew them but too well. He nevertheleſs pretended to be deceived as well with regard to the cauſe of my diſcontent, as to that of my declining the penſion; and in a letter he wrote me on the occaſion, gave me to underſtand that the King's goodneſs might be continued towards me, if I would re-conſider the affair of the penſion. In a word, he ſeemed determined, at all events, to remain ſtill my patron, in ſpite of my teeth. You will imagine, Sir, he did not expect my anſwer; and he had none.

" Much about this time, for I do not know exactly the date, nor is ſuch preciſion neceſſary, appeared a letter from M. de Voltaire to me, with an Engliſh tranſlation, which ſtill improved on the original *. The noble object of this ingenious performance

* This piece of ſatire was addreſſed, *au Docteur Jean-Jacques Pauſophe*. Rouſſeau had accuſed Voltaire of being an atheiſt; and this gave riſe to the letter in which Voltaire is made to deny, that he is an atheiſt, either in his heart, or his books. It is particularly ſevere, as the following paragraph will ſhew:

" Judicieux admirateur de la bêtiſe et de la brutalité des ſauvages, vous avez crié contre les ſciences, et cultivé les ſciences. Vous avez traité les auteurs et les philoſophes comme charlatans; et pour prouver d'example, vous avez été auteur. Vous avez écrit contre la comédie, avec la dévotion d'un Capuchin, et vous avez fait de méchantes comédies. Vous avez regardé comme une choſe abominable qu'un ſatrape ou un Duc eût

formance was to draw on me the contempt and hatred of the people among whom I was come to reſide. I made not the leaſt doubt that my dear patron was one of the inſtruments of its publication; particularly when I ſaw that the writer, in endeavouring to alienate from me thoſe who might render my life agreeable, had omitted the name of him who brought me over. He doubtleſs knew that it was ſuperfluous, and that with regard to him, nothing more was neceſſary to be ſaid. The omiſſion of his name ſo impoliticly in this letter, recalled to my mind, what Tacitus ſays of the picture of Brutus, omitted in a funeral ſolemnity, viz. that every body took notice of the circumſtance, merely becauſe the picture was not there.

eût du ſuperflu, et vous avez copié de la muſique pour des ſatrapes ou des Ducs qui vous payoient avec ce ſuperflu. Vous avez barbouillé un Roman ennuyeux, ou un pedagogue ſuborne honnêtement ſa pupille en lui enſeignant la vertu; et la fille modeſte couche honnêtement avec le pédagogue; et elle ſouhaite de tout ſon cœur qu'il lui faſſe un enfant; et elle parle toujours de ſageſſe avec ſon *doux ami*; et elle devient femme, mere, et la plus tendre amie d'un époux qu'elle n'aime pourtant pas; et elle vit et meurt en raiſonnant, mais ſans vouloir prier Dieu. Docteur Panſophe, vous êtes fait le précepteur d'un certain Emile, que vous formez inſenſiblement par des moyens impraticables; et pour faire un bon chrétien, vous détruiſez la religion chrétienne. Vous profeſſez par-tout un ſincere attachement à la revélation, en prêchant le déiſme, ce qui n'empêche pas que chez vous les déiſtes et les philoſophes conſéquens ne ſoient des athées. J'admire, comme je le dois, tant de candeur et de juſteſſe d'eſprit; mais permittez-moi de grace de croire en Dieu. Vous pouvez être un ſophiſte, un mauvais raiſonneur, et par conſéquent un écrivain pour le moins inutile, ſans que je ſois un athée," &c. R.

" Mr. Hume then is not mentioned, but he lives and converſes with people that were mentioned. It is well known, that his friends are all my enemies,—the Fronchins, d'Alemberts, and Voltaires *: but it is much worſe in London, for here I have no enemies but what are his friends. For why, indeed, ſhould I have any other? Why ſhould I have even theſe? What have I done to Lord Littleton †, whom I don't even know? What have I done to Mr. Walpole, of whom I know as little? What do they know of me, except that I am unfortunate, and the friend of their friend Hume? What can he have ſaid to them, for it is only through him they know me? I can very well imagine that, conſidering the part he has to play, he does not unmaſk himſelf to every body; for then he would be diſguiſed to nobody. I can very well imagine that he does not ſpeak of me to General Conway, or the Duke of Richmond, as he does in his private converſations with Mr. Walpole,

* I have never been ſo happy as to meet with M. de Voltaire: he only did me the honour to write me a letter about three years ago. I never ſaw M. Fronchin in my life, nor ever had any correſpondence with him. Of M. d'Alembert's friendſhip, indeed, I am proud to make boaſt. HUME.

† M. Rouſſeau, ſeeing the letter addreſſed to him in the name of Voltaire advertiſed in the public papers, wrote to Mr. Davenport, who was then in London, to deſire he would bring it him. I told Mr. Davenport, that the printed copy was very faulty, but that I would aſk of Lord Littleton a manuſcript copy, which was correct. This is ſufficient to make M. Rouſſeau conclude, that Lord Littleton is his mortal enemy, and my intimate friend; and that we have formed a conſpiracy againſt him. He ought rather to have concluded that the printed copy could not come from me. HUME.

and

and his ſecret correſpondence with M. d'Alembert; but let any one obſerve the clue which has been unravelled at London ſince my arrival, and it will eaſily be ſeen whether Mr. Hume does not hold the principal thread.

"At length the moment arrived when it was thought proper to ſtrike the great blow; the effect of which was prepared by a new ſatirical piece, publiſhed in the newſpapers *. Had there remained in me the leaſt doubt, it would have been impoſſible to have harboured it after peruſing this piece, as it contained facts unknown to any body but Mr. Hume, though exaggerated, it is true, in order to render them odious to the public.

"It is ſaid in this paper that my door was open to the rich and ſhut to the poor. Where is the man who knows when my door was open or ſhut, except Mr. Hume, with whom I lived, and by whom every body was introduced that I ſaw? I will except one great perſonage, whom I gladly received without knowing him, and whom I ſhould ſtill have more gladly received if I had known him. It was Mr. Hume who told me his name, when he was gone; on which information I was really chagrined, that, as he deigned to mount up two pair of ſtairs, he was not received in the firſt floor.

"As to the poor I have nothing to ſay. I was conſtantly deſirous of ſeeing leſs company; but, un-

* I have never ſeen this piece, either before or after its publication; nor has it come to the knowledge of any perſon to whom I have ſpoken of it. HUME.

willing to diſpleaſe any one, I ſuffered myſelf to be directed by Mr. Hume, and received every body he introduced, without diſtinction, whether rich or poor.

" It is ſaid in the ſame piece, that I received my relations very coldly, *not to ſay any thing worſe.* This general charge relates to my having once received with ſome indifference the only relation I have out of Geneva, and that in the preſence of Mr. Hume *. It muſt neceſſarily be either Mr. Hume, or this relation, who furniſhed that piece of intelligence. Now, my couſin, whom I have always known for a friendly relative, and a worthy man, is incapable of furniſhing materials for public ſatires againſt me. Beſides, his ſituation in life confining him to the converſation of perſons in trade, he has no connection with men of letters, or paragraph writers, and ſtill leſs with ſatiriſts; ſo that the article could not come from him. At the worſt, can I help thinking that Mr. Hume muſt have endeavoured to take advantage of what he ſaid; and that he conſtrued it in a way the moſt favourable to his own purpoſe? It is not improper to add, that after my rupture with Mr. Hume, I wrote an account of it to my couſin.

" In fine, it is ſaid in the ſame paper, that I am apt to change my friends. No great ſubtlety is

* I was not preſent when M. Rouſſeau received his couſin: I only juſt ſaw them afterwards together for a moment on the terrace in Buckingham-ſtreet. Hume.

neceſſary to comprehend what this reflection was preparative to.

"But let us inquire into facts. I have preſerved ſome very valuable and ſolid friends for twenty-five or thirty years. I have others whoſe friendſhip is of a later date, but no leſs firm: and if I live, I may preſerve them ſtill longer. I have not found, indeed, the ſame ſecurity in general among thoſe friendſhips I have made with men of letters. I have for this reaſon ſometimes changed them, and ſhall always change them when they appear ſuſpicious: for I am determined never to have friends by way of ceremony; I wiſh to have them only with a view to ſhew them my affection.

"If ever I was fully and clearly convinced of any thing, I am convinced that Mr. Hume furniſhed the materials for the above paper. What is ſtill more, I have not only this abſolute conviction, but it is very clear to me that Mr. Hume intended I ſhould: for how can it be ſuppoſed that a man of his ſubtlety would expoſe himſelf thus, if he had wiſhed to conceal himſelf?—What was his deſign in it? Nothing is more clear. It was to raiſe my reſentment to the higheſt pitch, that he might, with greater eclat, ſtrike the blow he was preparing to give me. He knew, that, to make me commit a number of abſurdities, he had nothing more to do than to put me in a paſſion. We are now ar-

rived at the critical moment, which is to ſhew whether he reaſoned well or ill.

" It is neceſſary to have all the preſence of mind, all the phlegm and reſolution of Mr. Hume, to be able to take the part he took, after all that has paſſed between us. In the embarraſſment I was under, in writing to General Conway, I could make uſe only of obſcure expreſſions; to which Mr. Hume, in quality of my friend, gave what interpretation he pleaſed. Pretending, therefore, though he knew very well to the contrary, that it was the circumſtance of ſecrecy which gave me uneaſineſs, he obtained the promiſe of the General to endeavour to remove it; and then this ſtoical and truly unfeeling man wrote to me the moſt friendly letter, in which he informed me that he was exerting his endeavours to remove this clauſe; but that before any thing could be done, it was neceſſary to know whether I would accept without that condition, in order not to expoſe his Majeſty to a ſecond refuſal.

" This was the deciſive moment, the end and object of all his labours. An anſwer was required: he would have it. To prevent effectually my neglect of it, he ſent to Mr. Davenport a duplicate of his letter; and not content with that precaution, wrote me word, in another billet, that he could not poſſibly ſtay any longer in London to ſerve me. I was giddy with amazement, on reading this note.

Never

Never in my life did I meet with any thing ſo unaccountable.

" At length he obtained from me the ſo much deſired anſwer, and began preſently to triumph. Already, in writing to Mr. Davenport, he had treated me as a brutal man, and a monſter of ingratitude. But he wanted to do ſtill more. He thinks his meaſures well taken, and no proofs can be made to appear againſt him. He demands an explanation: he ſhall have it, and here it is.

" That laſt ſtroke was a maſter-piece. He himſelf proves every thing, and that beyond reply.

" I will ſuppoſe, though by way of impoſſibility, that my complaints againſt Mr. Hume never reached his ears; that he knew nothing of them; but was as perfectly ignorant of them, as if he had held no cabal with thoſe who are acquainted with them. —as completely as if he had reſided all the while in China *. Yet our behaviour to each other; the laſt ſtriking words which I ſaid to him in London; the letter which followed replete with fears and anxiety; my perſevering ſilence, more expreſſive than words; my public and bitter complaints with regard to the letter of M. d'Alembert; my letter to the Miniſter, who did not write

* How could I divine ſuch chimerical ſuſpicions? Mr. Davenport, the only perſon of my acquaintance who then ſaw M. Rouſſeau, aſſures me, that he was perfectly ignorant of them himſelf. HUME.

to

to me, in anſwer to that which Mr. Hume wrote to me himſelf, and in which I did not mention him; and in fine my refuſal, without deigning to addreſs myſelf to him, to acquieſce in an affair which he had managed in my favour, with my own privity, and without any oppoſition on my part: all this muſt have ſpoken in a very forcible manner, I will not ſay to any perſon of the leaſt ſenſibility, but to every man of common ſenſe.

"Strange, that after I had broken off all correſpondence with him for three months; after I had made no anſwer to any one of his letters, however important the ſubject of it,—ſurrounded as I was by both public and private marks of that affliction which his infidelity occaſioned,—this man, of ſo penetrating a genius when he pleaſes, and yet ſo dull as if by nature, ſhould ſee nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing, be moved at nothing; but without one word of complaint, juſtification, or explanation, ſhould continue to give the moſt ſtriking marks of his good will to ſerve me, in ſpite of myſelf! He wrote to me affectionately, that he could not ſtay any longer in London to do me ſervice; as if we had agreed that he ſhould ſtay there for that purpoſe! This blindneſs, this inſenſibility, this obſtinacy, are not in nature; they muſt be accounted for from other motives. Let us ſet his behaviour in a ſtill clearer light; for this is the deciſive point.

"Mr. Hume muſt neceſſarily have acted in this affair, either as one of the firſt or laſt of mankind. There

There is no medium. It remains to determine which of the two it is.

" Could Mr. Hume, after ſo many inſtances of diſdain on my part, have ſtill the aſtoniſhing generoſity to perſevere ſincerely in ſerving me? He knew it was impoſſible for me to accept his good offices, while I entertained for him ſuch ſentiments as I had conceived. He had himſelf avoided an explanation. So that to ſerve me without juſtifying himſelf, would have been to render his ſervices uſeleſs; this, therefore, was no generoſity.

" If he ſuppoſed that in ſuch circumſtances I ſhould have accepted his ſervices, he muſt have believed me to have been a villain. It was then in behalf of a man whom he ſuppoſed to be a ſcoundrel, that he ſo warmly ſolicited a penſion from his Majeſty. Can any thing be imagined more extravagant?

" But, ſuppoſe that Mr. Hume, conſtantly purſuing his plan, ſhould only have ſaid to himſelf, This is the moment for its execution; for, by preſſing Rouſſeau to accept the penſion, he will be reduced either to accept or refuſe it. If he accepts it, I ſhall, with the proofs I have in hand againſt him, be able completely to diſgrace him: if he refuſes after having accepted it, he will have no pretext, but muſt give a reaſon for ſuch refuſal. This

This is what I expect: if he accuſes me, he is ruined.

" If, I ſay, Mr. Hume reaſoned with himſelf in this manner, he did what was conſiſtent with his plan, and in that caſe very natural. Indeed, this is the only way in which his conduct in the affair can be explained, for upon any other ſuppoſition it is inexplicable: if this be not demonſtrable, nothing ever was.

" The critical ſituation to which he had now reduced me, recalled ſtrongly to my mind the four words which I mentioned above, and which I heard him ſay and repeat, at a time when I did not comprehend their full force. It was the firſt night after our departure from Paris. We ſlept in the ſame chamber, when, during the night, I heard him ſeveral times cry out with great vehemence, in the French language, *I have you, Rouſſeau.* I know not whether he was awake or aſleep *.

" The expreſſion was remarkable in the mouth of a man, who is too well acquainted with the French language to be miſtaken with regard to the force or choice of words. I took theſe words,

* I cannot anſwer for every thing I may ſay in my ſleep, and much leſs am I conſcious whether or not I dream in French. But as M. Rouſſeau did not know whether I was aſleep or awake, when I pronounced theſe terrible words with ſuch a terrible voice, how is he certain that he himſelf was well awake when he heard them? HUME.

however,

however, and I could not then take them otherwiſe than in a favourable ſenſe, although the tone of voice indicated this leſs than the expreſſion. It was indeed a tone of which it is impoſſible for me to give any idea; but it correſponded exactly with thoſe terrible looks I have before mentioned. At every repetition of theſe words I was ſeized with a ſhuddering and horror I could not reſiſt; though a moment's recollection reſtored me, and made me ſmile at my terror. The next day, all this was ſo perfectly obliterated, that I did not even once think of it during my ſtay in London and its neighbourhood. It was not till my arrival in this place, that ſo many things have contributed to recal theſe words to my mind; and indeed recal them every moment.

"Theſe words, the tone of which dwells on my heart, as if I had but juſt heard them; the long and fatal looks ſo frequently caſt on me; the patting me on the back, with the repetition of *my dear Sir*, in anſwer to my ſuſpicions of his being a traitor: all this affects me to ſuch a degree, after what preceded, that the recollection, had I no other cauſe, would be ſufficient to prevent all return of confidence: not a night indeed paſſes but I think I hear, *I have you, Rouſſeau*, ring in my ears, as if he had juſt pronounced them.

"Yes, Mr. Hume, I know you *have me;* but that only by mere externals: you have me in the public opinion and judgment of mankind. You have

have my reputation, and perhaps my ſecurity. The general prepoſſeſſion is in your favour; it will be very eaſy for you to make me paſs for the monſter, you have begun to repreſent me; and I already ſee the barbarous exultation of my implacable enemies. The public will no longer ſpare me, and without any farther inquiry; every body is on the ſide of thoſe who have conferred favours, becauſe each is deſirous to attract the ſame good offices, by diſplaying a ſenſibility of the obligation. I foreſee readily the conſequences of all this, particularly in the country to which you have conducted me; and where, being without friends and a ſtranger to every body, I lie almoſt entirely at your mercy. The ſenſible part of mankind, however, will comprehend that I muſt have been ſo far from ſeeking this affair, that nothing more terrible could poſſibly have happened to me in my preſent ſituation. They will perceive that nothing but my invincible averſion to all kind of falſehood, and the impoſſibility of my profeſſing a regard for a perſon who had forfeited it, could have prevented diſſimulation on my part, at a time when my intereſts made it, on ſo many accounts, a law. But the ſenſible part of mankind are few in number, nor do they make a noiſe in the world.

"Yes, Mr. Hume, you *have me* by all the ties of this life; but you have no power over my probity or my fortitude, which being independent either of you or of mankind, I will preſerve in ſpite of you. Think not to frighten me with the fortune that awaits

awaits me. I know the opinions of mankind. I am accuſtomed to their injuſtice, and have learned to care little about it. If you have taken your reſolution, as I have reaſon to believe you have, be aſſured mine is alſo taken. I am feeble indeed in body, but my ſtrength of mind was never greater.—Mankind may ſay and do what they pleaſe. It is of little conſequence to me; but it is of conſequence to me, that I ſhould end as I have begun; that I ſhould maintain my rectitude and candour to the end, whatever may happen; and that I ſhould have no cauſe to reproach myſelf either with meanneſs in adverſity, or inſolence in proſperity. Whatever diſgrace may attend, or misfortune threaten me, I am prepared. Though I am to be pitied, I am much leſs ſo than you; and all the revenge I ſhall take on you, is, to leave you the tormenting conſciouſneſs of being obliged, in ſpite of yourſelf, to reſpect the unfortunate perſon you have oppreſſed.

"In concluding this letter, I am ſurpriſed at my having been able to write it. If it were poſſible to die with grief, every line was ſufficient to kill me. Every circumſtance of the affair is equally incomprehenſible. Such conduct as yours is not in nature: it is contradictory, and yet it is demonſtrable. On each ſide of me there is an abyſs, and I am loſt in one or the other.

"If you are guilty, I am the moſt unfortunate of mankind; if you are innocent, I am the moſt culpable.

culpable. You even make me deſire to be that contemptible object. Yes, the ſituation to which you ſee me reduced, proſtrate at your feet, crying out for mercy, and doing every thing to obtain it; publiſhing aloud my own unworthineſs, and paying the moſt marked homage to your virtues, would be to my heart a ſtate of joy and genial emotion, after the ſtate of reſtraint and mortification into which you have plunged me.

"I have but one word more to ſay. If you are guilty, write to me no more: it would be ſuperfluous, for certainly you could not deceive me. If you are innocent, deign to juſtify yourſelf. I know my duty; I love, and ſhall always love it, however difficult and ſevere. There is no ſtate of abjection from which a heart, not formed for it, may not recover. Once again, I ſay, if you are innocent, deign to juſtify yourſelf; if you are not, adieu for ever.

"JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU."

After heſitating ſome time whether he ſhould make any reply to this ſtrange memorial, Hume at laſt reſolved to write to Rouſſeau, as follows:

Liſle ſtreet, Leiceſter-fields,
"SIR, July 22, 1766.

"I ſhall only anſwer one article of your long letter: it is that which regards the converſation we had the evening before your departure. Mr. Davenport had contrived a good-natured artifice, to make

you believe that a retour chaiſe was ready to ſet out for Wooton; and I believe he cauſed an advertiſement be put in the papers, in order the better to deceive you. His purpoſe only was to ſave you ſome expences in the journey, which I thought a laudable project; though I had no hand either in contriving or conducting it. You entertained, however, a ſuſpicion of his deſign, while we were ſitting alone by my fire-ſide; and you reproached me with concurring in it. I endeavoured to pacify you, and to divert the diſcourſe; but to no purpoſe. You ſat ſullen, and was either ſilent, or made me very peeviſh anſwers. At laſt you roſe up, and took a turn or two about the room; when all of a ſudden, and to my great ſurpriſe, you clapped yourſelf on my knee, threw your arms about my neck, kiſſed me with ſeeming ardour, and bedewed my face with tears. You exclaimed, "My dear friend, can you "ever pardon this folly! After all the pains you "have taken to ſerve me, after the numberleſs in- "ſtances of friendſhip you have given me, here I "reward you with this ill-humour and ſullenneſs. "But your forgiveneſs of me will be a new in- "ſtance of your friendſhip; and I hope you will "find at bottom, that my heart is not unworthy "of it."

"I was very much affected, I own; and I believe a very tender ſcene paſſed between us. You added, by way of compliment no doubt, that though I had many better titles to recommend me to poſterity, yet perhaps my uncommon attachment

to a poor unhappy and perſecuted man would not be altogether overlooked.

" This incident was ſomewhat remarkable; and it is impoſſible that either you or I could ſo ſoon have forgot it. But you have had the aſſurance to tell me the ſtory twice, in a manner ſo different, or rather ſo oppoſite, that when I perſiſt, as I do, in this account, it neceſſarily follows that either you are, or I am, a liar. You imagine, perhaps, that becauſe the incident paſſed privately without a witneſs, the queſtion will lie between the credibility of your aſſertion and of mine. But you ſhall not have this advantage or diſadvantage, which ever you are pleaſed to term it. I ſhall produce againſt you other proofs, which will put the matter beyond controverſy.

" Firſt, You are not aware, that I have a letter under your hand, which is totally irreconcilable with your account, and confirms mine *.

" Secondly, I told the ſtory the next day, or the day after, to Mr. Davenport, with a view of preventing any ſuch good-natured artifices for the future. He ſurely remembers it.

* That of the 22d of March, which is full of cordiality, and proves that M. Rouſſeau had never, to that moment, entertained any of thoſe black ſuſpicions of perfidy which he publiſhes at preſent. There is only in that letter a peeviſh paſſage about the affair of his chaiſe. HUME.

" Thirdly,

"Thirdly, as I thought the ſtory much to your honour, I told it to ſeveral of my friends here. I even wrote an account of it to Mad. de Boufflers at Paris. I believe no one will imagine that I was preparing before-hand an apology, in caſe of a rupture with you; which, of all human events, I ſhould then have thought the moſt incredible, eſpecially as we were ſeparated almoſt for ever, and I ſtill continued to render you the moſt eſſential ſervices.

"Fourthly, The ſtory, as I tell it, is conſiſtent and rational: there is not common ſenſe in your account. What! becauſe ſometimes, when abſent in thought, (a circumſtance common enough with men whoſe minds are intenſely occupied,) I have a fixed look or ſtare, you ſuſpect me to be a traitor, and you have the aſſurance to tell me of ſuch black and ridiculous ſuſpicions! For you do not even pretend that before you left London you had any other ſolid grounds of ſuſpicion againſt me.

"I ſhall enter into no detail with regard to your letter: you yourſelf well know, that all the other articles of it are without foundation. I ſhall only add in general, that I enjoyed about a month ago an uncommon pleaſure, in thinking that, in ſpite of many difficulties, I had, by aſſiduity and care, and even beyond my moſt ſanguine expectations, provided for your repoſe, honour, and fortune. But that pleaſure was ſoon embittered, by finding, that you had voluntarily and wantonly thrown away

all thoſe advantages, and was become the declared enemy of your own repoſe, fortune, and honour: I cannot be ſurpriſed after this that you are my enemy. Adieu, and for ever.

"D. H."

Not content with writing this exculpatory letter, Mr. Hume called on Mr. Horace Walpole, to ſtate publicly the concern he had in the affair; and an epiſtolary correſpondence took place between theſe two gentlemen, which nearly terminated in an open rupture.

Mr. HUME to Mr. WALPOLE.

"Dear Sir,

"When I came home laſt night, I found on my table a very long letter from d'Alembert, who tells me, that on receiving from me an account of my affair with Rouſſeau, he ſummoned a meeting of all my literary friends at Paris, and found them all unanimouſly of the ſame opinion with himſelf, and of a contrary opinion to me with regard to my conduct. They all think I ought to give to the public a narrative of the whole. However, I perſiſt ſtill more cloſely in my firſt opinion, eſpecially after receiving the laſt mad letter. D'Alembert tells me, that it is of great importance for me, to juſtify myſelf from having any hand in the letter from the King of Pruſſia. I am told by Crawford, that you had wrote it a fortnight before I left Paris, but did not ſhew it to a mortal, for fear of hurting me; a delicacy of which I am very ſenſible. Pray

recollect if it was ſo. Though I do not intend to publiſh, I am collecting all the original pieces, and I ſhall connect them by a conciſe narrative. It is neceſſary for me to have that letter, and Rouſſeau's anſwer. Pray, aſſiſt me in this work. About what time, do you think, were they printed?

"I am, &c."

To this letter Mr. Walpole ſent the following anſwer, which Hume inſerted in the *Expoſe* he publiſhed, with the exception of the firſt paragraph, and the concluding ſentence*; an omiſſion which gave much offence to the former gentleman.

"Dear Sir, Arlington-Street, July 26, 1766.

"Your ſet of literary friends are what a ſet of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly abſurd. They hold a conſiſtory to conſult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very neceſſary for your character, to give them the pleaſure of ſeeing Rouſſeau expoſed; not becauſe he has provoked you, but them. If Rouſſeau prints, you muſt; but I certainly would not, till he does.

"I cannot be preciſe as to the time of my writing the King of Pruſſia's letter; but I do aſſure you with the utmoſt truth, that it was ſeveral days before you left Paris, and before Rouſſeau's arrival there, of which I can give you a ſtrong proof, for I not only ſuppreſſed the letter while you ſtaid there, out

* See Appendix, No. III.

of delicacy to you; but it was the reaſon why, out of delicacy to myſelf, I did not go to ſee him, as you often propoſed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial viſit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear Sir, to make uſe of what I ſay in your juſtification, either to Rouſſeau, or to any body elſe. I ſhould be very ſorry to have you blamed on my account; I have a hearty contempt of Rouſſeau, and am perfectly indifferent what the literati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their poſſeſſor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and moſt ungrateful heart, as Rouſſeau has ſhewn in your caſe into the bargain, he will have my ſcorn likewiſe, as he will of all good and ſenſible men. You may truſt your ſentence to ſuch, who are as reſpectable judges as any that have poręd over ten thouſand more volumes. Yours, &c.

"P. S. I will look out the letter and the dates as ſoon as I go to Strawberry-hill."

All hopes of accommodating the unfortunate difference between Hume and Rouſſeau having vaniſhed, it ſoon came to the knowledge of the public, who felt an intereſt in it, proportioned to the celebrity of the perſonages concerned. Both parties thought it incumbent on them to juſtify themſelves; and, with this view, Rouſſeau wrote letters to ſeveral of their common friends, detailing all

all the circumſtances of his ſtory. With ſome of them, however, he does not ſeem to have been very ſucceſsful, as appears from the following reply to a letter from the Marchioneſs de Verdelin in Auguſt 1766.

"——You aſk, what are the wrongs of which I accuſe Mr. Hume? Wrongs! no, Madam, that is not a proper term. A proper term exiſts not in the French language; and, for the honour of human nature, I hope, that it exiſts not in any language.

"Mr. Hume has promiſed to publiſh all the papers relating to this affair. If he keeps his word, you will ſee, in the letter I wrote him on the 10th July, the particulars you require, at leaſt enough to render more of them ſuperfluous, You alſo ſee his public conduct ſince my laſt letter: it ſpeaks, I think, ſufficiently clear, to preclude the neceſſity of my ſaying any thing more.—— Duty, however, requires of me, Madam, to examine what you allege againſt me on this ſubject.

"Whether the forged letter of the King of Pruſſia was the production of M. d'Alembert, the friend of Mr. Hume,—or of Mr. Walpole, the friend of Mr. Hume,—is not the point on which the queſtion reſts. It is, whether Mr. Hume was the accomplice of the author of that letter, whoever he was. You inſinuate, that

Mad. du Deffand had a ſhare in that letter:—Well; but two other pieces ſucceſſively inſerted in the ſame papers, and from the ſame hand, are not ſurely the labours of a female; and as to Mr. Walpole, all I can ſay is, that I muſt certainly be badly acquainted with ſtyle, to take the French of an Engliſhman, for the French of M. d'Alembert.

"Your objection, drawn from the known character of Mr. Hume, is very ſtrong, and will ever ſurpriſe me. Nothing leſs than what I have ſeen of an oppoſite character, was neceſſary to produce a belief in it. All I can conclude from this contradiction is, that apparently Mr. Hume has never hated any one but me;—but what hatred! what profound art to conceal it, and to ſatiate it! Can the ſame heart ſuffice for two ſuch paſſions!

"You are told that I have vowed an implacable hatred againſt Mr. Hume, becauſe he wiſhed to diſhonour me by forcing me to accept benefits. Do you know, Madam, what Lord Mariſchal, to whom you referred me, would have done, if they had told the ſame thing to him? He would have anſwered, that it was not true, and would not even have deigned to mention it to me.

"All that you add on the honour which a penſion from the King of England would have done me, is very juſt. It is only ſurpriſing that you thought you had need of mentioning theſe things to me.

me. To convince you, Madam, that I think exactly as you do on the point, I ſend you ſubjoined a copy of a Letter, which I wrote about three months ago to General Conway; in which I felt indeed much embarraſſment, as I knew the treaſons of Mr. Hume, and yet did not wiſh to name him. The queſtion is not, whether this penſion would have been honourable to me, but if I ought to have accepted it at any price,—even that of infamy.

"When you aſk, where is the ſubject who would dare to ſolicit his maſter in behalf of a man whom he wanted to diſgrace; you do not perceive that he employed this ſolicitation as the principal means of acuſing me ſoon afterwards of the blackeſt ingratitude. If Mr. Hume himſelf had laboured publicly to diſgrace me, you would be in the right; but it is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe that he executed fooliſhly a project ſo profoundly meditated. The objection would be good alſo, if, known a long time ago to Mr. Hume, I had been unknown to the King of England and his court; but your letter even owns the contrary. The whole court of England ſays now, *This poor man! he thought that all the world reſembled himſelf: we have been deceived in this* [illegible] *well as he.*

"In the plan which was formed and ſo fully executed, to make a ſhow of ſerving me in public with the greateſt oſtentation, and of defaming me afterwards with the greateſt addreſs, it was neceſſary to

to write and ſpeak honourably of me. Would you have him ſpeak ill of a man, for whom he affected ſo much friendſhip?—That would have been to contradict himſelf, and play his part very ill. He wanted to appear to have been entirely my dupe; he prepared the objection you make to me to-day. You refer me on what you call my wrongs, to Lord Mariſchal, to judge of them. Lord Mariſchal is too wiſe to believe that he can ſee better than I what paſſes on the ſpot where I ſtand; and when a man buries with redoubled blows a poignard in my breaſt, I am in no need, in order to know if he has touched me, to go and aſk another.

"Let us, I beſeech you, ſay no more in future on this ſubject. To you, Madam, I acknowledge all my weakneſs. *If I did not know that Mr. Hume will be unmaſked before his death, I ſhould have a difficulty to believe in Providence.*"

The extenſive correſpondence which Rouſſeau had on the continent, enabled him to circulate every where his complaint, and he generally affected the greateſt anxiety that all letters to him ſhould have an envelope addreſſed to another, leſt they ſhould be kidnapped or opened. He wrote to M. Guy, a bookſeller at Paris, who was engaged in printing his Dictionary of Muſic; and in this, as in all his other letters, he accuſed Hume of having entered into a league with his enemies to betray and defame him, and challenged him to print the papers

papers which had paſſed between them. Guy communicated the letter to ſeveral perſons at Paris, and a tranſlation of it was inſerted in the newſpapers at London.

The publicity of this accuſation overcame the ſcruples which Mr. Hume felt in laying the matter before the world, as longer ſilence might be conſtrued to his diſadvantage. In the beginning of the rupture, he had deemed it a duty which he owed to his friends, to draw up and communicate to them a narrative of his connection with Rouſſeau; but he had hitherto reſiſted their ſolicitations to print it. This narrative was now tranſlated into French, and publiſhed by his friends at Paris *. It was immediately tranſlated into Engliſh, under Hume's own eye, who took the precaution to depoſit all the original letters in the Britiſh Muſeum. "The perſons," ſays he, in the concluſion of this narrative, "to whom I have ſhown the original papers which authenticate the facts I have related, differed very much in their opinion, as well of the uſe I ought to make of them, as of M. Rouſſeau's preſent ſentiments, and the ſtate of his mind. Some of them have maintained, that he is inſincere in his quarrel with me, and his opinion of my guilt; and that the whole is to be aſcribed to that exceſſive pride, which forms the baſis of his character, and which leads him to ſeek the eclat of refuſing the King of England's bounty, and at the ſame time to ſhake off

* It is printed at length in the Appendix to this work, No. III.

the

the inſupportable burden of an obligation to me, by every ſacrifice of honour, truth, and friendſhip, as well as of intereſt. They reſt their ſentiments on the abſurdity of that firſt ſuppoſition on which he grounds his anger; I mean, that I cauſed print Mr. Walpole's piece of pleaſantry, which M. Rouſſeau himſelf well knew had been circulated every where at London as well as at Paris. As this propoſition is, on the one hand, contrary to common ſenſe, and, on the other, is unſupported by the ſlighteſt probability, they conclude that it never had any weight even with M. Rouſſeau himſelf. In this opinion they are confirmed, by the crowd of fictions and lies which M. Rouſſeau employs to juſtify his reſentment, lies reſpecting matters as to which it was impoſſible for him to be miſtaken. They urge alſo his zeal, cheerfulneſs, and gaiety, in oppoſition to that profound melancholy with which he pretended to be oppreſſed. It would be ſuperfluous to add, that the mode of reaſoning, which prevails in all his accuſations, is too abſurd to convince any one.

" Although M. Rouſſeau may appear to make in this matter a conſiderable ſacrifice of his intereſt, it is to be obſerved that money is not always the prime mover of human actions: there are men on whom vanity has a more powerful influence, and that is the caſe of this philoſopher. An oſtentatious refuſal of a penſion from the King of England, an oſtentation which he has often ſought with reſpect to other princes, might alone be a ſufficient motive for his conduct.

" Others

"Others of my friends view this affair with more indulgence, and regard M. Rouſſeau as an object of pity, rather than of indignation. They ſuppoſe that pride and ingratitude form the baſis of his character; but they are at the ſame time diſpoſed to believe that his reſtleſs mind, once ſet a-float, is led aſide by the current of his humours and paſſions. The abſurdity of his allegations is not, according to them, a proof that he is inſincere. He imagines himſelf the only important being in the univerſe, and believes that all mankind are in a conſpiracy againſt him. His greateſt benefactor, being the perſon who moſt hurts his pride, becomes the principal object of his animoſity. It is true, that, in order to ſupport theſe eccentricities, he employs fictions and lies; but this is ſo common a reſource with thoſe weak heads which float continually between reaſon and folly, that nobody can be ſurpriſed at it.

"I own that I am inclined to this latter opinion; though, at the ſame time, I doubt much whether, in any period of his life, M. Rouſſeau was ever more in his ſenſes, than he is at preſent. Even in thoſe ſtrange letters which he has written me on the ſubject, there are conſpicuous traces of his eloquence and genius. He has often told me, that he was compoſing Memoirs of his life, in which juſtice would be done to himſelf, his friends, and his enemies; and as Mr. Davenport tells me, that ſince his return to Wooton he has been much occupied in writing, I have reaſon to conclude that he is finiſhing that work. Nothing could be more unexpected by me, than

than to paſs ſo ſuddenly from the claſs of his friends to that of his enemies; but this tranſition being once made, I muſt expect to be treated accordingly. If his Memoirs ſhould appear after my death, there would be none to juſtify my memory, by being able to tell the truth: if they are publiſhed after the death of the author, my juſtification would thereby loſe great part of its authenticity. This reflection has induced me to collect all the circumſtances of the tranſaction into a narrative, that I may ſhew it to my friends, and make uſe of it hereafter as they and I may judge proper. But I am ſo attached to peace, that neceſſity only, or the moſt cogent reaſons, could have determined me to bring this diſpute before the public."

To this pamphlet a declaration by M. d'Alembert, diſclaiming any ſhare in the tranſaction, was annexed by the French editors. "I have," ſaid that Academician, "learned from Mr. Hume with the greateſt ſurpriſe, that M. Rouſſeau accuſes me of being the author of the ironical letter addreſſed to him in the public papers, under the name of the King of Pruſſia. Every body knows, both at Paris and at London, that the letter was written by Mr. Walpole, who does not diſown it. He acknowledges only, that he was a little aſſiſted, with reſpect to the ſtile, by a perſon whom he does not name, but whom perhaps he ought to name. As to myſelf, on whom the public ſuſpicion could never have fallen in this matter, I am not at all acquainted with Mr. Walpole: I do not even believe

I ever ſpoke to him; having only happened to meet once occaſionally on a viſit. I have not only had not the ſmalleſt concern, either directly or indirectly, with the letter in queſtion, but I can mention above a hundred perſons, among the friends as well as enemies of M. Rouſſeau, who have heard me greatly diſapprove of it; becauſe, as I ſaid, we ought not to ridicule the unfortunate, eſpecially when they have done us no harm. Beſides, my reſpect for the King of Pruſſia, and the acknowledgments I owe him, might, I think, have perſuaded M. Rouſſeau, that I would not have taken ſuch a liberty with the name of that Prince, even though in pleaſantry.

" I may add, that I never was an enemy to M. Rouſſeau, either open or ſecret, as he pretends; and I defy him to produce the leaſt evidence of my having ever endeavoured to injure him in any ſhape whatever. I can prove to the contrary, by the moſt reſpectable witneſſes, that I have always ſought to oblige him, whenever it lay in my power.

" As to my pretended *ſecret correſpondence* with Mr. Hume, it is very certain that we did not begin to write to each other, till about five or ſix months after his departure, on occaſion of the quarrel between him and M. Rouſſeau, and into which the latter thought proper to introduce me ſo gratuitouſly."

Mr.

Mr. Hume, who had gone to Scotland, thought it his duty to appriſe Mr. Walpole of the uſe made of his letter, as follows:

"Dear Sir, Edinburgh, Oct. 30, 1766.

"A few poſts ago I had a letter from M. d'Alembert, by which I learn that he and my other friends at Paris had determined to publiſh an account of my rupture with Rouſſeau, in conſequence of a general diſcretionary power which I had given them. The narrative they publiſh is the ſame with that which I left with Lord Hertford, and which I believe you have ſeen. It conſiſts chiefly of original papers, connected by a ſhort recital of facts. I made a few alterations, and M. d'Alembert tells me he has made a few more, with my permiſſion, and at my deſire. Among the papers publiſhed is your letter to me, juſtifying my innocence with regard to the King of Pruſſia's letter. You permitted me to make what uſe of it I pleaſed for my own apology, and as I knew that you could have no reaſon for concealing it, I inſerted it without ſcruple in the narrative. My Pariſian friends are to accompany the whole with a preface, giving an account of my reluctance to this publication, but of the neceſſity which they found of extorting my conſent. It appears particularly, that my antagoniſt had wrote letters of defiance againſt me all over Europe, and ſaid that the letter he wrote me was ſo confounding to me, that I would not dare to ſhew it to any one without falſifying it. Theſe letters were likely to make

make impreſſion, and my ſilence might be conſtrued into a proof of guilt. I am ſure, that my friends have judged impartially in this affair, and without being actuated by any prejudice or paſſion of their own; for almoſt all of them were at firſt as averſe as I was to the publication, and only proceeded to it upon the apparent neceſſity which they diſcovered. I have not ſeen the preface; but the book will probably be ſoon in London, and I hope you will find that the reaſons aſſigned by my friends are ſatisfactory. They have taken upon them the blame, if any appears to lie in this meaſure. I am, with great truth and ſincerity, Dear Sir, &c."

As ſoon as a copy of the *Expoſé* reached Mr. Hume, he wrote the following letter to Mr. Walpole:

"DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, 4th Nov. 1766.

"Yeſterday I received by the poſt a copy of the edition, printed at Paris, of my narrative of this ridiculous affair between Rouſſeau and me. There is an introduction in the name of my friends, giving an account of the neceſſity under which they found themſelves to publiſh this narrative; and an appendix in D'Alembert's name, proteſting his innocence with regard to all the imputations thrown on him by Rouſſeau. I have no objection with regard to the firſt, but the ſecond contains a clauſe which diſpleaſes me very much, but which you will probably only laugh at: it is that where he blames the King

of Pruſſia's letter as cruel. What could engage D'Alembert to uſe this freedom, I cannot imagine. Is it poſſible, that a man of his ſuperior parts can bear you ill will becauſe you are the friend of his enemy, Madame du Deffand? What makes me ſuſpect, that there may be ſomething true of this ſuſpicion is, that ſeveral paſſages in my narrative, in which I mention you and that letter, are all altered in the tranſlation, and rendered much leſs obliging than I wrote them: for my narrative ſent to Paris was an exact copy of that left in Lord Hertford's hands. I would give any thing to prevent a publication in London (for ſurely the whole affair will appear perfectly ridiculous); but I am afraid that a book printed at Paris will be tranſlated in London, if there be hopes of ſelling a hundred copies of it. For this reaſon, I fancy it will be better for me to take care that a proper edition be publiſhed, in which caſe I ſhall give orders that all the paſſages altered in my narrative ſhall be reſtored."

Madame du Deffand, mentioned in the preceding letter, had been, for the ſhort ſpace of a fortnight, miſtreſs of the Regent Duc d'Orleans. She was now become ſtone-blind: yet, notwithſtanding this misfortune and her extreme old age, ſhe retained all her former wit and vivacity. Her memory and judgment were unimpaired, and ſhe could ſtill contrive to make herſelf agreeable: even thoſe paſſions, to which ſenility is generally reckoned unfriendly, had not forſaken the breaſt of Madame du Deffand. She was ſeen at the play, the opera, and Verſailles;

failles; ſhe made ſongs and epigrams, and gave ſuppers twice a week, to which the literati of Paris, and among others D'Alembert, reſorted; for it was in the company of theſe modern Aſpaſias, that the *gens de lettres* of the French capital ſpent their moments of leiſure and enjoyment. This lady uſed to write very pretty letters to Voltaire, in which ſhe contradicted him without ceremony, for, as ſhe was no bigot to any creed, ſhe laughed both at the clergy and the philoſophers.

A young lady who reſided with Madame du Deffand, left her in conſequence of ſome difference between them, and ſet up for herſelf. D'Alembert, who had been a frequent viſitor at Madame's, now abſented himſelf from her parties, and paid court to the young one; Walpole, it ſeems, kept by the old lady, from gratitude or generoſity: hence the alluſion to the poſſibility of D'Alembert being influenced by pique towards Walpole; an alluſion for which Mr. Hume appears to have had very little foundation.

Mr. Walpole, on receiving Mr. Hume's letter of the 30th Oct. immediately ſent him the following anſwer:

" DEAR SIR, Nov. 6, 1766.

" You have, I own, ſurpriſed me by ſuffering your quarrel with Rouſſeau to be printed, contrary to your determination when you left London, and

againſt the advice of all your beſt friends here; I may add, contrary to your own nature, which has always inclined you to deſpiſe literary ſquabbles, the jeſt and ſcorn of all men of ſenſe. Indeed I am ſorry you have let yourſelf be over-perſuaded, and ſo are all that I have ſeen who wiſh you well; I ought rather to uſe your own word *extorted*. You ſay your Pariſian friends extorted your conſent to this publication. I believe ſo. Your good ſenſe could not approve what your good heart could not refuſe. You add, that they told you *Rouſſeau had ſent letters of defiance againſt you all over Europe*. Good God! my dear Sir, could you pay any regard to ſuch fuſtian? All Europe laughs at being dragged every day into theſe idle quarrels, with which Europe only wipes its b—ſ—e. Your friends talk as loftily as of a challenge between Charles V. and Francis I. What are become of all the controverſies ſince the days of Scaliger and Scioppius of Billingſgate memory? Why, they ſleep in oblivion, till ſome Bayle drags them out of their duſt, and takes mighty pains to aſcertain the date of each author's death, which is of no more conſequence to the world than the day of his birth. Many a country ſquire quarrels with his neighbour about game and manors, yet they never print their wrangles, though as much abuſe paſſes between them, as if they could quote all the Phillippics of the learned.

"You have acted as I ſhould have expected, if you *would* print, with ſenſe, temper, and decency, and,

and, what is ſtill more uncommon, with your uſual modeſty. I cannot ſay ſo much for your editors. But editors and commentators are ſeldom modeſt. Even to this day that race ape the dictatorial tone of the commentators at the reſtoration of learning, when the mob thought that Greek and Latin could give men the ſenſe which they wanted in their native languages. But Europe is now grown a little wiſer, and holds theſe magnificent pretenſions in proper contempt.

" What I have ſaid is to explain why I am ſorry my letter makes a part of this controverſy. When I ſent it to you, it was for your juſtification, and, had it been neceſſary, I could have added much more, having been witneſs to your anxious and boundleſs friendſhip for Rouſſeau. I told you, you might make what uſe of it you pleaſed. Indeed at that time I did not, could not think of its being printed, you ſeeming ſo averſe to any publication on that head. However, I by no means take it ill, nor regret my part, if it tends to vindicate your honour.

" I muſt confeſs that I am more concerned, that you have ſuffered my letter to be curtailed; nor ſhould I have conſented to that if you had aſked me. I gueſſed that your friends conſulted your intereſt leſs than their own inclination to expoſe Rouſſeau; and I think their omiſſion of what I ſaid on that ſubject, proves that I was not miſtaken in my gueſs. My letter hinted too my contempt of

learned men and their miſerable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I ſhould not have been ſorry that that opinion ſhould have appeared at the ſame time. In truth, there is nothing I hold ſo cheap as the generality of learned men; and I have often thought, that young men ought to be made ſcholars, leſt they ſhould grow to reverence learned blockheads, and think there is any merit in having read more fooliſh books than other folks, which, as there are a thouſand nonſenſical books for one good one, muſt be the caſe of any man who has read much more than other people.

" Your friend D'Alembert, who, I ſuppoſe, has read a vaſt deal, is, it ſeems, offended with my letter to Rouſſeau. He is certainly as much at liberty to blame it, as I was to write it. Unfortunately he does not convince me; nor can I think but that if Rouſſeau may attack all governments and all religions, I might attack him: eſpecially on his affectation and affected misfortunes, which you and your editors have proved *are affected*. D'Alembert might be offended at Rouſſeau's aſcribing my letter to him; and he is in the right. I am a very indifferent author, and there is nothing ſo vexatious to an indifferent author as to be confounded with another of the ſame claſs. I ſhould be ſorry to have his eloges and tranſlations of ſcraps of Tacitus laid to me. However, I can forgive him any thing, provided he never tranſlates me. Adieu! my dear Sir; I am apt to laugh, you know; and therefore you will excuſe me, though I do not treat your friends up to the pomp of their claims,

claims. They may treat me as freely: I ſhall not laugh the leſs, and I promiſe you I will never enter into a controverſy with them.

"Yours moſt ſincerely."

Mr. WALPOLE, to Mr. HUME, in anſwer to his letter of the 4th November.

"Arlington Street, Nov. 11, 1766.

"Indeed, dear Sir, it was not neceſſary to make me any apology. D'Alembert is certainly at liberty to ſay what he pleaſes of my letter; and undoubtedly you cannot think that it ſignifies a ſtraw to me what he ſays. But how can you be ſurpriſed at his printing a thing that he ſent you ſo long ago? All *my* ſurpriſe conſiſts in your ſuffering him to curtail my letter to you; when you might be ſure he would print his own at length. I am glad, however, that he has mangled mine; it not only ſhows his equity, but is the ſtrongeſt preſumption that he was conſcious I gueſſed right, when I ſuppoſe he urged you to publiſh, from his own private pique to Rouſſeau.

"What you ſurmiſe of his cenſuring my letter becauſe I am a friend of Madame du Deffand, is aſtoniſhing, indeed, and not to be credited, unleſs you had ſuggeſted it. Having never thought him any thing like a *ſuperior genius* as you term him, I concluded his vanity was hurt by Rouſſeau's aſcribing my letter to him; but to carry reſentment

to a woman, to an old and blind woman, ſo far, as to hate a friend of her's, *qui ne lui avoit point fait de mal*, is ſtrangely weak and lamentable. I thought he was a philoſopher, and that philoſophers were virtuous, upright men, who loved wiſdom, and were above the little paſſions and foibles of humanity. I thought they aſſumed that proud title as an earneſt to the world, that they intended to be ſomething more than mortal; that they engaged themſelves to be patterns of excellence, and would utter no opinion, would pronounce no deciſion, but what they believed the quinteſſence of truth; that they always acted without prejudice and reſpect of perſons. Indeed we know that the ancient philoſophers were a ridiculous compoſition of arrogance, diſputation, and contradictions: that ſome of them acted againſt all ideas of decency; that others affected to doubt of their own ſenſes; that ſome, for venting unintelligible nonſenſe, pretended to think themſelves ſuperior to kings; that they gave themſelves airs of accounting for all that we do and do not ſee;—and yet that no two of them agreed in a ſingle hypotheſis; that one thought fire, another water, the origin of all things; and that ſome were even ſo abſurd and impious, as to diſplace God, and enthrone matter in his place. I do not mean to diſparage ſuch wiſe men, for we are really obliged to them: they anticipated and helped us off with an exceeding deal of nonſenſe, through which we might poſſibly have paſſed if they had not prevented us. But when, in this enlightened

ened age, as it is called, I ſaw the term *philoſophers* revived, I concluded the jargon would be omitted, and that we ſhould be bleſſed with only the cream of ſapience; and one had more reaſon ſtill to expect this from any *ſuperior genius*. But, alas! my dear Sir, what a tumble is here! Your D'Alembert is a mere mortal oracle. Who but would have laughed, if, when the buffoon Ariſtophanes ridiculed Socrates, Plato had condemned the former, not for making ſport with a great man in diſtreſs, but becauſe Plato hated ſome blind old woman with whom Ariſtophanes was acquainted!

"D'Alembert's conduct is the more unjuſt, as I never heard Madame du Deffand talk of him above three times in the ſeven months that I paſſed at Paris, and never, though ſhe does not love him, with any reflection to his prejudice. I remember, the firſt time I ever heard her mention his name, I ſaid I had been told he was a good mimic, but could not think him a good writer. Crawford remembers this, and it is a proof that I always thought of D'Alembert as I do now. She took it up with warmth, defended his parts, and ſaid he was extremely amuſing. For her quarrel with him, I never troubled my head about it one way or other, which you will not wonder at. You know in England we read their works, but ſeldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them ſufficiently paid if their books ſell, and of courſe leave them to their colleges and obſcurity, by which means we

we are not troubled by their vanity and impertinence. In France they ſpoil us; but that was no buſineſs of mine. I who am an author muſt own this conduct very ſenſible; for in truth we are a moſt uſeleſs tribe.

"That D'Alembert ſhould have omitted paſſages in which you was ſo good as to mention me with approbation, agrees with his peeviſhneſs, not with his philoſophy. However, for God's ſake, do not reinſtate the paſſages. I do not love compliments, and will never give my conſent to receive any. I have no doubt of your kind intentions to me, but beg they may reſt there. I am much more diverted with the philoſopher D'Alembert's underhand dealings, than I ſhould have been pleaſed with panegyric even from you.

"Allow me to make one more remark, and I have done with this trifling buſineſs for ever. Your moral friend pronounces me ill-natured for laughing at an unhappy man who had never offended me. Rouſſeau certainly never did offend me. I believed from many ſymptoms in his writings, and what I had heard of him, that his love of ſingularity made him chuſe to invite misfortunes, and that he hung out many more than he felt. I who affect no philoſophy, nor pretend to more virtue than my neighbours, thought this ridiculous in a man who is really a *ſuperior genius*, and joked upon it in a few lines never certainly intended to appear in print. The ſage D'Alembert reprehends this,—and

where? In a book publiſhed to expoſe Rouſſeau, and which confirms, by ſerious proofs, what I had hinted at in jeſt. What! does a philoſopher condemn me, and, in the very ſame breath, only with ten times more ill nature, act exactly as I had done? Oh! but you will ſay, Rouſſeau has offended D'Alembert by aſcribing the King of Pruſſia's letter to him. Worſe and worſe: if Rouſſeau is unhappy, a philoſopher ſhould have pardoned. Revenge is ſo unbecoming the *rex regum*, the man who is *precipue ſanus—niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.* If Rouſſeau's misfortunes are affected, what becomes of my ill nature?—In ſhort, my dear Sir, to conclude as D'Alembert concludes his book, I do believe in the virtue of Mr. Hume, but not much in that of philoſophers. Adieu!

"Yours ever."

"P. S. It occurs to me that you may be apprehenſive of my being indiſcreet enough to let D'Alembert learn your ſuſpicions of him on Madame du Deffand's account; but you may be perfectly eaſy on that head. Though I like ſuch an advantage over him, and ſhould be glad he ſaw this letter, and knew how little formidable I think him, I ſhall certainly not make an ill uſe of a private letter, and had much rather wave any triumph, than give a friend a moment's pain. I love to laugh at an impertinent *ſçavant*, but reſpect learning, when joined to ſuch goodneſs as yours, and never confound oſtentation and modeſty.

"I wrote

"I wrote to you laſt Thurſday; and by Lady Hertford's advice, directed my letter to Ninewells: I hope you will receive it."

### Mr. HUME to Mr. WALPOLE.

"Edinburgh, Nov. 20, 1766.

"I readily agree with you, my dear Sir, that it is a great misfortune to be reduced to the neceſſity of conſenting to this publication: but it had certainly become neceſſary. Even thoſe who at firſt joined me in rejecting all idea of it, wrote to me, and repreſented, that this ſtrange man's defiances had made ſuch impreſſion, that I ſhould paſs univerſally for the guilty perſon, if I ſuppreſſed the ſtory. Some of his greateſt admirers and partiſans, who had read my manuſcript, concurred in the ſame ſentiments with the reſt. I never conſented to any thing with greater reluctance in my life. Had I found one man of my opinion, I ſhould have perſevered in my refuſal. One reaſon of my reluctance was, that I ſaw this publication, if neceſſary at Paris, was yet ſuperfluous, not to ſay worſe, at London. But I hope it will be conſidered that the publication is not, properly ſpeaking, my deed, but that of my friends, in conſequence of a diſcretionary power which I gave them, and which it was natural for me to give them, as I was at too great a diſtance to form a judgment in the caſe.

"I am as ſenſible as you are of the ridicule to which men of letters have expoſed themſelves, by running every moment to the public with all their

their private ſquabbles and altercations; but ſurely there has been ſomething very unexpected and peculiar in this affair. My antagoniſt, by his genius, his ſingularities, his quackery, his misfortunes, and his adventures, had become more the ſubject of general converſation in Europe (for I venture again on the word) than any perſon in it. I do not even except Voltaire, much leſs the King of Pruſſia and Mr. Pitt. How elſe could it have happened, that a clauſe of a private letter, which I wrote ſomewhat thoughtleſsly to a private gentleman at Paris, ſhould in three days time have been the only ſubject of converſation in that capital, and ſhould thence have propagated itſelf every where as faſt as the poſt could carry it? You know, that at firſt I was ſo little inclined to make a noiſe about this ſtory, that I had entertained thoughts of giving no reply at all to the inſult, which was really ſo ridiculous; but you very properly diſſuaded me from this reſolution; and by your advice I wrote that letter, which certainly no body will find fault with.

"Having made this apology for myſelf (where, however, I expect to be abſolved as much by your compaſſion as your judgment), I proceed to ſay ſomething in favour of my friends. Allow me then to inform you, that it was not D'Alembert who ſuppreſſed that clauſe of your letter, but me, who did not tranſcribe it in the copy I ſent to Paris. I was afraid of engaging you needleſsly in a quarrel with theſe literati; and as that clauſe had no reference

reference to the buſineſs in hand, I thought I might fairly ſecrete it. I wiſh I could excuſe him as well on another head. He ſent me above two months ago ſomething like that declaration, and deſired me to convey it to Rouſſeau; which I refuſed to do, and gave him ſome reaſons of my refuſal: but he replied to me, that he was ſure my true ſecret reaſon was my regard to you. He ought thence to have known, that it would be diſagreeable to me to ſee ſuch a piece annexed to mine. I have remarked alſo the omiſſion of a phraſe in the tranſlation; and this omiſſion could not be altogether by accident: it was where I mention your ſuppreſſing the King of Pruſſia's letter, while we lived together at Paris. I ſaid it was *agreeable to your uſual* politeneſs and humanity. I have wrote to Becket the bookſeller to reſtore this paſſage, which is ſo conformable to my real ſentiments; but whether my orders have come in time, I do not know as yet. Before I ſaw the Paris edition I had deſired Becket to follow it whereever it departed from my original. The difference, I find, was in other reſpects but inconſiderable.

"It is only by conjecture I imagine, that D'Alembert's malevolence to you (if he has any malevolence) proceeds from your friendſhip with Madame du Deffand; becauſe I can find no other ground for it. I ſee alſo, that in his declaration there is a ſtroke obliquely levelled at her, which perhaps you do not underſtand, but I do; becauſe he wrote me that he heard ſhe was your corrector. I found theſe two perſons in great and intimate friendſhip when I arrived

arrived at Paris; but it is ſtrange how intemperate they are both become in their animoſity: though perhaps it is more excuſable in her, on account of her age, ſex, and bodily infirmities. I am very ſenſible of your diſcretion in not citing me on this occaſion; I might otherwiſe have a new quarrel on my hands.

"With regard to D'Alembert, I believe I ſaid he was a man of *ſuperior parts*, not a *ſuperior genius*; which are words, if I miſtake not, of a very different import. He is ſurely entitled to the former character, from the works which you and I have read: I do not mean his tranſlation of Tacitus, but his other pieces. But I believe he is more entitled to it from the works which I ſuppoſe neither you nor I have read, his geometry and algebra. I agree with you, that in ſome reſpects Rouſſeau may more properly be called a ſuperior genius; yet is he ſo full of extravagance, that I am inclined to deny even him that appellation. I fancy D'Alembert's talents and Rouſſeau's united might fully merit ſuch a eulogy.

"In other reſpects, D'Alembert is a very agreeable companion, and of irreproachable morals. By refuſing great offers from the Czarina and the King of Pruſſia, he has ſhown himſelf above intereſt and vain ambition. He lives in an agreeable retreat at Paris, ſuitable to a man of letters. He has five penſions: one from the King of Pruſſia, one from the

the French King, one as member of the academy of ſciences, one as member of the French academy, and one from his own family. The whole amount of theſe is not 6,000 livres a-year; on the half of which he lives decently, and gives the other half to poor people with whom he is connected. In a word, I ſcarce know a man, who with ſome few exceptions (for there muſt always be ſome exceptions) is a better model of a *virtuous* and *philoſophical* character.

"You ſee I venture ſtill to join theſe two epithets as inſeparable and almoſt ſynonymous, though you ſeem inclined to regard them almoſt as incompatible. And here I have a ſtrong inclination to ſay a few words in vindication both of myſelf and of my friends, venturing even to comprehend you in the number. What new prepoſſeſſion has ſeized you to beat in ſo outrageous a manner your nurſes of Mount Helicon, and to join the outcry of the ignorant multitude againſt ſcience and literature? For my part, I can ſcarce acknowledge any other ground of diſtinction between one age and another, between one nation and another, than their different progreſs in learning and the arts. I do not ſay between one man and another, becauſe the qualities of the heart and temper and natural underſtanding are the moſt eſſential to the perſonal character; but being, I ſuppoſe, almoſt equal among nations and ages, do not ſerve to throw a peculiar luſtre on any. You blame France for its fond admiration of men of genius;

genius; and there may no doubt be, in particular inſtances, a great ridicule in theſe affectations; but the ſentiment in general was equally conſpicuous in ancient Greece, in Rome during its flouriſhing period, in modern Italy, and even perhaps in England about the beginning of this century. If the caſe be now otherwiſe, it is what we are to lament and be aſhamed of. Our enemies will only infer, that we are a nation which was once at beſt but half civilized, and is now relapſing faſt into barbariſm, ignorance, and ſuperſtition. I beg you alſo to conſider the great difference in point of morals between uncultivated and civilized ages. But I find I am launching out inſenſibly into an immenſe ocean of common place; I cut the matter therefore ſhort, by declaring it as my opinion, that if you had been born a barbarian, and had every day cooked your dinner of horſefleſh by riding on it fifty miles between your breech and the ſhoulder of your horſe, you had certainly been an obliging, good natured, friendly man; but at the ſame time that reading, converſation, and travel have detracted nothing from thoſe virtues, and have made a conſiderable addition of other valuable and agreeable qualities to them. I remain, not with ancient ſincerity, which was only roguery and hypocriſy, but very ſincerely, dear Sir, &c.

"P. S. The French tranſlation of this ſtrange piece of mine (for I muſt certainly give it that epithet) was not made by D'Alembert, but by one under his direction."

Mr. Walpole thought proper to draw up a narrative of the concern he had in the quarrel between Rouſſeau and Hume; and annexed to it the whole of his correſpondence with our author. It is dated at Paris, Sept. 13, 1767; and ſpeaking in it of the *Expoſé*, he has the following paſſage, which could not fail to give offence to Hume, and which we ſubmit to the reader's judgment without any comment. "I am ſorry to ſay," obſerves Mr. Walpole, "that on this occaſion Mr. Hume did not act quite fairly by me. In the beginning of my letter I laughed at his *learned* friends, who wiſhed him to publiſh, which, as I told him, was only to gratify their own ſpleen to Rouſſeau. I had no ſpleen to him. I had laughed at his affectation, but had tried to ſerve him; and above all things I deſpiſed the childiſh quarrels of pedants and pretended philoſophers. This commencement of my letter was, therefore, a diſſuaſive againſt printing. Could I imagine that Mr. Hume would make uſe of part of my letter, and ſuffer it to be printed—and even without aſking my conſent? I had told him he might do what he pleaſed with it: but when he had deſired it only to ſhew, and when it adviſed him not to publiſh, could my words imply a permiſſion to print my letter? Much leſs could they imply permiſſion to curtail my letter, and give it to the public as if I approved his printing. And I repeat it again, was he at liberty to do this without aſking and obtaining my conſent? It is very true, I heartily deſpiſed Rouſſeau's ingratitude to Mr. Hume; but had I thought my letter would have been publiſhed, I ſhould not have expreſſed

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my feeling in ſuch harſh terms as a *thorough contempt*—at leaſt I ſhould have particularized the cauſe of that contempt, becauſe the ſuperiority and excellence of Rouſſeau's genius ought not to be confounded with his defects. Nor ſhould I have treated him with the ſame indifference as I ſhould treat the preſent *gens de lettres* at Paris, the muſhrooms of the moment. But Mr. Hume was penetrated with reſpect for them, and not to wound their vain and ſenſitive ears, ſuppreſſed the commencement of my letter, and in that mangled form ſuffered them to publiſh it. When it was publiſhed he made an apology to me."

The literary world, as it may be ſuppoſed, took part in this diſpute between two characters ſo celebrated as Hume and Rouſſeau; and although the conduct of the latter was univerſally condemned, a few took up the pen in his defence. In November 1766, there was publiſhed at Paris a pamphlet under the title of *Obſervations ſur l'Expoſé ſuccinct de la Conteſtation qui s'eſt élévée entre M. Hume et M. Rouſſeau;* and in the ſame year was publiſhed at London, and tranſlated into French, *Juſtification de J. J. Rouſſeau dans la Conteſtation qui lui eſt ſurvenue avec M. Hume**. There alſo appeared at London *A Letter to the Hon. Horace Walpole concerning the Diſpute between Mr. Hume and M. Rouſſeau.* The Pariſian preſs gave to the public *Reflexions ſur qui s'eſt paſſé au Sujet de la Rupture de J. J. Rouſſeau et de M. Hume;* and alſo a very long tract entitled *Plaidoyer pour et contre J. J. Rouſſeau et le Docteur*

* I have ſeen the French copy only.

*D. Hume, l'Hiſtorien Anglois: avec des Anecdotes intereſſantes relative au ſujet: ouvrage moral et critique, pour ſervir de ſuite aux œuvres de ces deux grands hommes.* In the firſt part of this work, the author is exceedingly ſevere againſt Hume, but he afterwards ſoftens a little as to him, and attacks Rouſſeau at great length. It is written in a ſprightly ſtyle, and is rather intereſting. He appears, however, to be totally unacquainted with Hume's character, and confeſſes and laments his ignorance of our hiſtorian's works: the word *Docteur*, prefixed to Hume's name in the title, is a faint evidence of this. He is inclined, on the whole, to aſcribe Rouſſeau's conduct *à un dereglement de ſon eſprit,—et non pas à la perverſité de ſon cœur.*

Even the fair ſex ſtood forward in defence of their favourite man of feeling; and a lady at Paris ſignalized herſelf in a pamphlet, which was rewarded with the thanks of Rouſſeau: it was entitled *La Vertu vengée par l'Amitié, ou Recueil de Lettres ſur J. J. Rouſſeau, par Madame* ***. Voltaire, on the other ſide, addreſſed a Letter to Mr. Hume, in which he aſſailed the unfortunate Geneveſe with all the acuteneſs of his ſatire, and the brilliancy of his wit.

While occupied in compoſing an elaborate review of this controverſy, and gravely weighing the conduct of both parties, we accidentally met with the following *jeu d'eſprit* in the St. James's Chronicle, the newſpaper in which the tranſlation of the celebrated letter of the King of Pruſſia firſt appeared. Before inſerting it, however, we may premiſe, that

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it does not ſeem poſſible for any unprejudiced perſon to ſuppoſe that Mr. Hume could entertain the ſlighteſt malevolence towards his *protégé*, or that the concern he took in his behalf originated from any other motive than the moſt generous philanthropy. We may bewail the eccentricity of mind which could conjure up ſuſpicions like thoſe entertained by Rouſſeau, and give conſequence to empty trifles; but juſtice and honour call on us to condemn the man who could convert theſe into premeditated crimes, and found on them injurious accuſations againſt innocence,—nay more, againſt the very perſon who had loaded him with benefits. It muſt be owned, that ſymptoms of a crazy intellect were at times perceptible in the conduct of Rouſſeau: his caprices, his brutal rudeneſs, his eternal wrangling with all who came in contact with him as friends and benefactors, were forcible indications of a ſpecies of mental derangement. We may, therefore, relax a little from the auſtere laws of criticiſm, and indulge in a harmleſs jocularity, now, perhaps, the beſt medium through which this ſingular diſpute can be contemplated.

The humorous production alluded to is in the form of an indictment, as follows:

HEADS OF AN INDICTMENT *laid by J. J. Rouſſeau, philoſopher, againſt D. Hume, Eſq.*

1. That the ſaid David Hume, to the great ſcandal of philoſophy, and not having the fitneſs of

things before his eyes, did concert a plan with Meſſ. Fronchin, Voltaire, and D'Alembert, to ruin the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau for ever, by bringing him over to England, and there ſettling him to his heart's content.

2. That the ſaid David Hume did, with a malicious and traitorous intent, procure, or cauſe to be procured, by himſelf, or ſomebody elſe, one penſion of the yearly value of 100 *l.* or thereabouts, to be paid to the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau, on account of his being a philoſopher, either privately or publicly, as to him the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau ſhould ſeem meet.

3. That the ſaid David Hume did, one night after he left Paris, put the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau in bodily fear, by talking in his ſleep; although the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau doth not know, whether the ſaid David Hume was really aſleep, or whether he ſhammed Abraham, or what he meant.

4. That, at another time, as the ſaid David Hume and the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau were ſitting oppoſite each other by the fire-ſide in London, he, the ſaid David Hume, did look at him, the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau, in a manner of which it is difficult to give any idea: That he, the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau, to get rid of the embarraſſment he was under, endeavoured to look full at him, the ſaid David Hume, in return, to try if he could not ſtare him out of countenance; but in fixing his eyes againſt his, the ſaid David Hume's, he felt the moſt inexpreſſible terror, and

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was obliged to turn them away, inſomuch that the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau doth in his heart think and believe, as much as he believes any thing, that he the ſaid David Hume is a certain compoſition of a white-witch and a rattle-ſnake.

5. That the ſaid David Hume on the ſame evening, after politely returning the embraces of him, the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau, and gently tapping him on the back, did repeat ſeveral times, in a good-natured eaſy tone, the words, *Why, what, my dear Sir! Nay, my dear Sir! Oh my dear Sir!*—From whence the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau doth conclude, as he thinks upon ſolid and ſufficient grounds, that he the ſaid David Hume is a traitor; albeit he, the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau, doth acknowledge, that the phyſiognomy of the good David is that of an honeſt man, all but thoſe terrible eyes of his, which he muſt have borrowed; but he the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau vows to God he cannot conceive from whom or what.

6. That the ſaid David Hume hath more inquiſitiveneſs about him than becometh a philoſopher, and did never let ſlip an opportunity of being alone with the governante of him the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau.

7. That the ſaid David Hume did moſt atrociouſly and flagitiouſly put him the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau, philoſopher, into a paſſion; as knowing that then he would be guilty of a number of abſurdities.

8. That the ſaid David Hume muſt have publiſhed Mr. Walpole's letter in the newſpapers, becauſe, at that time, there was neither man, woman, nor child, in the iſland of Great Britain, but the ſaid David Hume, the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau, and the printers of the ſeveral newſpapers aforeſaid.

9. That ſomebody in a certain magazine, and ſomebody elſe in a certain newſpaper, ſaid ſomething againſt him the ſaid John James Rouſſeau, which he, the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau, is perſuaded, for the reaſon above-mentioned, could be nobody but the ſaid David Hume.

10. That the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau knows, that he, the ſaid David Hume, did open and peruſe the letters of him the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau, becauſe he one day ſaw the ſaid David Hume go out of the room, after his own ſervant, who had, at that time, a letter of the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau's in his hands; —which *muſt* have been in order to take it from the ſervant, open it, and read the contents.

11. That the ſaid David Hume did, at the inſtigation of the Devil, in a moſt wicked and unnatural manner, ſend, or cauſe to be ſent, to the lodgings of him, the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau, one diſh of beef-ſteaks, thereby meaning to inſinuate, that he, the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau, was a beggar, and came over to England to aſk alms: whereas be it known to all men by theſe preſents, that he, the ſaid John James Rouſſeau, brought with him the means of ſubſiſtence,

ence, and did not come with an empty purſe; as he doubts not but he can live upon his labours,—with the aſſiſtance of his friends; and in ſhort can do better without the ſaid David Hume than with him.

12. That beſides all theſe facts put together, the ſaid J. J. Rouſſeau did not like a certain appearance of things on the whole.

In the ſummer of 1766, Mr. Hume went to Edinburgh with an intention of ſpending his days there in philoſophical retirement. He himſelf tells us, that he returned to that place, not richer, but with much more money, and a much larger income, by means of Lord Hertford's friendſhip, than he had left it: and that he was now deſirous of trying what ſuperfluity could produce, as he had formerly made an experiment of a competency. Of this ſcheme, however, he was not long permitted to make trial. General Henry Seymour Conway, the brother of Lord Hertford, had been made one of the Secretaries of State, in 1765, in place of Lord Sandwich, with Mr. Burke as his under Secretary: but in Feb. 1767, Mr. Burke reſigned, and the General invited Mr. Hume to ſucceed him. Our author accordingly repaired to London, and entered on his high office. Whether he poſſeſſed talents eminently adapted to this ſituation, it would now be ſuperfluous to inquire; certain it is that the ſtate papers of thoſe times evince no extraordinary marks of ſplendid abilities. On the 20th January 1768, the

General retired, and was ſucceeded by Viſcount Weymouth; and Mr. Hume followed his example.

Notwithſtanding the interruption, which politics neceſſarily occaſioned to his literary purſuits, Mr. Hume continued to correſpond with his old friends as uſual, and to employ in their behalf what influence he poſſeſſed. Some of theſe letters have been preſerved.

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

"My dear Sir, London, March 19, 1767.

"You do extremely right in applying to me wherever it is the leaſt likely I can ſerve you or any of your friends. I conſulted immediately with General Conway, who told me, as I ſuſpected, that the chaplains to forts and garriſons were appointed by the war-office, and did not belong to his department. Unhappily I have but a ſlight acquaintance with Lord Barrington, and cannot venture to aſk him any favour; but I ſhall call on Pryce Campbell, though not of my acquaintance, and ſhall enquire of him the canals through which this affair may be conducted: perhaps it may lie in my power to facilitate it by ſome means or other.

"I ſhall endeavour to find out the unhappy philoſopher you mention, though it will be difficult for me to do him any ſervice. He is an ingenious man,

man, but unfortunate in his conduct, particularly in the early part of his life. The world is ſo cruel as never to overlook thoſe flaws; and nothing but hypocriſy can fully cover them from obſervation. There is not ſo effectual a ſcourer of reputations in the world. I wiſh that I had never parted with that *Lixivium*, in caſe I ſhould at any future time have occaſion for it.

" * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * A few days before my arrival in London, Mr. Davenport had carried to Mr. Conway a letter of Rouſſeau's, in which that philoſopher ſays, that he had never meant to refuſe the King's bounty, that he would be proud of accepting it, but that he would owe it entirely to his majeſty's generoſity and that of his miniſters, and would refuſe it if it came through any other canal whatſoever, even that of Mr. Davenport *.

" Mr.

* The following is an extract from M. Rouſſeau's letter to Mr. Davenport on this ſubject:

" SIR, Wooton, 1766.

" Very far from being ſo vain, fooliſh, and ill diſpoſed, as to refuſe the favours of the King, I have ever regarded, and will regard, them as the greateſt honour, which can be conferred on me. When I conſulted my Lord Mariſchal if I ſhould accept them, it certainly was not that I myſelf could have a doubt on the matter; but it was merely complying with an indiſpenſible duty, which did not permit me to act in this matter without his conſent. I was very certain he would not refuſe it. But, Sir, were the King of England, and all the ſovereigns in the univerſe, to

" Mr. Davenport then addreſſed himſelf to Mr. Conway, and aſked whether it was not poſſible to recover what this man's madneſs had thrown away? The ſecretary replied, that I ſhould be in London in a few days, and that he would take no ſteps in the affair but at my deſire and with my approbation. When the matter was propoſed to me, I exhorted the General to do this act of charity to a man of genius, however wild and extravagant. The King, when applied to, ſaid, that ſince the penſion had once been promiſed, it ſhould be granted, notwithſtanding all that had paſſed in the interval. And thus the affair is happily finiſhed, unleſs ſome new extravagance come acroſs the philoſopher, and engage him to reject what he has a-new applied for. If he knew my ſituation with General Conway, he probably would; for he muſt then conjecture, that the affair could not be done without my conſent.

" Ferguſon's book goes on here with great ſucceſs. A few days ago I ſaw Mrs. Montague,

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to lay at my feet all their treaſures and crowns by the hands of David Hume, or any other man of his kind, if any ſuch exiſts, I would reject them with as much indignation, as, in another caſe, I would receive them with reſpect and gratitude. Such are my ſentiments, from which nothing will make me depart. I know not what fate, what misfortunes, providence has in reſerve for me; but this I know, that the ſentiments of rectitude and honour, engraven on my heart, will never leave me but with my laſt ſigh. I hope that for once I have expreſſed myſelf with diſtinctneſs."

Rouſſeau got his penſion, after he left England.

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who had juſt finiſhed it with great pleaſure: I mean ſhe was ſorry to finiſh it, but had read it with great pleaſure. I aſked her whether ſhe was ſatisfied with the ſtyle? Whether it did not ſavour ſomewhat of the country? O yes, ſaid ſhe, a great deal: It ſeems almoſt impoſſible, that any one could write ſuch a ſtyle except a Scotſman.

"I find you prognoſticate a very ſhort date to my adminiſtration. I really believe, that few (but not evil) will be my days. My abſence will not probably allow my claret time to ripen, much leſs to ſour. However that may be, I hope to drink out the remainder of it with you in mirth and jollity.

"I am ſincerely yours *uſque ad aras.*"

The production of Dr. Adam Ferguſon, alluded to in this letter, was the firſt or quarto edition of his *Eſſay on the Hiſtory of Civil Society.* In the ſame year (1767) appeared the well-known work, intitled *An Appeal to Common Senſe in behalf of Religion*, by Mr. James Oſwald, miniſter of Methven. Mr. Tytler alſo publiſhed a ſecond edition of his *Inquiry*, with additions; and Dr. Campbell, in the preceding year, printed a new edition of his Diſſertation on Miracles, with additions and corrections. In 1768, Dr. Robertſon publiſhed his Hiſtory of Charles V., and Mr. Hume took charge of tranſmitting the ſheets as they were printed to M. Suard at Paris, who was engaged in tranſlating that work into French. Suard was then director of the *Gazette de France*, and undertook the tranſlation of Charles V. at

at the requeſt of Baron d'Holbach, the correſpondent of Dr. Robertſon. This undertaking he accompliſhed with ſo much ability, that it was one cauſe of his admiſſion into the French academy.

Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

"I got yeſterday from Strahan about thirty ſheets of your Hiſtory to be ſent over to Suard, and laſt night and this morning have run them over with great avidity. I could not deny myſelf the ſatisfaction (which I hope alſo will not diſpleaſe you) of expreſſing preſently my extreme approbation of them. To ſay only they are very well written, is by far too faint an expreſſion, and much inferior to the ſentiments I feel: they are compoſed with nobleneſs, with dignity, with elegance, and with judgment, to which there are few equals. They even excel, and I think in a ſenſible degree, your Hiſtory of Scotland. I propoſe to myſelf great pleaſure in being the only man in England during ſome months, who will be in the ſituation of doing you juſtice; after which you may certainly expect, that my voice will be drowned in that of the public.

"You know that you and I have always been on the footing of finding in each other's productions *ſomething to blame*, and *ſomething to commend*; and, therefore, you may perhaps expect alſo ſome ſeaſoning of the former kind; but really neither my leiſure nor inclination allowed me to make ſuch remarks, and I ſincerely believe you have afforded me

me very ſmall materials for them. However, ſuch particulars as occur to my memory I ſhall mention. *Maltreat* is a Scotticiſm, which occurs once. What the devil had you to do with that old-faſhioned dangling word *wherewith?* I ſhould as ſoon take back, *whereupon*, *whereunto*, and *wherewithal*. I think the only tolerable, decent gentleman of the family is *wherein;* and I ſhould not chuſe to be often ſeen in his company. But I know your affection for *wherewith* proceeds from your partiality to Dean Swift, whom I can often laugh with, whoſe ſtyle I can even approve, but ſurely can never admire. It has no harmony, no eloquence, no ornament, and not much correctneſs, whatever the Engliſh may imagine. Were not their literature ſtill in a ſomewhat barbarous ſtate, that author's place would not be ſo high among their claſſics. But what a fancy is this you have taken of ſaying always *an hand*, *an heart*, *an head?* Have you *an ear?* Do you not know that this *n* is added before vowels to prevent the cacophony, and ought never to take place before *h* when that letter is ſounded? It is never pronounced in theſe words; why ſhould it be wrote? Thus, I ſhould ſay, *a hiſtory*, and *a hiſtorian*; and ſo would you too, if you had any ſenſe. But you tell me, that Swift does otherwiſe. To be ſure there is no reply to that, and we muſt ſwallow your *hath* too upon the ſame authority. I will ſee you d—d ſooner. But I will endeavour to keep my temper.

"I do

"I do not like this ſentence in page 149. *This ſtep was taken in conſequence of the treaty Wolſey had concluded with the Emperor at Bruſſels, and which had hitherto been kept ſecret.* Si ſic omnia dixiſſes, I ſhould never have been plagued with hearing your praiſes ſo often ſounded, and that fools preferred your ſtyle to mine. Certainly it had been better to have ſaid, *which Wolſey*, &c. That relative ought very ſeldom to be omitted, and is here particularly requiſite to preſerve a ſymmetry between the two members of the ſentence. You omit the relative too often, which is a colloquial barbariſm, as Mr. Johnſon calls it.

"Your periods are ſometimes, though not often, too long. Suard will be embarraſſed with them, as the modiſh French ſtyle runs into the other extreme."

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Mr. HUME to Dr. ROBERTSON.

"28th March, 1768.

"I find, then, that you are not content without a particular detail of your own praiſes, and that the very ſhort but pithy letter I wrote you gives you no ſatisfaction, but what can I ſay more? The ſucceſs has anſwered my expectations: and I who converſe with the great, the fair, and the learned, have ſcarcely heard an oppoſite voice, or even whiſper, to

to the general ſentiment. Only I have heard, that the ſanhedrim at Mrs. Macauley's condemns you as little leſs a friend to government and monarchy than myſelf."

Previous to undertaking the Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, the celebrated Mr. Gibbon, on the ſuggeſtion of his friend M. Deyverdun, commenced a Hiſtory of the Swiſs Republic in the French language. In the winter of 1767, the firſt book, as a ſpecimen of the work, was read in a literary ſociety of foreigners in London; and the production being anonymous, Gibbon, who was preſent, liſtened without obſervation to the free ſtrictures of his judges. Their deciſion was unfavourable; and his own cooler thoughts having ratified this ſentence, he renounced for ever the proſecution of his deſign. Hume, however, to whom the manuſcript was ſubmitted, ſeems to have entertained a different opinion, unleſs we are to conſider the expreſſions in the following letter by him to Mr. Gibbon, as merely the language of unmeaning politeneſs.

"Sir, London, 24th Oct. 1767.

"It is but a few days ago ſince M. Deyverdun put your manuſcript into my hands, and I have peruſed it with great pleaſure and ſatisfaction. I have only one objection, derived from the language in which it is written. Why do you compoſe in French, and carry faggots into the wood, as Horace ſays with regard to Romans who wrote in Greek?

I grant, that you have a like motive to thoſe Romans, and adopt a language much more generally diffuſed than your native tongue: but have you not remarked the fate of thoſe two ancient languages in following ages? The Latin, though then leſs celebrated, and confined to more narrow limits, has, in ſome meaſure, outlived the Greek, and is now more generally underſtood by men of letters. Let the French, therefore, triumph in the preſent diffuſion of their tongue. Our ſolid and increaſing eſtabliſhments in America, where we need leſs dread the inundation of barbarians, promiſe a ſuperior ſtability and duration to the Engliſh language.

"Your uſe of the French tongue has alſo led you into a ſtyle more poetical and figurative, and more highly coloured, than our language ſeems to admit of in hiſtorical productions: for ſuch is the practice of French writers, particularly the more recent ones, who illuminate their pictures more than cuſtom will permit us. On the whole, your hiſtory, in my opinion, is written with ſpirit and judgment; and I exhort you very earneſtly to continue it. The objections that occurred to me on reading it, were ſo frivolous, that I ſhall not trouble you with them, and ſhould, I believe, have a difficulty to collect them.

"I am, with great eſteem."

In 1768, a new edition of Mr. Hume's Eſſays and Treatiſes on ſeveral Subjects was publiſhed in two

two volumes, quarto. In the following year he returned to Edinburgh; and though now advanced in life, he had ſtill, from the ſtate of his health, the proſpect of long enjoying his eaſe, and perceiving the increaſe of his reputation. He was now become opulent, for he poſſeſſed a revenue of 1000*l.* a-year, including a penſion of 500*l.* from government.

From this time to the period of his death, his life preſents nothing worthy of notice; for his migrations from Edinburgh to London, and back again, ceaſed to be intereſting in the hiſtory of literature, and were ſo devoid of incident as not to intitle them to attention. In ſpring 1775, he was ſtruck with a diſorder in his bowels, which at firſt gave him no alarm; but, a twelvemonth afterwards, proved mortal. It is impoſſible not to admire and envy the ſerenity of his mind, at the very time he felt the malady to be incurable. "I now," ſays he, "reckon upon a ſpeedy diſſolution. I have ſuffered very little pain from my diſorder; and what is more ſtrange, have, notwithſtanding the great decline of my perſon, never ſuffered a moment's abatement of my ſpirits; inſomuch that were I to name a period of my life, which I ſhould moſt chuſe to paſs over again, I might be tempted to point to this latter period. I poſſeſs the ſame ardour as ever in ſtudy, and the ſame gaiety in company. I conſider beſides, that a man of ſixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I ſee many ſymptoms of my

literary reputation breaking out at laſt with additional luſtre, I knew that I could have but few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at preſent." Such was the ſtate of mind in which this extraordinary man ſat down to compoſe the biographic ſketch he has intitled, *My Own Life* *. He had already ſettled his affairs, and it is ſaid, that the property he left to his relations amounted to upwards of ten thouſand pounds, all of his own acquiring †.

In

* It is dated, 18 April, 1776.

† The following is a copy of his latter will and teſtament:

"I, DAVID HUME, ſecond lawful ſon of Joſeph Home, of Ninewells, advocate, for the love and affection I bear to John Home, of Ninewells, my brother, and for other cauſes, DO, by theſe preſents, under the reſervations and burdens after-mentioned, GIVE and DISPOSE to the ſaid John Home, or, if he die before me, to David Home, his ſecond ſon, his heirs and aſſigns whatſomever, all lands, heritages, debts, and ſums of money, as well heritable as moveable, which ſhall belong to me at the time of my deceaſe, as alſo my whole effects in general, real and perſonal, with and under the burden of the following legacies, viz. to my ſiſter Catharine Home, the ſum of twelve hundred pounds ſterling, payable the firſt term of Whit-ſunday, or Martinmas, after my deceaſe, together with all my Engliſh books, and the life-rent of my houſe in St. James's court, or in caſe that houſe be ſold at the time of my deceaſe, twenty pounds a-year during the whole courſe of her life: to my friend Adam Ferguſon, Profeſſor of Moral Philoſophy in the College of Edinburgh, two hundred pounds ſterling: to my friend M. d'Alembert, member of the French Academy, and of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, two hundred pounds: to my friend Dr. Adam Smith, late Profeſſor of Moral Philoſophy in Glaſgow,

In 1775, Mr. Gibbon publiſhed the firſt volume of his Hiſtory, in quarto; and Mr. Hume, who was

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Glaſgow, I leave all my manuſcripts without exception, deſiring him to publiſh my *Dialogues on Natural Religion*, which are comprehended in this preſent bequeſt; but to publiſh no other papers which he ſuſpects not to have been written within theſe five years, but to deſtroy them all at his leiſure: and I even leave him full power over all my papers, except the Dialogues above-mentioned; and though I can truſt to that intimate and ſincere friendſhip, which has ever ſubſiſted between us, for his faithful execution of this part of my will, yet, as a ſmall recompence of his pains in correcting and publiſhing this work, I leave him two hundred pounds, to be paid immediately after the publication of it: I alſo leave to Mrs. Anne and Mrs. Janet Hepburn, daughters of Mr. James Hepburn, of Keith, one hundred pounds a piece: to my couſin, David Campbell, ſon of Mr. Campbell, miniſter of Lillyſleaf, one hundred pounds: to the Infirmary of Edinburgh, fifty pounds: to all the ſervants, who ſhall be in my family at the time of my deceaſe, one year's wages; and to my houſekeeper, Margaret Irvine, three year's wages: and I alſo ordain, that my brother, or nephew, or executor, whoever he be, ſhall not pay up to the ſaid Margaret Irvine, without her own conſent, any ſum of money which I ſhall owe her at the time of my deceaſe, whether by bill, bond, or for wages, but ſhall retain it in his hand, and pay her the legal intereſt upon it, till ſhe demand the principal: and in caſe my brother above-mentioned ſhall ſurvive me, I leave to his ſon David, the ſum of a thouſand pounds to aſſiſt him in his education: but in caſe that by my brother's death before me, the ſucceſſion of my eſtate and effects ſhall devolve to the aforeſaid David, I hereby burden him, over and above the payment of the aforeſaid legacies, with the payment of the ſums following: to his brothers, Joſeph and John, a thouſand pounds a-piece: to his ſiſters, Catharine and Agnes, five hundred pounds a piece: all which ſums, as well as every ſum contained in the preſent

was ever gratified by the ſucceſs of his friends, teſtified his happineſs on the occaſion in the following letter to the author.

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diſpoſition (except that to Dr. Smith) to be payable the firſt term of Whit-ſunday and Martinmas, after my deceaſe; and all of them, without exception, in ſterling money. And I do hereby nominate and appoint the ſaid John Home, my brother, and failing of him by deceaſe the ſaid David Home, to be my ſole executor and univerſal legatee, with and under the burdens above mentioned; reſerving always full power and liberty to me at any time in my life, even in death-bed, to alter and innovate theſe preſents, in whole or in part, and to burden the ſame with ſuch other legacies as I ſhall think fit. And I do hereby declare theſe preſents to be a good, valid, and ſufficient evidence, albeit found in my cuſtody, or in the cuſtody of any other perſon at the time of my death, &c. (*in common ſtyle*.) Signed, 4 January, 17/6, before theſe witneſſes, the Right Honourable the Earl of Home, and Mr. John M'Gowan, Clerk to the Signet.

"DAVID HUME.

"I alſo ORDAIN, that if I ſhall die any where in Scotland, I ſhall be buried in a private manner in the Calton churchyard, the ſouth ſide of it, and a monument to be built over my body, at an expence not exceeding a hundred pounds, with an inſcription containing only my name, with the year of my birth and death, leaving it to poſterity to add the reſt.

"*At Edinburgh, 15 April*, 1776. DAVID HUME.

"I alſo leave for rebuilding the bridge of Churnſide the ſum of a hundred pounds; but on condition that the managers of the bridge ſhall take none of the ſtones for building the bridge from the quarry of Ninewells, except from that part of the quarry which has been already opened. I leave to my nephew Joſeph, the ſum of fifty pounds to enable him to make a good ſufficient drain and ſewer round the houſe of Ninewells, but on condition that if that drain and ſewer be not made, from whatever

"Dear Sir, Edinburgh, 18th March, 1776.

"As I ran through your volume of hiſtory with great avidity and impatience, I cannot forbear diſcovering ſomewhat of the ſame impatience in returning you thanks for your agreeable preſent, and expreſſing the ſatisfaction which the performance has given me. Whether I conſider the dignity of your ſtyle, the depth of your matter, or the extenſiveneſs of your learning, I muſt regard the work as equally the object of eſteem; and I own, that if I had not previouſly had the happineſs of your perſonal acquaintance, ſuch a performance, from an Engliſhman in our age, would have given me ſome ſurpriſe. You may ſmile at this ſentiment; but as it ſeems to me that your countrymen, for almoſt a whole generation, have given themſelves up to barbarous and abſurd faction, and have totally neglected all polite letters, I no longer expected any valuable production ever to come from them. I know it will give you pleaſure (as it did me) to find that all the men of letters in this place concur in their admiration of your work, and in their anxious deſire of your continuing it.

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ever cauſe within a year after my death, the ſaid fifty pounds ſhall be paid to the poor of the pariſh of Churnſide: to my ſiſter, inſtead of all my Engliſh books, I leave her a hundred volumes at her choice: to David Waite, ſervant to my brother, I leave the ſum of ten pounds, payable the firſt term after my death.

"DAVID HUME."

On his arrival in London, our author found his health ſo much improved by exerciſe and the change of air, that he was able to continue his journey to Bath, where he derived ſo much benefit from the waters, that even he himſelf began to entertain a ſlight hope of his recovery. But the ſymptoms returning with their accuſtomed violence, and his malady increaſing, he found it neceſſary to ſet out for Scotland. His cheerfulneſs, however, never forſook him. He wrote letters to his literary friends, informing them of his intention to be at Edinburgh on a certain day, and inviting them to dine with him on the day following. It was a kind of farewell dinner, and among thoſe who came to partake of the hoſpitality of the dying hiſtorian, were Lord Elibank, Dr. Smith, Dr. Blair, Dr. Black, Profeſſor Fergufon, and John Home.

After his return to Edinburgh, Mr. Hume, though extremely debilitated by diſeaſe, went abroad at times in a ſedan chair, and called on his friends; but his ghaſtly looks indicated the rapid approach of death. He diverted himſelf with correcting his works for a new edition, with reading books of amuſement, with the converſation of his friends, and ſometimes in the evening with a party at his favourite game of whiſt. His facetiouſneſs led him to indulge occaſionally in the bagatelle. Among other verbal legacies, in making which he amuſed himſelf, the following whimſical one has been related. The author of Douglas is ſaid to have a mortal averſion to port wine, and to have had frequent

quent diſputes with the hiſtorian about the manner of ſpelling his name. Both theſe circumſtances were often the ſubject of Mr. Hume's raillery; and he verbally bequeathed to the poet a quantity of port wine, on condition that he ſhould always drink a bottle at a ſitting, and give a receipt for it under the ſignature of John Hume.

Dr. Smith has recorded an inſtance of Mr. Hume's ſportive diſpoſition, and it alſo ſhews the placidity of his mind, notwithſtanding the proſpect of ſpeedy diſſolution. Colonel Edmondſtone came to take leave of him; and on his way home, he could not forbear writing Hume a letter, bidding him once more an eternal adieu, and applying to him the French verſes in which the Abbé Chaulieu, in expectation of his own death, laments his approaching ſeparation from his friend the Marquis de la Fare. Dr. Smith happened to enter the room while Mr. Hume was reading the letter; and in the courſe of the converſation it gave riſe to, Hume expreſſed the ſatisfaction he had of leaving his friends, and his brother's family in particular, in proſperous circumſtances. This, he ſaid, he felt ſo ſenſibly, that when he was reading, a few days before, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, he could not, among all the excuſes which are alleged to Charon for not entering readily into his boat, find one that fitted him. He had no houſe to finiſh; he had no daughter to provide for; he had no enemies upon whom he wiſhed to revenge himſelf. "I could not well imagine," ſaid he, "what excuſe

cuſe I could make to Charon, in order to obtain a little delay. I have done every thing of conſequence which I ever meant to do, and I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better ſituation than that in which I am now likely to leave them: I therefore have all reaſon to die contented."

He then diverted himſelf, continues Dr. Smith, with inventing ſeveral jocular excuſes which he ſuppoſed he might make to Charon, and with imagining the very ſurly anſwers which it might ſuit the character of Charon to return to them. "Upon further conſideration," ſaid he, "I thought I might ſay to him, good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time, that I may ſee how the public receives the alterations." But Charon would anſwer, "When you ſee the effect of theſe, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of ſuch excuſes; ſo, honeſt friend, pleaſe ſtep into the boat." But I might ſtill urge, "Have a little patience, good Charon, I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the downfall of ſome of the prevailing ſyſtems of ſuperſtition." But Charon would then loſe all temper and decency: "You loitering rogue, that will not happen theſe many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a leaſe for ſo long a term? Get into the boat this inſtant, you lazy loitering rogue."

The

The hour of his departure had now arrived. His decline being gradual, he was, in his laſt moments, perfectly ſenſible, and free from pain. He ſhewed not the ſlighteſt indication of impatience or fretfulneſs, but converſed with the people around him in a tone of mildneſs and affection; and his whole conduct evinced a happy compoſure of mind. On Sunday, the 25th of Auguſt 1776, about four o'clock in the afternoon, this great and amiable man expired. He was buried in a rocky ſpot, which he had purchaſed in the Calton burying ground; and, agreeably to his will, a plain monument was afterwards erected on the place of his interment.

After Mr. Hume's death, his *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion* were, according to the directions he had left, publiſhed under the ſuperintendence of Dr. Adam Smith, and now form part of his collected Eſſays. Two tracts, aſcribed to him, were afterwards publiſhed at London; the one *On Suicide*, and the other *On the Immortality of the Soul*. Theſe eſſays, though the mode of writing and of reaſoning might induce one to ſuppoſe them genuine, have never been acknowledged by his friends, and are believed to be ſpurious.

The private character of Mr. Hume is univerſally acknowledged to have been unexceptionable: but notwithſtanding the eulogium he ſometimes beſtows on the equanimity of his own temper, it is known, that he felt the attacks on his literary reputation with exquiſite ſenſibility; and although he perſevered

perſevered in the reſolution of writing no anſwers to his antagoniſts, except in the ſingle caſe of the quarrel with Rouſſeau, he did not always receive the criticiſms of others with the apathy he profeſſes. The ſevere animadverſions of Mr. Gray, in his Letters publiſhed by Maſon, are ſaid to have given him much concern; and his behaviour to Mr. Tytler, the vindicator of Queen Mary, had ſomething like illiberality in it. Such, indeed, was the antipathy which ſubſiſted between him and the laſt named gentleman, that they would not ſit in company together, and the appearance of the one cauſed the immediate departure of the other.

There is a vein of ſportive humour and a playfulneſs of fancy in the epiſtolary correſpondence of our author. Dr. Robertſon uſed frequently to ſay, that in Mr. Hume's gaiety there was ſomething which approached to infantine, and that he had found the ſame thing ſo often exemplified in the circle of his other friends, that he was almoſt diſpoſed to conſider it as characteriſtical of genius *. But the beſt and juſteſt account of Mr. Hume is that given by himſelf in the concluſion of his biographic narrative, ſo often alluded to in the courſe of this work. "To conclude hiſtorically," ſays he, "with my own character, I am, or rather was (for that is the ſtyle I muſt now uſe in ſpeaking of myſelf, which emboldens me the more to ſpeak my ſentiments,) I

* Profeſſor Stewart's Life of Dr. Robertſon; a work to which I am indebted for ſeveral letters by Mr. Hume.

was,

was, I ſay, a man of mild diſpoſition, of command of temper, of an open, ſocial, and cheerful humour, capable of attachment, but little ſuſceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my paſſions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling paſſion, never ſoured my temper, notwithſtanding my frequent diſappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careleſs, as well as to the ſtudious and literary; and as I took a particular pleaſure in the company of modeſt women, I had no reaſon to be diſpleaſed with the reception I met with from them. In a word, though moſt men, anywiſe eminent, have found reaſon to complain of calumny, I never was touched, or even attacked, by her baleful tooth; and though I wantonly expoſed myſelf to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they ſeemed to be diſarmed in my behalf of their wonted fury. My friends never had occaſion to vindicate any one circumſtance of my character and conduct; not but that the zealots, we may well ſuppoſe, would have been glad to invent and propagate any ſtory to my diſadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot ſay there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myſelf; but I hope it is not a miſplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is eaſily cleared and aſcertained."

In his literary character, Mr. Hume is to be conſidered, 1. As a *metaphyſician*: 2. As a *moraliſt*: 3. As a *writer on general policy*: and 4. As a *hiſtorian*.

*rian*. His lighter pieces on ſubjects connected with the *belles letters* or polite literature, we may paſs over unnoticed, as agreeable trifles involving none of thoſe important queſtions which intereſt the welfare, or demand the ſerious inquiry, of mankind.

1. In appreciating Mr. Hume's knowledge of metaphyſical ſcience, we naturally commence with a review of his firſt work, or Treatiſe on Human Nature; taking care, however, not to aſcribe to him any of its tenets, which have been ſubſequently altered in his Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding.

It may, perhaps, appear to be a homely remark, but it is not the leſs juſt, that, in peruſing any work of a diſquiſitionary nature, the firſt thing, to which a reader ought to direct his attention, is the table of contents. It is not a mere enumeration of the different topics treated of in the text, which this table preſents to an intelligent inquirer. If he finds in it a *lucidus ordo* in the arrangement of the plan; if he finds that natural ſucceſſion, or connect ſeries of diſcuſſion, which gives perſpicuity and preciſion to a literary performance, he is inclined to form a favourable opinion of the abilities of the writer. A very ſlight inſpection of the tables of contents, prefixed to the writings of Adam Smith or Dr. Reid, who were contemporaries of Mr. Hume, will enable a man of ordinary capacity to obſerve the intimate dependence, which each ſucceſſive chapter has on

on that preceding it, and to comprehend at one view the general ſcope and object of the author. But we look for this in vain in Mr. Hume's Treatiſe; and the conſequence of his failure or neglect in correctneſs of arrangement and diviſion of the ſubject, is a tireſome repetition of arguments and opinions, which tends to involve the whole in confuſion and obſcurity.

Our author begins his Treatiſe with an inquiry into the origin of ideas; and as this forms the baſis of his ſyſtem, it merits particular notice. He informs us, that all perceptions of the human mind reſolve themſelves into two diſtinct kinds, which he ſtyles *impreſſions* and *ideas*. The difference between theſe he makes to conſiſt in the degrees of force and livelineſs, with which they ſtrike upon the mind, and make their way into our thought or conſciouſneſs. The perceptions, which enter with moſt force and violence are impreſſions, and comprehend our ſenſations, paſſions, and emotions, as they make their firſt appearance in the ſoul. By ideas he means "*the faint images* of theſe impreſſions in thinking and reaſoning; ſuch as, for inſtance, are all the perceptions excited by the preſent diſcourſe, excepting only thoſe which ariſe from the ſight and touch, and excepting the immediate pleaſure or uneaſineſs it may occaſion*." Without attempting to elucidate the obſcure verbiage in the latter part of this ſentence, it may be ob-

* Page 12. v. 1.

ſerved, that the diſtinction made by our author, although not very perſpicuous, ſeems to refer the firſt ſeries of perceptions to feeling, and the laſt to thinking. If an uncouthneſs of ſtyle occaſionaliy appear in the detail of Mr. Hume's opinions in this work, it will ſerve as an apology that his own language is always employed, which, in his earlier productions, was not very remarkable for its claſſic elegance and correctneſs.

He farther explains in a *note*, the meaning which he affixes to each of theſe words. "I here," he obſerves, "make uſe of theſe terms, impreſſion and idea, in a ſenſe different from what is uſual, and I hope this liberty will be allowed me. Perhaps I rather reſtore the word *idea* to its original ſenſe, from which Mr. Locke had perverted it in making it ſtand for all our perceptions. By the term *impreſſion*, I would not be underſtood to expreſs the manner in which our lively perceptions are produced in the ſoul, but merely the perceptions themſelves, for which there is no particular name, either in the Engliſh or any other language that I know of." Mr. Hume, however, and not Mr. Locke, has perverted the true ſenſe of the word *idea*; for according to the philoſophical import of that term, it does not ſignify that act of the mind, which we call thought, and with which our author confounds it; but it implies ſome object or agent of thought, or, more correctly ſpeaking, ideas and perceptions, whether lively or faint, are eſſentially the ſame, and they are ſo without the intermedium of images.

Metaphyſicians

Metaphyſicians who reaſon by analogy from the phenomena of the material world, without conſidering that the laws of matter are inapplicable to the operations of mind, are continually expoſing themſelves to error by the aſſumption of erroneous *data*, and the deduction of falſe concluſions; and in no inſtance is this more frequent than in the examples derived from the ſenſe of ſight. Mr. Hume, indeed, profeſſes to employ the experimental mode of reaſoning; but he deviates from it in the very outſet. Inſtead of truſting to an accurate obſervation of the manner, in which his own mind is called into action, and continues to act, he readily adopts the arguments of his predeceſſors, which they again have borrowed from the common theories of viſion, without trying them by the teſt of their other ſenſes.

It would require greater amplitude of inveſtigation than the nature of this work will permit, to point out the cauſes which have given riſe to ſo univerſal a miſtake on the part of metaphyſicians. To draw general inferences, whether well or ill-founded, from one ſenſe only, is obviouſly taking too narrow a view of the ſubject. We can eaſily underſtand a perſon, when he ſpeaks of an external object and of its coloured image on the retina of the eye. That image, however, is neither an impreſſion nor an idea: it is an agent employed by nature to excite an idea, or produce a perception; but the manner in which it does ſo is unknown; and in conſequence of a morbid ſtate of the optic nerve,

an individual may not even be conſcious of the exiſtence of this image, that is, experience a ſenſation from the agency of it, although his eye ſtill continues to form the image on the retina.

But, ſays Mr. Hume, the faint images of theſe impreſſions in thinking and reaſoning conſtitute our ideas. Now, it may be aſked, what is meant by the images of ſound, taſte, ſmell, or touch? What is the image of hardneſs, heat, cold, or any of the qualities and modes of matter? and, as he comprehends under the generic term of impreſſions, not only all our external ſenſations, but alſo our paſſions and emotions, it may be likewiſe aſked, what can he mean by images of pride, anger, pleaſure, or pain? The anſwer is obvious; for no man, from the actual phenomena of his ſenſes and paſſions, can pretend to a conſciouſneſs of theſe images. Yet it would follow from our author's doctrine, that we can have no ideas without the pre-exiſtence of images, which, in fact, have no exiſtence. Such are the palpable contradictions and abſurdities into which Mr. Hume has fallen, by inconſiderately adopting the notions of his predeceſſors, and their inaccurate modes of philoſophizing.

The diviſion of perceptions into impreſſions and ideas, is ſtill farther exceptionable; for a difference in degree is not a difference in quality. When a perſon touches any thing, he experiences, is conſcious of, or has a perception or idea of a certain feeling,

feeling, and to diſtinguiſh its quality or relative degrees, particular words have been contrived. The ſenſation he thus experiences may, perhaps, be that which we ſtyle hardneſs; but this ſenſation, or, what is the ſame, the conſciouſneſs of it, may actually be mind itſelf; for we have no good reaſon to authorize our believing, that the ſenſation of hardneſs forms an object diſtinct from, although preſent to, the mind. In fine, the identity of perception, conſciouſneſs, and idea, may be fairly maintained; at leaſt, the faculties of the human underſtanding are incapable of diſtinguiſhing them.

The ſubſequent illuſtrations, which Mr. Hume introduces, are no leſs defective and unphiloſophical. From the reſemblance, which he diſcovers between impreſſions and ideas in every other particular, except their degree of force and vivacity, he maintains, that the one ſeem to be, in a manner, the reflection of the other; ſo that all the perceptions of the mind are double, and appear both as impreſſions and ideas. "When," he adds, "I ſhut my eyes, and think of my chamber, the ideas I form are exact repreſentations of the impreſſions I felt, nor is there any circumſtance of the one, which is not to be found in the other."

Here he confounds perception and memory, two very different powers of the mind. When he views his chamber with his eyes open, he experiences, not only ſenſations, but what in his ſyſtem

he calls impreſſions, which "ſtrike with a very lively force upon the mind." Still, however, according to his own doctrine, he has not acquired any ideas; for theſe are only "the faint images of impreſſions in thinking and reaſoning." It would follow, therefore, that to obtain an exact idea of his chamber, he muſt contemplate it with his eyes ſhut; or would he rather be underſtood to ſignify, that if he kept his eyes open, and thought of his chamber, his mind embraced, at the ſame time, both the lively impreſſions and their faint images or ideas? A more accurate reaſoner would have explained the phenomena in a very different manner. He would have ſhewn, that perception, conſciouſneſs, and idea in its true philoſophical meaning, (and even the term impreſſion in Mr. Hume's ſenſe of it, for he diſclaims the ſynonymy of impreſſion and ſenſation) are the ſame, as far as our mental powers are competent to diſcover; and he would have ſhewn, that memory is the faculty which nature employs in preſerving, or recalling, ideas or perceptions ariſing from the operation of external objects on our ſenſes.

Notwithſtanding theſe obvious errors, Mr. Hume, in his Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding, perſiſts in giving the ſame diviſion of perceptions which he had adopted in his Treatiſe, as will appear from the following paſſage in Section II. "Of the Origin of Ideas."—"We may, therefore," ſays he, "divide all the perceptions of the mind into two claſſes or ſpecies, which are diſtinguiſhed by

by their different degrees of force and vivacity. The leſs forcible and lively are commonly denominated thoughts or ideas. The other ſpecies want a name in our language, and in moſt others; I ſuppoſe, becauſe it was not requiſite for any, but philoſophical purpoſes, to rank them under a general term or appellation. Let us, therefore, uſe a little freedom, and call them impreſſions; employing that word in a ſenſe ſomewhat different from the uſual. By the term *impreſſion*, then, I mean all our more lively perceptions, when we hear, or ſee, or feel, or love, or hate, or deſire, or will: and impreſſions are diſtinguiſhed from ideas, which are the leſs lively perceptions of which we are conſcious, when we reflect on any of thoſe ſenſations or movements above-mentioned."

It is, doubtleſs, allowable to every man, who writes a ſyſtem of ſcience or of art, to employ what terms he pleaſes, provided he gives correct definitions of them in the outſet. But if he employs, in a ſenſe very different from their common acceptation, terms to which mankind have already attached a definite meaning, it is obvious that this practice muſt occaſion endleſs confuſion. The ſigns in algebra, and the abſtract terms in mathematics, are merely arbitrary; and ſo were the words of every original language at its commencement; but their uſe and purport being once fixed by common conſent, the perſon who ventures to alter or reverſe them, will ſcarcely merit applauſe for his ingenuity. Theſe arguments apply ſtill more

forcibly to moral philoſophy, where it is not eaſy to keep long the mind ſteady in any train of thought; a difficulty eſſentially increaſed by adopting new and unuſual explanations of well known terms.

In the paſſage we have quoted, Mr. Hume, abandoning his theory of images, gives a more ſtrict and determinate limitation to the words, *impreſſion* and *idea*, than he has done in his Treatiſe. By the former he ſeems to mean an idea with the preſence of a ſenſation, and by the latter an idea without it. Every philoſopher muſt acknowledge, that the idea he has of an external object is more lively and forcible, when the object is preſent to the ſenſes, than when it is not. This, however, is merely a difference in degree, and not in quality; and if any writer on metaphyſics ſhould chuſe to deſignate the two caſes by particular terms, he is warranted in doing ſo, though not certainly in ſelecting, as Mr. Hume does, a word to which a ſpecific meaning has been already affixed, very different from that in which he would employ it. A ſuperficial attention to the phenomena, and a deſcription of them in the ordinary phraſeology of the Engliſh language, would at once have corrected this error of our author; for he muſt have remarked, that every external object, by making an *impreſſion*, or acting upon the organs of ſenſe, induces a conſciouſneſs or *idea* of the object he beheld: and that our ideas, becoming the objects or agents of thought, are employed in the proceſs of reflection.

As

As the doctrine of the origin of ideas is the foundation on which the ſuperſtructure of every metaphyſical ſyſtem is reared, it is neceſſary to beſtow longer conſideration on that part of our author's work, than can be devoted to the reſt. To give a complete review of his opinions would be, in fact, to preſent a complete refutation of them, and compoſe a volume on the philoſophy of the human mind.

Mr. Hume, in his Treatiſe, again divides our perceptions into ſimple and complex, that is, into ſingle perceptions and combinations of them, as they may be conſidered ſeparately or in union. To this diviſion he has recourſe, in order to limit the general deciſion, which he had formed, that our ideas and impreſſions "are reſembling," or reſemble each other. "I obſerve," ſays he, "that many of our complex ideas never had impreſſions that correſponded to them, and that many of our complex impreſſions never are exactly copied in ideas. I can imagine to myſelf ſuch a city as the New Jeruſalem, whoſe pavement is gold and rubies, though I never ſaw any ſuch. I have ſeen Paris, but ſhall I affirm I can form ſuch an idea of that city, as will perfectly repreſent all its ſtreets and houſes in their real and juſt proportions?"

This manner of ſtating the propoſition is extremely vague; for it implies, that Mr. Hume might have ideas without impreſſions, the faint images of which he formerly repreſented to give riſe

riſe excluſively to ideas, or rather to be themſelves ideas. According to cuſtom, our author, in this paſſage, confounds imagination and memory, two very different powers of the mind. The human faculties, although wiſely adapted to all the poſſible purpoſes of man, are limited in their extent and powers, and each has its peculiar province.

When a man lays his hand on a piece of marble, he becomes ſenſible of its quality of hardneſs. Let this marble ceaſe to be preſent to his ſenſe of touch; let it no longer be an immediate object of perception, he can ſtill form a notion of its hardneſs, ſtill retain an idea of it, or, as ſome philoſophers would expreſs it, ſtill form a juſt conception of it. In like manner we acquire a knowledge of the various qualities of external objects by our ſenſes; and in preſerving or recalling that knowledge, a proceſs takes place ſimilar to that mentioned in the caſe of the ſenſe of touch. The mind has alſo a power of modifying its ideas. It can ſeparate the ideas of the different qualities of ſubſtances. It can divide them into parts. It can combine theſe with others in endleſs variety, and thus form new wholes. This power of creation, if the expreſſion may be allowed, is ſtyled the imagination. But however fantaſtic theſe combinations may be, ſuch as elephants with wings, and the like creatures of a prolific and extravagant fancy, it cannot be ſaid that "many of our complex ideas never had impreſſions correſponding to them;" for all the ſingle perceptions or ideas, which are the component

component parts of ſuch complex ideas, muſt have been originally excited by external objects, and have continued familiar to the mind. Though Mr. Hume, therefore, could form accurate ideas of the external objects preſent to his ſenſes, it does not follow that he ought to have been able to form with preciſion ſo complex and vaſt an idea as that of an immenſe city. In fact, the powers of his imagination as to comprizing at once and correctly the ſtreets and pavements of the New Jeruſalem were as much limited, as the powers of his conception or thoſe of his memory reſpecting Paris. It is, therefore, equally erroneous, that many of our complex impreſſions are never exactly copied in ideas.

After obſerving that our complex impreſſions and ideas, though greatly reſembling, a e not exact copies of each other, Mr. Hume proceeds to inquire how the caſe ſtands with our ſimple perceptions in this reſpect, and finiſhes with a very unexpected concluſion. "Thus," ſays he, "we find, that all ſimple ideas and impreſſions reſemble each other, and as the complex are formed from them, we may affirm, in general, that theſe two ſpecies of perception are *exactly* correſpondent:" an inference in open hoſtility with the doctrine which he had juſt delivered.

As we have endeavoured to point out the very unphiloſophical diſtinction he has introduced between impreſſions and ideas, and, it is hoped, ſhewn the fallacy of his ideal theory by faint images of impreſſions,

preſſions, it does not appear neceſſary to purſue the inquiry, by inveſtigating the principles of cauſation which he advances, and his opinions reſpecting the infinite diviſibility of ſpace and time, and *the infinite diviſibility of our ideas* of ſpace and time: diſcordant inferences are the inevitable reſult of an hypotheſis eſſentially erroneous.

Without proſecuting farther, therefore, the review of his Treatiſe, the tenets in which have been publicly diſclaimed by the author, in ſo far as they differ from thoſe in his Enquiry, we ſhall confine our ſubſequent obſervations to this laſt performance. It does not profeſs to be, like the Treatiſe, a complete ſyſtem, but is rather a collection of eſſays on metaphyſical ſubjects, poſſeſſing a connection with each other. The topics, however, on which it treats, are nearly the ſame with thoſe in the Treatiſe, but it is cleared from the falſe reaſonings and contradictions of the latter; and while it diſplays the vigour of his underſtanding, it alſo affords honourable evidence of his induſtry, and the progreſs of his mental improvement, during the time which elapſed between the appearance of theſe two publications.

The ſubjects diſcuſſed in the Enquiry are the following:

Sect. I. Of the different Species of Philoſophy.
II. Of the Origin of Ideas.
III. Of the Aſſociation of Ideas.
IV. Sceptical

IV. Sceptical Doubts concerning the Operations of the Understanding.
V. Sceptical Solution of these Doubts.
VI. Of Probability.
VII. Of the Idea of necessary Connection.
VIII. Of Liberty and Necessity.
IX. Of the Reason of Animals.
X. Of Miracles.
XI. Of a particular Providence, and of a future State.
XII. Of the academical or sceptical Philosophy.

These essays are but little susceptible of analysis: we shall, however, endeavour to give a rapid sketch of them, interspersed with a few remarks on peculiar or exceptionable opinions.

In his brief notice of *the different species of philosophy*, Mr. Hume considers man, first, as born for action, and as influenced in his measures by taste and sentiment, pursuing one object, and avoiding another, according to the value which these objects seem to possess, or the light in which they present themselves; and, secondly, as a reasonable rather than an active being. The first species may be referred to ethics, and the last to pure metaphysics. In the *second* Section, he adopts his former theory of the origin of ideas, which we have already condemned; and in the *third*, he discusses, with the astonishing brevity of a few lines, the important subject of the association of ideas.

The

The title of the *fourth* and moſti mportant Section ſeems to have been adopted at random *; for while it implies doubts in general concerning all the operations of the human mind, it in reality advances a difficulty as to one operation only, or rather explains it in a manner different from the generally received mode. He commences with obſerving, that the objects of human reaſon or inquiry may naturally be divided into two kinds, *relations of ideas*, and *matters of facts*. To the firſt, he refers the ſciences of geometry, algebra, and arithmetic. Our reaſoning concerning matters of fact, he founds on the relation of cauſe and effect; and he affirms, as a general propoſition admitting of no exception, that the knowledge of this relation is not, in any inſtance, attained by reaſoning *a priori*, but ariſes entirely from experience, in finding that particular objects are conſtantly conjoined with each other.

He next inveſtigates the queſtion, what is the foundation of all concluſions from experience? and he maintains, that even after we have experience of the operations of cauſe and effect, our concluſions from that experience are *not* founded on reaſoning, or any proceſs of the underſtanding. In illuſtration of this, he obſerves:—"The bread which I formerly eat nouriſhed me; that is, a body of ſuch ſenſible qualities was, at that time, endued with ſuch ſecret powers: but does it follow, that

* Is not the tautological phraſe, "ſceptical doubts," unwarrantable?

other bread muſt alſo nouriſh me at another time, and that like ſenſible qualities muſt always be attended with like ſecret powers? The conſequence ſeems nowiſe neceſſary."—"Theſe two propoſitions are far from being the ſame,—*I have found that ſuch an object has always been attended with ſuch an effect*,—and *I foreſee, that other objects which are, in appearance, ſimilar, will be attended with ſimilar effects.*" And he aſks, "may I not clearly and diſtinctly conceive, that a body, falling from the clouds, and which in all other reſpects reſembles ſnow, has yet the taſte of ſalt or feeling of fire?"

Theſe difficulties, which ſeem to have puzzled Mr. Hume ſo much, may be eaſily removed. Such is the frame of the human mind, that if it once acquire a knowledge of an object by experience, it is drawn by an irreſiſtible neceſſity to infer, that the ſame qualities muſt reſide in, and the ſame conſequences follow from, objects *in all reſpects* ſimilar. This is, in fact, the principle which obliges a man to aſſent to the axioms in mathematics. He may have experience of one caſe only in which equals being added to equals, the wholes are equal; yet he is forced to acknowledge it to be a general law. In like manner, if he has once attained a knowledge of the qualities of ſnow, it is not in his power to conceive, that a ſubſtance, poſſeſſing all theſe qualities, could have the taſte of ſalt or feeling of fire. That the bread which nouriſhed him to-day will nouriſh him to-morrow, is an inference he cannot reject. If the organs of digeſtion, however, poſſeſs not

not the ſame tone, and the bread of this day has not exactly the qualities of that of yeſterday, it is obvious that circumſtances are altered, and the mind does not authorize a ſimilar inference. In fine, if he chuſes to content himſelf with ſuperficial reſemblances and looſe analogies, he proceeds incorrectly, and is not qualified to argue on the operations of the human underſtanding.

But, ſays Mr. Hume, "is there any more intelligible propoſition than to affirm, that all the trees will flouriſh in December and January, and decay in May and June? Now whatever is intelligible, and can be diſtinctly conceived, implies no contradiction, and can never be proved falſe by any demonſtrative argument or abſtract reaſoning *a priori*."—Does our author mean to aſſert, that we are unable *a priori* to prove the impoſſible exiſtence of the chimerical repreſentations of a lively fancy? Does he mean to aſſert, that whatever we can conceive may be true? A vigorous imagination can picture the city of London raiſed in the atmoſphere, and the houſes dancing a cotillon, while the affrighted inhabitants view the exhibition from their windows. All this is intelligible, and can be diſtinctly conceived; yet all this is contradictory to the laws of nature, and can be eaſily proved *a priori* to be phyſically impoſſible. It is an affirmation perfectly intelligible, that all the trees will flouriſh in December and January, and decay in May and June; but it is equally certain, that ſuch an effect can be demonſtrated to be impoſſible, becauſe it is contrary to the laws

and

and principles of vegetation. Now, the laws of nature, and the laws and principles of vegetation, are diſcovered and confirmed by experience and reaſoning.

The *Sceptical Solution* of theſe *Doubts*, in Section V. is by aſcribing our belief in the connection of cauſe and effect to *cuſtom* or *habit*; and aſſerting that all our inferences from experience are the effects of cuſtom, and not of reaſoning. We have already expoſed the groundleſsneſs of theſe opinions; yet we agree with Mr. Hume, that cuſtom is the great guide of human life. When bread, ſimilar to that which nouriſhed a man yeſterday, is again laid before him, he is not ſcrupulouſly nice in aſcertaining the ſimilarity of its qualities; but he ſuppoſes this to be the fact, and eats the bread in the belief of receiving ſimilar nouriſhment from it. This looſe mode of inference, denominated *cuſtom*, is, however, very different from the more rigid and correct operations of the underſtanding, though it ſerves ſufficiently for all the ordinary purpoſes of mankind.

Mr. Hume's hypotheſis reſpecting cauſation being thus unſound, all his arguments founded on it in the three following ſections, on *Probability*, on *the Idea of neceſſary Connection*, and on *Liberty and Neceſſity*, fall to the ground; for what can be more erroneous than the tenets maintained in the following paſſage: "When," ſays he, "we look about us towards external objects, and conſider the opera-

tion of cauſes, we are never able, in a ſingle inſtance, to diſcover any power or neceſſary connection; any quality which binds the effect to the cauſe, and renders the one an infallible conſequence of the other We only find, that the one does actually, in fact, follow the other. The impulſe of one billiard-ball is attended with motion in the ſecond. This is the whole that appears to the *outward* ſenſes. The mind feels no ſentiment or *inward* impreſſion from this ſucceſſion of objects; conſequently there is not, in any ſingle particular inſtance of cauſe and effect, any thing which can ſuggeſt the idea of power or neceſſary connection."

If our author had confined himſelf to aſſerting, that we do not know by intuition, that one billiard-ball will communicate part of the motion it has received to another at reſt, we would have readily aſſented to his opinion. All human knowledge is of human acquirement: it is the reſult of experience and reflection. When, therefore, man has imbibed the ſpirit of inquiry, and attained a knowledge of the laws of nature, he can demonſtrate, that the impulſe of one billiard-ball will infallibly give motion to a ſecond; and it is impoſſible to ſuggeſt a caſe or operation of the mind, in which it feels more forcibly "an *inward* impreſſion from a ſucceſſion of objects, or one that gives riſe to the idea of power or neceſſary connection." In a paſſage formerly quoted, Mr. Hume aſſerted, that, even after we have experience of the operations of cauſe and effect, our concluſions from that experience are

are *not* founded on reaſoning, or any proceſs of the underſtanding. Exactly the reverſe of this is the fact. The ſenſes, as the medium by which we communicate materially with external objects, are one ſource of our knowledge, and experience is founded on them; but the concluſions from that experience, or, in other words, the immutable laws of matter organized or not organized, are founded on the correcteſt exertions of human reaſon.

Paſſing over the very brief ſection on the *Reaſon* of *Animals*, we come next to that on *Miracles*; but as it does not readily admit of abridgment, we ſhall content ourſelves with mentioning the reſult of our author's reſearches on the ſubject, from which the reader will be able to collect the *bearing* of his religious creed. "The plain conſequence," ſays he, "is (and it is a general maxim worthy of our attention,) that no teſtimony is ſufficient to eſtabliſh a miracle, unleſs the teſtimony be of ſuch a kind, that its falſehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavours to eſtabliſh: and even in that caſe there is a mutual deſtruction of arguments, and the ſuperior only gives us an aſſurance ſuitable to that degree of force which remains after deducting the inferior."—And again, "So that upon the whole we may conclude, that the chriſtian religion not only was at firſt attended with miracles, but even at this day cannot be believed by any reaſonable perſon without one. Mere reaſon is inſufficient to convince us of its veracity: and whoever is

moved by *faith* to aſſent to it, is conſcious of a continued miracle in his own perſon, which ſubverts all the principles of his underſtanding, and gives him a determination to believe what is moſt contrary to cuſtom and experience."

The eleventh ſection is a kind of rambling eſſay, by way of dialogue, on a *particular Providence and a future State*; in which his friend, in the character of Epicurus, makes an oration to the Athenians, tending to deny both. It proceeds on, or rather is an argument in favour of, the principle, that we are not authorized to aſcribe to a cauſe any qualities but what are exactly ſufficient to produce the effect; and where a cauſe is known only by its particular effects, it is impoſſible to infer any new effects from that cauſe. "Allowing therefore," ſays Epicurus, "the gods to be the authors of the exiſtence or order of the univerſe, it follows, that they poſſeſs that preciſe degree of power, intelligence, and benevolence, which appears in their workmanſhip; but nothing farther can ever be proved, except we call in the aſſiſtance of exaggeration and flattery to ſupply the defects of argument and reaſoning. So far as the traces of any attributes at preſent appear, ſo far may we conclude theſe attributes to exiſt. The ſuppoſition of farther attributes is mere hypotheſis, much more the ſuppoſition, that, in diſtant regions of ſpace or periods of time, there has been, or will be, a more magnificent diſplay of theſe attributes, and a ſcheme of adminiſtration more ſuitable to ſuch imaginary virtues. We can never be allowed

allowed to mount up from the univerſe, the effect, to Jupiter the cauſe; and then deſcend downwards, to infer any new effect from that cauſe, as if the preſent effects alone were not entirely worthy of the glorious attributes which we aſcribe to that deity. The knowledge of the cauſe being derived ſolely from the effect, they muſt be exactly adjuſted to each other; and the one can never refer to any thing farther, or be the foundation of any new inference and concluſion." The eſſay is ingenious and argumentative; but as it does not enter on the difficult topic of the deity's moral government of the world, it only glances ſlightly at its proper objects, and is very far from being concluſive.

As Mr. Hume has concentrated the ſecond volume of his Treatiſe into a Diſſertation on the Paſſions, which occupies only thirty pages of his Enquiry, and is compoſed merely of ſhort and fugitive notes preparatory to a more regular and prolonged inveſtigation of the ſubject, it would be a waſte of time to review them.

After the preceding obſervations, the metaphyſical character of our author may be compriſed in few words. His Enquiry is not a complete ſyſtem: its ſtyle does not poſſeſs the eaſe and perſpicuity of that of Dr. Reid, and ſtill leſs of that of Profeſſor Stewart, and is, in fact, not always adapted to abſtract reaſoning. The leading arguments are eſſentially wrong, and the concluſions muſt conſequently be the ſame: yet his writings may be uſe-

ful, for truth is often elicited and eſtabliſhed by the colliſion of opinion and the boldneſs of diſquiſition.

2. In his *Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*, Mr. Hume treats on the following ſubjects:

Section I. Of the General Principles of Morals.
II. Of Benevolence.
III. Of Juſtice.
IV. Of Political Society.
V. Why Utility pleaſes.
VI. Of Qualities uſeful to Ourſelves.
VII. Of Qualities immediately agreeable to Ourſelves.
VIII. Of Qualities immediately agreeable to Others.
IX. Concluſion.

APPENDIX.

I. Concerning moral Sentiment.
II. Of Self-love.
III. Some farther Conſiderations with regard to Juſtice.
IV. Of ſome verbal Diſputes.

A DIALOGUE.

In examining the general principles of morals, the firſt object of his reſearches is, whether they are derived from reaſon or from ſentiment; and he is inclined to believe, that both concur in almoſt all

moral determinations and concluſions. He then proceeds "to analyze that complication of mental qualities, which form what, in common life, we call perſonal merit;" and he begins with the conſideration of *benevolence* and *juſtice*. His general inference is, that the *utility* reſulting from the ſocial virtues forms, at leaſt, a part, or rather the whole, of their merit, and is the ſource of that approbation and regard ſo univerſally paid to them. "Who ſees not, for inſtance," ſays he, "that whatever is produced or improved by a man's art or induſtry ought for ever to be ſecured to him, in order to give encouragement to ſuch *uſeful* habits and accompliſhments? That the property ought alſo to deſcend to children and relations, for the ſame *uſeful* purpoſe? That it may be alienated by conſent, in order to beget that commerce and intercourſe which is ſo *beneficial* to human ſociety? And that all contracts and promiſes ought carefully to be fulfilled, in order to ſecure mutual truſt and confidence, by which the general *intereſt* of mankind is ſo much promoted." And again—"The neceſſity of juſtice to the ſupport of ſociety is the *ſole* foundation of that virtue; and ſince no moral excellence is more highly eſteemed, we may conclude, that this circumſtance of uſefulneſs has, in general, the ſtrongeſt energy, and moſt entire command over our ſentiments. It muſt, therefore, be the ſource of a conſiderable part of the merit aſcribed to humanity, benevolence, friendſhip, public ſpirit, and other ſocial virtues of that ſtamp; as it is the *ſole* ſource of the moral approbation paid to fidelity,

juſtice, veracity, integrity, and thoſe other eſtimable and uſeful qualities and principles."

To adopt mere uſefulneſs as the baſis of virtue is certainly taking a very narrow and ſuperficial view of the principles of morality. To refute, however, this Machiavelian doctrine would require greater length of diſcuſſion than can be admitted in this work. There is nothing too vicious to be defended on the broad plea of utility; and Mr. Hume himſelf, in the following paſſage, is drawn by it to ſupport illiberality and oppreſſion. "Were there," ſays he, "a ſpecies of creatures, intermingled with men, which, though rational, were poſſeſſed of ſuch inferior ſtrength, both of body and mind, that they were incapable of all reſiſtance, and could never, upon the higheſt provocation, make us feel the effects of their reſentment; the neceſſary conſequence, I think, is, that we ſhould be bound, by the laws of humanity, to give gentle uſage to theſe creatures, but *ſhould not*, properly ſpeaking, *lie under any reſtraint of juſtice with regard to them, nor could they poſſeſs any right or property excluſive of ſuch arbitrary lords.*" And again—"In many nations, the female ſex are reduced to like ſlavery, and are rendered incapable of all property, in oppoſition to their lordly maſters. But though the males, when united, have, in all countries, bodily force ſufficient to maintain this ſevere tyranny; yet ſuch are the inſinuation, addreſs, and charms of their fair companions, that women are commonly able to break the confederacy, and ſhare with the other

other ſex all the rights and privileges of ſociety." Thus what is uſually aſcribed to the determinations of the moral ſenſe, is here attributed by Mr. Hume to female blandiſhment and ſexual inclinations.

In this performance, which was our author's favourite production, his ſtyle and manner are more agreeable than in his Enquiry into the Human Underſtanding; and as it brings, to uſe an expreſſion of Lord Bacon, matters home to men's buſineſs and boſoms, we feel a greater intereſt in his inveſtigations, which he has enlivened with hiſtorical anecdotes. The ſixth and ſeventh ſections are, in fact, lectures on politeneſs or the art of pleaſing, and will not loſe by compariſon with Lord Cheſterfield's celebrated Advice to his Son. But the ſeductive picture which Mr. Hume has given of his general principle of *utility* may be reverſed by another writer, and perverted to the worſt of purpoſes.

In his *Natural Hiſtory of Religion*, our author endeavours to prove, that polytheiſm was the primary religion of mankind, and that the deities were not conſidered as the creators of the world. He then notices the various forms of polytheiſm; enquires briefly into the origin of theiſm; and after tracing, what he ſtyles, the flux and reflux of both ſyſtems, draws a compariſon of them with regard to *perſecution* and *toleration*, *courage* and *abaſement*, *reaſon* and *abſurdity*, *doubt* and *conviction*. Towards the end of

of the performance, he expoſes *ſome impious conceptions of the divine nature in popular religions of both kinds*, and *the bad influence of popular religions on morality*. The general tendency of this treatiſe is favourable to deiſm; and the ſame tenet is illuſtrated and enforced at greater length in his poſthumous production, entitled, *Dialogues on Natural Religion*. It is impoſſible to divine any reaſonable motive for Mr. Hume's adoption of the form of dialogue in this laſt work, unleſs it was that he thought himſelf more at liberty to employ bold expreſſions, by putting them in the mouth of a character whoſe arguments he affects to refute. Dialogue, indeed, affords ample opportunity for digreſſion, and Mr. Hume avails himſelf ſo frequently of this, that he becomes inſufferably redundant and tireſome.

3. In conſidering the character of Mr. Hume as a *writer on general policy*, his eſſays may be divided into thoſe on commercial ſubjects, and thoſe on conſtitutional polity.

1. On Commerce and Finance.

1. Of Commerce.
2. Of Refinement in the Arts.
3. Of the Balance of Trade.
4. Of the Jealouſy of Trade.
5. Of Money.
6. Of Intereſt.
7. Of Taxes.
8. Of Public Credit.

A great

A great and prevalent defect in Mr. Hume's miſcellaneous writings is, that he never attempts to treat his ſubject ſyſtematically; and deſultory remarks, however juſt, are unfavourable to inſtruction. This imperfection is more ſenſibly felt in the diſcuſſion of abſtruſe and difficult topics, where both the underſtanding and memory require, that we ſhould proceed from ſelf-evident axioms to the eſtabliſhment of general principles or laws. To the complicated ſubject of *Commerce* Mr. Hume devotes thirteen octavo pages; but as he does not profeſs to give even the outline of a regular ſyſtem, it is impoſſible to analyze it.

In his eſſay on *Refinement in the Arts*, he maintains,—1. That the ages of refinement are both the happieſt and moſt virtuous; and 2. That whenever luxury ceaſes to be innocent, it alſo ceaſes to be beneficial; and when carried a degree too far is a quality pernicious, though perhaps not the moſt pernicious to ſociety. This is a rambling production, but his arguments are generally correct. The eſſay on the *Balance of Trade* may be peruſed with real advantage; and the ſhort piece on the *Jealouſy of Trade*, though it is confined to the very narrow compaſs of four pages, derives its value from a juſt reprobation of the illiberal principles of monopoly. In his concluding ſentence, he ſays, "Not only as a man, but as a Britiſh ſubject, I pray for the flouriſhing commerce of Germany, Spain, Italy, and even France itſelf; I am at leaſt certain, that Great Britain, and all theſe nations would flouriſh

riſh more, did their ſovereigns and miniſters adopt ſuch enlarged and benevolent ſentiments towards each other."

The beſt account which can be given of his Eſſay on *Money* is, that its errors, by provoking inquiry, may call forth the more correct lucubrations of others. He advances in it an objection to *banks and paper credit*, though not in the moſt forcible manner. "That proviſions and labour," ſays he, "ſhould become dear by the increaſe of trade and money, is, in many reſpects, an inconvenience; but an inconvenience that is unavoidable, and the effect of public wealth and proſperity; yet there appears no reaſon for increaſing that inconvenience, by a counterfeit money, which foreigners will not accept of in any payment, and which any great diſorder in the ſtate will reduce to nothing." Mr. Hume acquired afterwards more enlightened views on this ſubject, and, in a ſubſequent edition of his miſcellaneous tracts, introduced into the Eſſay on the Balance of Trade, more favourable ſentiments on the benefits ariſing from paper currency.

In his Eſſay on *Intereſt*, Mr. Hume ſets out with averments, the fallacy of which is ſo obvious, that one is rather ſurpriſed it ſhould have eſcaped him. "Were," ſays he, "all the gold in England annihilated at once, and one-and-twenty ſhillings ſubſtituted in the place of every guinea, would money be more plentiful or intereſt lower? No, ſurely: we ſhould only uſe ſilver inſtead of gold." Thus far

far he is correct, and the only conſequences of ſuch an annihilation and ſubſtitution would be the inconvenience ariſing from the bulkineſs of the ſilver, and the premium which gold imported would bear in the market; but he is peculiarly unfortunate in the extenſion of his concluſion. "Were gold," continues he, "rendered as common as ſilver, and ſilver as common as copper, would money be more plentiful or intereſt lower? We may aſſuredly give the ſame anſwer," (that is, no, ſurely.) "Our ſhillings would then be yellow, and our halfpence white; and we ſhould have no guineas. No other difference would ever be obſerved; no alteration on commerce, manufactures, navigation, or intereſt; unleſs we imagine that the colour of the metal is of any conſequence."—If England were the only inhabited country in the world, Mr. Hume's inference would be juſt; but while the precious metals are in high and univerſal requeſt among foreign nations, a ſuperabundant quantity of them in this country muſt ever have an eſſential effect on our internal and external economy. It is a common practice with writers on this ſubject to forget, that the wealth of a nation, taken in the aggregate, is to be appreciated by the wants of its neighbours, and not by reference to the individuals of ſuch nation among themſelves.

His Eſſay on *Taxes*, which is comprized in five pages, will not arreſt the attention of the reader; but that on *Public Credit*, which is the laſt of this ſeries, poſſeſſes real merit. The ſubject is diſcuſſed at

at conſiderable length, and the tract may be ſafely recommended to the ſtudy of the politician. Mr. Hume reprobates the modern policy of contracting debts and mortgaging the revenue; and ſpeaks favourably of the ancient practice of hoarding, though not on ſuch a ſcale as to produce any eſſential impediment to commerce.

2. On Subjects of Conſtitutional Polity.

1. Of the Origin of Government.
2. Of the Firſt Principles of Government.
3. Of the Original Contract.
4. Of Paſſive Obedience.
5. Of Civil Liberty.
6. Of the Liberty of the Preſs.
7. Of ſome remarkable Cuſtoms.
8. Of the Populouſneſs of Ancient Nations.
9. Of the Independency of Parliament.
10. Whether the Britiſh Government inclines more to abſolute Monarchy, or to a Republic.
11. Of Parties in general.
12. Of the Parties of Great Britain.
13. Of the Coalition of Parties.
14. Of the Proteſtant Succeſſion.
15. Of the Balance of Power.
16. Idea of a perfect Commonwealth.

The *Origin of Government*, a ſubject on which Dr. Adam Ferguſon has written an octavo volume, is diſcuſſed by Mr. Hume in *four* pages; and the purpoſe of theſe is to eſtabliſh, that all men are ſenſible

ſible of the neceſſity of juſtice to maintain peace and order, and of the neceſſity of peace and order for the maintenance of ſociety. In his Eſſay on the *Firſt Principles of Government*, he endeavours to prove, that it is founded on opinion only, which is of two kinds, the opinion of intereſt, and the opinion of right. He likewiſe divides right into two kinds, right to power, and right to property; and he maintains, that on the opinion of public intereſt, of right to power, and of right to property, all governments are founded, and all authority of the few over the many.

In the Eſſay on the *Original Contract*, he obſerves, that one party, by tracing up government to the Deity, endeavour to render it ſo ſacred and inviolate, "that it muſt be little leſs than ſacrilege to touch or invade it in the ſmalleſt article, however tyrannical it may become;" while the other party, by founding government altogether on the conſent of the people, ſuppoſe that there is a kind of original contract, by which ſubjects have tacitly reſerved the power of reſiſting their ſovereign, whenever they find themſelves aggrieved by that authority, which they have, for certain purpoſes, voluntarily intruſted to him. Mr. Hume is a mediator between the two parties, and labours to convince them that both ſyſtems of ſpeculative principles are juſt, though not in the ſenſe intended by them; and that the practical conſequences derived from theſe ſyſtems may be prudent, though not in the

the extremes to which each party, in oppoſition to the other, has commonly endeavoured to carry them.

Our author, in his Eſſay on *Civil Liberty*, compares it with abſolute government, and ſhews the ſuperior advantages of the former. After alluding in his Eſſay on the *Liberty of the Preſs*, to the freedom of political writers in this country in cenſuring the conduct of miniſters, he inveſtigates the queſtion, how it happens that Great Britain alone enjoys this peculiar privilege; and the reaſon which he aſſigns for it is our mixed form of government. In the earlier editions of his tracts, he diſcuſſed, in this eſſay, the additional queſtion, "Whether the unlimited exerciſe of the liberty of the preſs be advantageous or prejudicial to the public;" and he decided, that it was not only advantageous, but eſſential to the nature of our government.

In his Eſſay on *Some Remarkable Cuſtoms*, he notices the three following anomalies, which have prevailed in countries profeſſing to be free:—1. The γραφη παρανομων, or indictment of illegality at Athens, by which a man was tried and puniſhed, in a common court of judicature, for any law which had paſſed upon his motion in the aſſembly of the people, if that law appeared to the court to be unjuſt, or prejudicial to the republic. 2. The *comitia centuriata*, and *comitia tributa* at Rome. And 3. The preſſing of ſeamen in England.

Mr.

Mr. Hume, in his Eſſay on the *Populouſneſs of Ancient Nations*, inquires, 1. "Whether it be probable from what we know of the ſituation of ſociety in both periods, that antiquity muſt have been more populous?" And 2. "Whether in reality it was ſo?" He concludes his inveſtigation of the firſt queſtion with obſerving, that it ſeems impoſſible to aſſign any juſt reaſon, why the world ſhould have been more populous in ancient than in modern times. Liberty, the equality of property among the ancients, and the ſmall extent of their ſtates, were, indeed, circumſtances favourable to the propagation of mankind; but their wars were more bloody and deſtructive, their governments more factious and unſettled, commerce and manufactures more feeble and languiſhing, and the general police more looſe and irregular. Theſe diſadvantages ſeem to be a ſufficient counterbalance to the former advantages, and rather, ſays Mr. Hume, favour the oppoſite opinion to that which commonly prevails with regard to this ſubject.

The diſcuſſion of the ſecond queſtion is prefaced by a very juſt obſervation as to the eaſy corruption of numbers in ancient manuſcripts; and after remarking that few enumerations have been made of the inhabitants of any tract of country by a Greek or Latin writer of good authority, ſo as to afford us a large enough view for compariſon, Mr. Hume ſhews the ridiculous exaggerations of the numbers of people in remote ages by ancient authors; yet he terminates his inquiry without ventur-

ing to give a deciſive opinion on the ſubject, and contents himſelf with ſuggeſting doubts as to the accuracy of ſome numerical facts related by the hiſtorians of former days.

This eſſay, as we formerly mentioned, was attacked by Dr. Robert Wallace, in his Diſſertation on the Numbers of Mankind in Ancient and Modern Times, in which he maintained the ſuperior populouſneſs of antiquity. Several years prior to the publication of the Doctor's performance, it was read to the Philoſophical Society of Edinburgh; but as that learned body had not determined when they were to give their Tranſactions to the world, he was adviſed to embrace the opportunity of publiſhing it on the appearance of our author's tract. The Diſſertation was accordingly printed, with the addition of an Appendix, containing ſome farther obſervations corroborative of his former opinions, and remarks on Mr. Hume's Eſſay.

It may be ſuppoſed, that, in the inveſtigation of ſuch a ſubject, the firſt ſtep was to eſtabliſh ſome general rules to guide the writer in his reſearches, and the ſecond to apply theſe rules to facts. Mr. Hume, however, does not adopt this plan, but, intermingling the inquiry concerning cauſes with that reſpecting facts, quotes a multitude of paſſages from ancient writers, and embelliſhes them with a few ſcattered obſervations. Dr. Wallace commences his Treatiſe with advancing an axiom, a ſtrict adherence to which would have led him to a very differ-

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ent concluſion. He maintains, that the number of inhabitants in every country is proportionate to the plenty of proviſions it affords, as abundance will always encourage the generality of the people to marry. After laying down this principle, the Doctor had only to aſcertain the fact of the ſuperiority of the ancients in point of agricultural produce, and we ſhould then have felt leſs repugnance in giving credit to the extravagant relations of the Greek and Roman writers as to the populouſneſs of former times. But, inſtead of doing this, he gives us a profuſion of references to, and authorities from, Herodotus and others, to prove the vaſt numbers of men in the armies of thoſe days, and never ſuggeſts a doubt as to their authenticity.

Of all ancient authors Diodorus Siculus is acknowledged to be, next to Herodotus, the greateſt dealer in the marvellous. Dr. Wallace, however, cites him with implicit credulity. Ninus, he ſays, led an army into Bactria, of 1,760,000 foot, and 210,000 horſe, and wanted only a few of 10,000 chariots. The king of Bactria met him with 400,000 men. Semiramis carried an army into India of three millions of foot, half a million of horſe, and 100,000 chariots; and to ſupply the want of elephants, ſhe cauſed 100,000 men to ride on as many camels, dreſſed up in reſemblance of elephants. She likewiſe carried along with her, on the backs of camels, 2000 ſhips, ſo framed that they could be taken down in different pieces, and joined together when there was occaſion to uſe them; and notwithſtand-

ing all this the Indian king muſtered up a greater army!

It was a ſaying of the celebrated admiral Coligni, that the foundation of an army was laid in the belly; but the neceſſity of providing a regular ſupply of ſubſiſtence to theſe enormous aſſemblages of human beings, ſeems never to have entered into the minds of Diodorus Siculus, and Dr. Wallace. We cannot, therefore, be ſurpriſed at his opinion, that ancient wars were not nearly ſo deſtructive as thoſe in modern times, or that the decay of population, in modern nations, is to be aſcribed to the following moral cauſes. 1. Difference of religion, and religious inſtitutions. 2. Different cuſtoms with reſpect to ſervants, and the maintenance of the poor. 3. Different rules of ſucceſſion to eſtates, and the right of primogeniture. 4. The little encouragement given to marriage in modern times. 5. The great number of ſoldiers in the ſtanding armies of Europe. 6. Too extenſive trade. 7. *Neglect of Agriculture.* 8. The different extent of ancient and modern governments. 9. The ruin of the ancient ſtates by the greater monarchies, eſpecially by the Roman empire. 10. The loſs of that ancient ſimplicity which had long prevailed.

From this account of Dr. Wallace's Diſſertation, it will not appear to have been a very ſatisfactory refutation of Mr. Hume's eſſay; and the only notice he took of it was in a note, which he inſerted in a ſubſequent edition, but which he afterwards thought

thought proper to omit in the octavo editions, of his eſſays. The note was as follows:—"An ingenious author has honoured this diſcourſe with an anſwer full of politeneſs, erudition, and good ſenſe. So learned a refutation would have made the author ſuſpect, that his reaſonings were entirely overthrown, had he not uſed the precaution from the beginning to keep himſelf on the ſceptical ſide; and having taken this advantage of the ground, he was enabled, though with much inferior force, to preſerve himſelf from a total defeat. That reverend gentleman will always find, where his antagoniſt is ſo entrenched, that it will be very difficult to force him. Varro, in ſuch a ſituation could defend himſelf againſt Hannibal, Pharnaces againſt Cæſar. The author, however, very willingly acknowledges, that his antagoniſt has detected many miſtakes both in his authorities and reaſonings; and it was owing intirely to that gentleman's indulgence, that many more errors were not remarked. In this edition, advantage has been taken of his learned animadverſions, and the eſſay has been rendered leſs imperfect than formerly."

We may paſs over unnoticed Mr. Hume's four pages on the *Independency of Parliament*. In the Eſſay on the queſtion, *Whether the Britiſh Government inclines more to abſolute Monarchy than to a Republic?* he decides that the former is the eaſieſt death, the true euthanaſia of the Britiſh conſtitution. Mr. Hume, in his eſſay on *Parties in general*, divides factions into perſonal and real, that is,

into factions founded on perſonal friendſhip or animoſity among ſuch as compoſe the contending parties, and into thoſe founded on ſome real difference of ſentiment or intereſt. Real factions he again divides into factions from intereſt, from principle, and from affection. In applying theſe diſtinctions to the *Parties in Great Britain*, he obſerves, that parties of principle are involved in the very nature of our conſtitution, and may properly enough be denominated thoſe of court and of country, though the ſtrength and violence of each will much depend upon the particular adminiſtration, or perſons holding the firſt offices of ſtate. "Thus," adds he, "court and country, which are the genuine offſpring of the Britiſh government, are a kind of mixed parties, and are influenced both by principle and by intereſt. The heads of the factions are commonly moſt governed by the latter motive; the inferior members of them by the former."

As Mr. Hume devotes only about *five pages*, on an average, to each of theſe eſſays, although the ſubjects of them have, in the hands of other writers, given riſe to volumes; and as there is not any thing remarkable in his manner or his arguments, we have confined ourſelves to a very ſuperficial notice of their contents. The remaining papers poſſeſs little novelty; but from this general character, his Eſſay, intitled, *An Idea of a perfect Commonwealth*, muſt be excepted. Plato has given to the world his Republic, Sir Thomas More his Utopia, and Harrington his Oceana; and Mr. Hume

Hume felt an ambition to emulate the reputation of theſe celebrated writers, by exerciſing his political acumen in the conſtruction of a republican conſtitution. The outline of his plan is as follows:

Let a country be divided into 100 counties, and each county into 100 pariſhes, making in all 10,000 pariſhes. All the freeholders of twenty pounds a-year in the county, and all the houſeholders worth five hundred pounds in the town pariſhes, are to meet annually to elect a county repreſentative, after which the 100 county members chooſe from their own body ten county magiſtrates and one ſenator; ſo that, in the whole commonwealth, ſays Mr. Hume, there will be 100 ſenators, 1100 county magiſtrates, and 10,000 county repreſentatives. The ſenate is to poſſeſs the whole executive power of the ſtate, the right of making peace or war, and, in fine, all the prerogatives of a Britiſh king, except his negative. The county repreſentatives are to aſſemble in their reſpective counties, and to enjoy the whole legiſlative power; but every new law is to be firſt debated in the ſenate, and if paſſed by them, or if rejected, and ten ſenators proteſt againſt its rejection, it is to be ſent to the aſſemblies of county repreſentatives. As, however, it would be a hardſhip to aſſemble theſe provincial legiſlators for every trivial law which might be neceſſary, the ſenate is to have the option of ſending any propoſed law to the county magiſtrates, or county repreſentatives; and the magiſtrates, though the bill be referred to them, may, if they pleaſe, call

the repreſentatives, and ſubmit the affair to their determination: and alſo, if five county repreſentatives order the magiſtrates to aſſemble the whole court of repreſentatives to decide on the matter, they muſt obey. Theſe complex arrangements are intended to prevent the dangerous abuſe of, what has been ſtyled, the right of the initiation of laws, when it is confined to one body; a point which Harrington has, perhaps, too much overlooked.

After the annual election of ſenators, the new members are to be ſhut up in a conclave like the cardinals, and to elect, from their own body, a protector, who is to repreſent the dignity of the commonwealth, and preſide in the ſenate;—two ſecretaries of ſtate, and ſix councils, viz. a council of ſtate, of religion and learning, of trade, of laws, of war, and of the admiralty, with ſeven commiſſioners of the treaſury. Beſides theſe councils or courts, there is to be another called the court of *competitors*, which is thus conſtituted. If any candidate for the office of ſenator have more votes than a third of the repreſentatives, that candidate, who has moſt votes next to the ſenator elected, becomes incapable for one year of all public offices, even of being a magiſtrate or repreſentative; but he takes his ſeat in the court of competitors. Here then, ſays Mr. Hume, is a court, which may ſometimes conſiſt of a hundred members, ſometimes have no members at all, and by that means be for a year aboliſhed. This court is to have no power in the commonwealth, except the inſpection of public accounts, and

and the accuſation of any perſon before the ſenate. If the ſenate acquit him, the court of competitors may, if they pleaſe, appeal to the people, that is, to the magiſtrates or repreſentatives, who are to chooſe three for each county, and bring the perſon accuſed to a new trial. The court of competitors may alſo propoſe any law to the ſenate; and if refuſed, may appeal to the people, that is, to the magiſtrates or repreſentatives, who examine it in their counties.

Another ſingular inſtitution propoſed by Mr. Hume, is, that the protector, the two ſecretaries, and the five members of the council of ſtate, with any five or more perſons appointed by the ſenate, ſhall poſſeſs, on extraordinary emergencies, *dictatorial* power for ſix months.

Such are the prominent features of the form of government, which Mr. Hume has propoſed as a model of perfection; and the concluding part of his Eſſay is employed in defending them by ſeveral ingenious political aphoriſms. He does not betray any ſuſpicion of the confuſion, which muſt ariſe from a legiſlative body ſitting at the ſame time, and on the ſame ſubject, in each of the hundred counties; or of the turbulence to which a community muſt be expoſed from 10,000 legiſlators, whoſe paſſions are kept perpetually afloat on acts of legiſlation. It was the moſt enagaging characteriſtic of the laſt republican conſtitution of France, now erazed from her archives by the bold ambition and

violence of Bonaparte, that, while it left free the elective franchiſes of the people, it confined to a manageable and moderate number the right of legiſlation; and by dividing that number into two houſes, provided a check to precipitancy and faction. But in times of anarchy, when all the ties of ſocial order are diſſolved, no conſtitution, however, perfect, can withſtand the outrages of unprincipled men.

4. From this brief review of Mr. Hume's metaphyſical, moral, and political writings, we may venture to aſſert, that the two volumes of his miſcellaneous works would have been confined to the cloſet of the philoſopher, if his hiſtorical reputation had not reſted on a more ſolid baſis, and reflected luſtre on his other productions. As his *Hiſtory of England* is ſo univerſally known, and has been ſo frequently commented on, we may diſpenſe here with an extenſive criticiſm. The firſt and greateſt duty of him, who records the tranſactions of nations, is to be accurate and impartial. We owe it to our nature, that particular modes of thinking give a bias to the judgment; and that the ſame facts, contemplated through a different medium, vary the opinions of mankind. Coincidence of ſentiments, in hiſtorical matters, cannot be univerſal. It was a ſaying of D'Alembert, the academician, that truth was what could be demonſtrated, and that mathematics only admitted of demonſtration. An appearance of candour, ſeconded by ingenuity of remark and elegance of ſtyle, will ever

ever impoſe on the weak and the unwary; contemporary occurrences will receive the colouring of party; yet the farther he recedes from his own times, the pen of the hiſtorian, it may be ſuppoſed, is more likely to be guided by impartiality, as the motives for gaining proſelytes to a creed, or adherents to a faction, have ceaſed to influence. Still, however, a diverſity of opinion will prevail, and even at this moment it remains undecided, whether Cæſar is to be honoured as a patriot, or branded as a parricide.

Many charges of partiality have been advanced againſt our author; and were we to enter into a minute inveſtigation of theſe, we ſhould be betrayed into an inquiry, which might extend to volumes. But vague accuſations, unſupported by evidence, cannot ſerve the purpoſe of truth and liberal criticiſm; and, in the preſent caſe, may be juſtly conſigned to oblivion. Hume could have no motive to pervert facts; on the contrary, he muſt have felt every inducement to fidelity: the reputation of his work depended on its correctneſs, and he cannot be accuſed of want of induſtry. In fine, we every where recognize an indefatigable perſeverance in reſearch, a manly independence of thinking, and a happy talent in the diſcrimination of character.

The paſſages in his Hiſtory, which have given moſt offence, and exerciſed the pens of controverſial writers, are thoſe reſpecting Mary Queen of Scotland and King Charles I. Among the modern believers in the innocence of Mary are the names of Goodall, Tytler,

Tytler, Stewart, and Whitaker. Dr. Robertſon, though inclined to view female frailties with the paternal tenderneſs of a clergyman, ingenuouſly acknowledges the guilt of the unfortunate queen, and may be ſaid to have *cut off her head with a clean ſword.* Hume has done the ſame; and a living hiſtorian, Mr. Malcolm Laing, has, in our opinion, incontrovertibly proved her participation in the murder of Darnley. Goodall's work preceded our author's by ſeveral years. Tytler's narrative is a plain and candid defence of Mary againſt Robertſon and Hume; but the only notice which the latter condeſcended to take of it was in a note to an edition of his Hiſtory publiſhed in 1770*. It is to be regretted, that the indecorous language of this note has expoſed him to retaliation from his antagoniſts, who allege that he himſelf could occaſionally reſort to "the illiberal petulance, arrogance, and ſcurrility of the Warburtonian ſchool:" —terms which he has applied to Dr. Hurd's pamphlet on the Natural Hiſtory of Religion. It is allowable, and even commendable, to be reſolute in opinion; but it is alſo the part of a generous mind to controvert with dignified mildneſs, and in the polite language becoming a man of letters.

Mr. Tytler anſwered this note by a poſtſcript to the third edition of his Defence, publiſhed in 1772; in which he accuſes Mr. Hume of employing terms very inconſiſtent with that treatment, which one gentleman is intitled to expect from another; and

* Note N. p. 505) vol. 5. Benſley's edition, in 10 vols. 8vo.

after

after an ample inveſtigation of the charge brought againſt him by our author, he concludes with obſerving, that he does not aſſume the high tone either of hiſtorian or philoſopher: "All the inquirer pretends to," ſays he, "is that of a reader who may and will think for himſelf. He wrote neither for money nor for applauſe. If the hiſtorian ſhall point out to him any one circumſtance in which he is wrong, either in fact or in argument, he will, with great frankneſs, retract and acknowledge his error: but as he is a free ſubject, *no man's heir or ſlave*, Mr. Hume will find it not ſo eaſy a matter to convince him in any other way."

In 1782, Gilbert Stewart publiſhed his *Hiſtory of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Death of Queen Mary*, in 2 vols. 4to. a ſecond edition of which appeared in the following year. His ſtyle is eaſy and agreeable; and the narrative, although, as to facts, it cannot ſtand the teſt of ſevere inquiſition, never fails to make a powerful impreſſion on the heart of the reader. This work was avowed by the author to be an anſwer to, and refutation of, Dr. Robertſon's Hiſtory of Scotland.

Mr. Whitaker, in his *Vindication of Queen Mary*, a ſecond edition of which was publiſhed in 3 vols. 8vo. in 1790, has unfortunately given way to ſuch ſallies of rage, and rudeneſs of language, that he has eſſentially injured the cauſe, which he endeavours to ſupport. The whole of his performance is a tiſſue of outrageous charges againſt Hume and Robertſon,

Robertſon, whom he accuſes of ſuppreſſing and diſtorting facts. Every document, which bears againſt him, he rejects as a forgery, and diſcharges a volley of harſh epithets on the perſon who produces or employs it. Dr. Robertſon, it is ſaid, publicly intimated his determination not to read Mr. Whitaker's work; and this circumſtance was to the irritable author a new incentive to diſpleaſure. But the Doctor prudently maintained an inflexible ſilence: he beheld in his adverſary a man, armed with the club of Hercules, ſtalking through the field of controverſy with fury in his eye, and menacing with immediate deſtruction all who dared to oppoſe him*.

In point of ſtyle, Mr. Hume's hiſtorical production does not poſſeſs the eaſe and poliſh, which we remark in the compoſitions of Robertſon and Blair. His language is often incorrect, and not unfrequently ungrammatical; the work, therefore, cannot be recommended as a model of elegant writing. Mr. Hume himſelf ſeems to have been aware of his imperfections in this reſpect, for the whole of the later portion of his life was devoted to the correction

* In 1787, Mademoiſelle De Keralio publiſhed at Paris, *Hiſtoire d'Elizabeth Reine d'Angleterre, tirée des ecrits originaux Anglois, d'actes, titres, lettres, et autres pieces manuſcrites qui n'ont pas encore paru*: 5 tomes, 8vo. This work I know only by the literary journals, and from ſome paſſages of it inſerted by Mr. Whitaker in a note, p. 339, vol. 3. She is very loud in her accuſations againſt Hume, Robertſon, and Buchanan, and openly and repeatedly charges them with the wilful falſification of documents, &c.

of

of his Hiſtory: and the following, taken from a thouſand inſtances which might be given from the firſt and laſt editions of it, will evince how very defective he was in claſſic compoſition on his firſt appearance as an hiſtorian.

*Chap. I. of the 4to. edition of the Hiſtory of the Houſe of Stewart.*

The crown of England was never *transferred* from father to ſon.

*Chap. XLVth. of the preſent editions.*

—*tranſmitted* from father to ſon.

It is ſtrange, that, in the firſt ſentence of his Hiſtory, Mr. Hume ſhould have committed ſo obvious an error.

— He, therefore, iſſued a proclamation, forbidding this great reſort of buſineſs, under pretext of the ſcarcity of proviſions, and other inconveniences, which would neceſſarily attend it.

—on pretence.

He ſhould have ſaid, "Under pretext, therefore, of the ſcarcity, &c. he iſſued a proclamation," &c.

Titles of all kinds became ſo common, that they were *no longer* marks of diſtinction.

—*ſcarcely* marks of diſtinction.

—his favour with the king created great ſurprize on the *firſt acceſſion* of that monarch.

—on the acceſſion of that monarch.

—liberalities from the prince on his firſt acceſſion.

—on his acceſſion.

Beſides

Beſides miniſters from Venice, Denmark, the *palatine*, Henry Frederick, of Naſſau, repreſented the States of the United Provinces.

— the palatinate, Henry &c. was ambaſſador from the States of the United Provinces.

When the dominions of the Houſe of Auſtria *were devolved* on Philip II.

— devolved on.

Though the ſeverities of Elizabeth towards the catholics had much weakened that party, whoſe *genius* was *averſe* to the prevailing ſpirit of the nation.

— whoſe genius was oppoſite to the prevailing ſpirit of the nation.

This ſentence cannot be quoted as a ſpecimen of claſſical compoſition.

The king, it muſt be confeſſed, from the beginning, ſhewed.

— from the beginning of the conference, ſhewed.

This ſentence is ill arranged: it ought to have ſtood thus: "It muſt be confeſſed, that the king, from the beginning of the conference, ſhewed, *or*, From the beginning of the conference, the king, it muſt be confeſſed, ſhewed.

— the practice of puritanical clergymen to *form together* certain aſſemblies.

— of puritans to form certain aſſemblies.

— they diſplayed their pious zeal in prayers and exhortations.

— they diſplayed their zeal, and prayers and exhortations.

We do not ſay to *diſplay prayers and exhortations*. Mr. Hume's alteration, although univerſally inſerted in all the late editions,

editions, has probably been incorrectly printed, and inſtead of, *and prayers*, we ſhould read *in prayers*.

| | |
|---|---|
| — gave the prince an unlimited power of *garbling* at pleaſure the repreſentatives of the nation. | — of modelling at pleaſure the repreſentatives of the nation. |
| — the chancellor's power was ſtill left, by the vote, unlimited. | — left, by this vote, unlimited. |

It ſhould be "left unlimited by this vote."

| | |
|---|---|
| New writs having been iſſued by the chancellor, where there was no vacancy. | — when there was. |
| — incapable of a ſeat in the houſe. | — of enjoying a ſeat in the houſe. |
| — debts to have been contracted *for* ſuretiſhip. | — by ſuretiſhip. |
| — he iſſued a proclamation, where.<br>— make a remonſtrance, where.<br>— a letter to the ſpeaker, where.<br>— a meſſage to the houſe, where he told them. | in which. |
| — not been room to believe. | — reaſon to believe. |
| — bring himſelf off with ſome honour. | — extricate himſelf. |

| | |
|---|---|
| — in ſuch a manner that while they marked their regard for the king. | — ſhewed their regard. |
| — for ever ſold to a little temporary advantage of the ſovereign. | — ſacrificed to. |
| — reduced the whole iſland under one empire. | — one government. |

| CHAP. II. | CHAP. XLVI. |
|---|---|
| We come now to relate an event, among the moſt memorable, which hiſtory has. | We are now to relate an event one of the moſt memorable. |
| Mary, who had ſacrificed her life to their cauſe, (viz. that of the Roman catholics.) | Mary, whoſe life they believed to have been ſacrificed to their cauſe. |
| 'Tis pretended—'tis remarkable. | — It is. |

For the firſt twenty years of his literary life, Mr. Hume invariably employed this harſh word.

| | |
|---|---|
| — Whenever they inliſted a new conſpirator, in order to bind him to ſecrecy, along with an oath, they always employed the ſacrament, the moſt ſacred rite of their religion. | — When they inliſted any new conſpirator, in order to bind him to ſecrecy, they always, together with an oath, employed the communion the moſt—— |

If we adopt the ſame words, the ſentence ſhould run thus—"When they inliſted a new conſpirator, they always, in order to bind him to ſecrecy, employed, along with an oath, the ſacrament, &c.

— along

| | |
|---|---|
| —along with the guilty—along with them, &c. | — with the guilty—with them. |
| — obſtinate to their purpoſe. | — obſtinate in. |
| — ſtartled with hearing a noiſe. | — ſtartled at. |
| —where Sir E. D. making account that ſucceſs had attended. | — thinking himſelf aſſured that. |
| —authority of the preſent church. | — eſtabliſhed church. |
| —to have poſſeſſed, in ſome degree, the affections even of his Engliſh ſubjects, and, in a pretty high degree, their eſteem and regard. | —to have poſſeſſed the affections even of his Engliſh ſubjects, and, in a tolerable degree, their eſteem and regard. |

—*Scotch*, which he uſed indiſcriminately for the ſubſtantive *Scots*, and the adjective Scottiſh, is diſcarded.

| | |
|---|---|
| — one of the greateſt geniuſes of Europe. | — in Europe. |
| — that theſe popular aſſemblies (parliaments) are rather ordained to aſſiſt with money and advice. | — were rather inſtituted to aſſiſt. |
| — eſteemed him partial towards their adverſary, eſteemed it reaſonable. | — deemed him, deemed it reaſonable. |
| — the new ſeſſion (viz. of parliament) was called this ſpring. | — was held this ſpring. |

| | |
|---|---|
| — ſhe (Elizabeth) had very much diſſipated the crown lands. | — had alienated many of. |
| — ſo ſoon as the commons. | — as ſoon as. |
| —altered all the cuſtoms. | — the rates of the cuſtoms. |
| — the commons ſhould determine the funds *from* which this ſum ſhould be levied. | — by which. |

This alteration is unfortunate, and the original text is alſo incorrect.

| | |
|---|---|
| — We muſt take a ſurvey of him (James) as the legiſlator of Ireland. | — a view of him. |
| — all tyranny and oppreſſion of the people. | — over the common people. |
| — the whole province of Ulſter having fallen to the crown. | — into the crown. |

"*Fallen into* the crown," is not ſo warrantable a phraſe as "fallen *to* the crown."

| Chap. III. | Chap. XLVII. |
|---|---|
| — by marking a preference for the Engliſh. | — by ſhewing. |
| — too diabolical to have been derived from other than an infernal demon. | — from any but an. |

— James

| | |
|---|---|
| — James dropped the act, which. | — bill. |
| — an aſſembly was ſummoned on the 25th of November. | — ſummoned to meet on. |
| — were debarred from ſuch ſports. | — debarred ſuch ſports. |

Mr. Hume commits an error in expunging *from*.

| | |
|---|---|
| — than they loſe their credit over the people. | — all credit over the people. |

We ſay *credit with the people*.

| Chap. IV. | Chap. XLVIII. |
|---|---|
| — into many grievances, which, though of no great importance, could not be touched without ſenſibly affecting the king. | — touched on. |
| — not to touch his ſon's marriage. | — not to touch on his ſon's marriage. |
| — on which he built the hopes of his liberty. | — of obtaining his liberty. |
| — that he would turn the point of his ſword againſt Spain. | — turn his ſword. |
| — of that king or of any other his friends and confederates. | — or any other of his friends and. |

| | |
|---|---|
| — the King's letter to the Speaker of the Houſe of Commons to terrify them. | — to intimidate them. |
| However moderate the exerciſe of his prerogative, however exact his obſervance of the laws. | How moderate ſoever the— how exact ſoever his. |

*However* is better than *howſoever*; and the disjunction of *how* and *ſoever* is improper.

| | |
|---|---|
| — 'tis requiſite to watch him with equal care, and to oppoſe him with equal vigour, as if he had. | — with the ſame care, &c. —with the ſame vigour. |
| — the greater difficulty they found of fixing juſt ſentiments with regard to them. | — in fixing. |

We ſay *forming ſentiments*.

| CHAP. V. | CHAP. XLIX. |
|---|---|
| — had they been managed with never ſo great dexterity, | — with ever ſo. |
| — when Lord D. his ambaſſador to the Emperor, had deſired a ceſſation of hoſtilities, he was remitted to the Duke of Bavaria. | — was referred. |
| — Three armies were levied in Germany by his commiſſion, | — by his authority. |

The

The third general, though much inferior in force to his enemies, ſtill maintained the war; but with no great ſupplies of money either from the Palatine or.

— but with no equal ſupplies of money either.

*Equal* is here improperly uſed in the ſenſe of *adequate*.

The diſpenſation of Rome was requiſite.

— from Rome.

The lovers of civil liberty were alarmed at ſo large an exerciſe of his prerogative.

— ſo important an exerciſe of prerogative.

— That the event, however proſperous.

— how proſperous ſoever.

The expreſſion in the firſt edition was correct. In the words, *whoſoever*, *whatſoever*, *howſoever*, the pronoun or adverb cannot be properly diſunited from *ſoever*.

By the moſt ſtudied civilities, he marked the reſpect.

— ſhewed the reſpect.

— became deſirous of marking a contempt.

— ſhewing a contempt.

— future councils and deliberations.

— counſels.

The word council he always uſes for *counſel*.

The benevolence, which had been rigorouſly exacted for the recovery of the Palatinate, though levied for ſo favourable an end, had acquired the king leſs money.

— ſo popular an end, had procured the king leſs money.

| | |
|---|---|
| — which had lain dormant for a century *before.* | — for near two centuries. |
| — After Charles's departure, upon the firſt appearance of a change of reſolution, he ſtill interpoſed. | — he ſtill, upon the firſt appearance of a change of reſolution, interpoſed. |
| — to abſtain from all attendance on the parliament. | — in parliament. |
| — and that aſpiring prince, ſenſible that his credit would languiſh during peace, on the expiration of the twelve years truce, had renewed the war. | — peace, had, on the expiration of the twelve years truce, renewed. |
| — ambitious of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in ſo favourable a cauſe. | — ſo popular a cauſe. |
| — by the poſſeſſions of one or the other branch of that ambitious family. | — poſſeſſions of that ambitious family. |
| — to prepare his vaſt enterprizes by ſubduing. | — to pave the way for his enterprizes by. |
| — agreed to ſequeſtrate it in the Infanta's hands as a neutral perſon. | — ſequeſtrate it into the hands of the Infanta as. |

This correction is not fortunate: "*ſequeſtrate* it *into* the hands is incorrect.

| | |
|---|---|
| — after the unexpected rupture with Spain, when James demanded the executi of the treaty, the Infanta offered him. | — Spain, the Infanta, when James —, offered. |

CHAP.

CHAP. VI. APP. to JAMES I.'s REIGN.

All the catholics too were liable to be puniſhed, if they exerciſed—or were any way active in ſending abroad their children.

— or ſent abroad their children.

Reiterated proclamations he alſo iſſued.

He alſo iſſued reiterated proclamations.

It was a common practice of Mr. H. to place the word governed before the governing word.

— expenſive pleaſures or employments which involve their fortune.

— diſſipate their fortune.

— their lands, coming to ſale, ſwelled the fortune of thoſe.

— the eſtates of thoſe.

— a ſufficient reaſon appears, partly from neceſſary expences, partly from want of economy, why the king.

— partly for want of a rigid economy.

He ſhould have retained *from*.

— I comprehend not thoſe ſupplies which were given.

— I do not include thoſe ſupplies.

— whiſpered ſomewhat to one.

— ſomething to one.

— each town paid a ſum, which they themſelves aſſeſſed upon the inhabitants.

— which the inhabitants themſelves aſſeſſed upon their fellow citizens.

What

What is the difference between *inhabitants* and *fellow citizens*: he ſhould have ſaid—" with which the inhabitants aſſeſſed themſelves."

| | |
|---|---|
| — or parcels were ſold off an eſtate. | — or part of an eſtate was ſold off. |
| — horſes employed, either for the plough, waggon, or coach. | — in the plough. |
| — lamentations of the decay of trade. | — concerning the decay. |
| Not only the peace, which he procured, was favourable. | — he maintained, was. |
| — the fine Engliſh cloth; that the king was obliged to ſeek expedients by which he might oblige the people of faſhion to wear it. | — might engage. |
| — They were groundleſs fears of a like accident, that enſlaved the nation. | — It was the groundleſs fears of. |
| — and to facilitate the entrance of new adventurers. | — the admiſſion of. |
| — Men were then impriſoned by their own prejudices. | — fettered by. |
| — but by James's direction, mulberry-trees were planted, and ſilk-worms introduced. The climate ſeems adverſe to the execution of this project. | — ſeems unfavourable to the ſucceſs of this project. |

— the

| | |
|---|---|
| — the East India company —and set out several ships on these adventures. | — fitted out. |
| — vessel of 1200 tun. | — ton. (Should be in the plural: — he has always pound for pounds.) |
| — one ship, full of riches, was taken. | — one rich ship was. |

It would be better to say, *one ship, richly laden.*

| CHAP. I. *Charles.* | CHAP. L. |
|---|---|
| No sooner had Charles taken — than he marked an impatience to assemble. | — shewed an impatience. |
| This measure, which marks rather a cruel mockery of Charles. | — discovers rather. |
| — while Prince of Wales, he had indebted himself to the amount of. | — contracted debts to. |
| — even condescended to entreaties. | — to use entreaties. |
| — ordered them (the House of Commons) to finish the law, which. | — the bill which. |
| — tonnage and poundage. This article contained near a half of the crown revenues. | — constituted near half of. |

It should be, *nearly one* (or *a*) *half of.*

— and

— and by law it was aſſerted, this was not ſufficient reaſon.

— and it was aſſented, that, by law, this was.

— he was determined to engage England into a rupture with that kingdom.

— in a war with that kingdom.

&c. &c. &c.

Again—CHAP. I. of Vol I. 4to. and of Vol. I. 8vo. or ſecond edition in 1767, (8 vols.)

CHAP. I. of Vol I. preſent editions.

— and that the adventures of barbarous nations, even if they were preſerved, could afford little or no entertainment to thoſe born in a more cultivated age.

— to men born.

*Little or no*, is an inelegant expreſſion; but he has retained it.

— and being ignorant of all the refinements of life, their wants and their poſſeſſions were equally ſcanty and limited.

— and as they were ignorant.

— whoſe ſole property was their ſword and their cattle, it was impoſſible, after they had acquired a reliſh of liberty.

— was their arms and cattle.

We ſay the reliſh *of* a man *for* a thing.

— it was agitated with emulation towards the neighbouring ſtates.

— agitated with jealouſy or animoſity.

— they

— they (the Druids) were endowed with an immunity.

— they enjoyed an immunity.

— theſe treaſures they preſerved—and this continued conqueſt over.

— they kept—and this ſteady conqueſt.

—Without ſeeking any more juſtifiable reaſons of hoſtility than were employed by the latter Europeans in ſubjugating the Africans and Americans.

— by the late Europeans in ſubjugating.

This correction is as faulty as the original error.

— pierced into the country of the Silures.

— (the ſame)

He ſhould have ſaid, *penetrated*.

— to deſpiſe the menaces of a ſuperſtition they deſpiſed.

— by the terrors of their ſuperſtition. No ſpecies of ſuperſtition.

— the Scots—*had* firſt been eſtabliſhed in Ireland, *had* migrated to the north-weſt coaſts of this iſland, and *had* long been accuſtomed.

Theſe and ſimilar tautologies ought to have been avoided.

— pierced into the inacceſſible foreſts.

— (the ſame.)

We do not *pierce* into a foreſt, and ſtill leſs into an *inacceſſible* one: but we may *penetrate* into foreſts, hitherto reckoned inacceſſible.

— reduced

| | |
|---|---|
| — reduced every thing to ſubjection. | — every ſtate to ſubjection. |
| — and having fixed a train of garriſons—he thereby cut off the ruder and more barren parts of the iſland, and ſecured the Roman province from the incurſions of the barbarous inhabitants. | — fixed a chain of garriſons. |

Mr. Hume ſhould have corrected this paſſage ſtill farther, and ſaid—" he thereby ſeparated the Roman province from the more barren parts of the iſland, and ſecured it from," &c.

| | |
|---|---|
| — taught them to deſire and raiſe all the conveniencies of life. | — (the ſame.) |

We may *deſire*, but we never *raiſe* the conveniencies of life.

| | |
|---|---|
| — Caledonia alone, defended by its barren mountains, and by the contempt which the Romans entertained for it, ſometimes infeſted the more cultivated parts. | — (the ſame.) |

He ſhould have ſaid—" The inhabitants of Caledonia," &c.

| | |
|---|---|
| — and during all the reigns of the Roman emperors. | — and during the reigns of all the Roman emperors. |
| — and the ancient point of honour, of never contracting the limits of the empire, could no longer. | — honour, never to contract. |

— The

| | |
|---|---|
| — The Picts and Scots now regarded the whole as their prize. | — their prey. |

Of the fourteen ſucceeding ſentences, eleven begin with "The."

| | |
|---|---|
| — had not art of maſonry ſufficient to raiſe. | — (the ſame.) |

It ſhould have been—"had not ſufficient ſkill in maſonry to raiſe."

| | |
|---|---|
| — adminiſtered juſtice after an independent manner. | — (the ſame.) |

We do not ſay, "adminiſter juſtice *after* a manner," but "*in* a manner."

| | |
|---|---|
| — the people flying into the mountains and deſerts. | — to the mountains and deſerts. |
| — and when maſters of it, put all their enemies to the ſword. | — (the ſame.) |

He means, "put the garriſon and inhabitants to the ſword:" but the expreſſion he employs is too indefinite.

| | |
|---|---|
| — This is that Arthur ſo much celebrated by the ſongs of Thalieſſen. | — (the ſame.) |

*This is that*, is a moſt uncouth expreſſion. It ſhould have been, "This is the Arthur ſo much celebrated," or, "Arthur has been celebrated in the ſongs." Hector is celebrated *in* the Iliad, but not *by* it, but *by* Homer.

— to

| | |
|---|---|
| — to carry on their conquests againſt the Britains. | — over the Britons. |
| — advanced the Roman conquests over the Britains. | |

We make a conqueſt *of* a place *from* a perſon.

| | |
|---|---|
| None of the northern conquerors, though they overran the ſouthern provinces like a mighty torrent, made ſuch devaſtations in the conquered territories, or were inflamed into ſo violent an animoſity. | — (the ſame.) |

He ſhould have ſaid—"though, like a mighty torrent, they over-ran," &c. We ſay, "inflamed *with* rage," but "not *into* a rage."

&c. &c. &c.

We have noticed theſe defects in the ſtyle and ſtructure of his ſentences, becauſe duty impoſed on us the unpleaſant taſk, and not from a wiſh to depreciate his labours, or ſhade his reputation:—for notwithſtanding all its blemiſhes, the HISTORY OF ENGLAND is a ſource of uſeful information to the ſtateſman, a noble monument of its author's talents, and an invaluable bequeſt to his country.

APPENDIX.

# APPENDIX.

## No. I.

### ESSAY I.

#### OF IMPUDENCE AND MODESTY.

I HAVE always been of opinion, that the common complaints againſt Providence are ill-grounded, and that the good or bad qualities of men are the cauſes of their good or bad fortune more than what is generally imagined. There are, no doubt, inſtances to the contrary, and theſe too pretty numerous; but few in compariſon of the inſtances we have of a right diſtribution of proſperity and adverſity: nor, indeed, could it be otherwiſe from the common courſe of human affairs. To be endowed with a benevolent diſpoſition, and to love others, will almoſt infallibly procure love and eſteem, which is the chief circumſtance in life, and facilitates every enterprize and undertaking; beſides the ſatisfaction which immediately reſults from it. The caſe is much the ſame with the other virtues. Proſperity is naturally, though not neceſſarily attached to virtue and merit; and adverſity, in like manner, to vice and folly.

I muſt, however, confeſs, that this rule admits of an exception with regard to one moral quality; and that *modeſty* has a natural tendency to conceal a man's talents, as *impudence* diſplays them to the utmoſt, and has been the only cauſe why many have riſen in the world, under all the diſadvantages of low birth and little merit. Such indolence and incapacity is there in the generality of mankind, that they are apt to receive a man for whatever he has a mind to put himſelf off for; and admit his overbearing airs as proofs of that merit which he aſſumes to himſelf. A decent aſſurance ſeems to be the natural attendant on virtue, and few men can diſtinguiſh impudence from it: as, on the other hand, diffidence, being the natural reſult of vice and folly, has drawn diſgrace upon modeſty, which in outward appearance ſo nearly reſembles it.

[I was lately lamenting to a friend of mine, who loves a conceit, that popular applauſe ſhould be beſtowed with ſo little judgment, and that ſo many empty forward coxcombs ſhould riſe up to a figure in the world: upon which he ſaid there was nothing ſurpriſing in the caſe. *Popular fame*, ſays he, is nothing but breath or air; and air very naturally preſſes into a vacuum *.]

As impudence, though really a vice, has the ſame effects upon a man's fortune, as if it were a virtue; ſo we may obſerve, that it is almoſt as diffi-

* This paragraph is not in the edition of 1760.

cult

cult to be attained, and is, in that reſpect, diſtinguiſhed from all the other vices, which are acquired with little pains, and continually increaſe upon indulgence. Many a man, being ſenſible that modeſty is extremely prejudicial to him in making his fortune, has reſolved to be impudent, and to put a bold face upon the matter; but it is obſervable, that ſuch people have ſeldom ſucceeded in the attempt, but have been obliged to relapſe into their primitive modeſty. Nothing carries a man through the world like a true genuine natural impudence. Its counterfeit is good for nothing, nor can ever ſupport itſelf. In any other attempt, whatever faults a man commits and is ſenſible of, he is ſo much the nearer his end. But when he endeavours at impudence, if he ever failed in the attempt, the remembrance of that failure will make him bluſh, and will infallibly diſconcert him; after which every bluſh is a cauſe for new bluſhes, till he be found out to be an arrant cheat, and a vain pretender to impudence.

If any thing can give a modeſt man more aſſurance, it muſt be ſome advantages of fortune, which chance procures to him. Riches naturally gain a man a favourable reception in the world, and give merit a double luſtre, when a perſon is endowed with it; and they ſupply its place, in a great meaſure when it is abſent. It is wonderful to obſerve, what airs of ſuperiority fools and knaves, with large poſſeſſions, give themſelves above men of the greateſt merit in poverty. Nor do the men

of merit make any ſtrong oppoſition to theſe uſurpations; or rather ſeem to favour them by the modeſty of their behaviour. Their good ſenſe and experience make them diffident of their judgment, and cauſe them to examine every thing with the greateſt accuracy. As, on the other hand, the delicacy of their ſentiments makes them timorous leſt they commit faults, and loſe in the practice of the world that integrity of virtue, ſo to ſpeak, of which they are ſo jealous. To make wiſdom agree with confidence, is as difficult as to reconcile vice and modeſty.

Theſe are the reflections, which have occurred upon this ſubject of impudence and modeſty: and I hope the reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee them wrought into the following allegory.

Jupiter, in the beginning, joined *Virtue*, *Wiſdom*, and *Confidence* together; and *Vice*, *Folly* and *Diffidence*; and thus connected, ſent them into the world. But though he thought that he had matched them with great judgment, and ſaid that *Confidence* was the natural companion of *Virtue*, and that *Vice* deſerved to be attended with *Diffidence*, they had not gone far before diſſention aroſe among them. *Wiſdom*, who was the guide of the one company, was always accuſtomed, before ſhe ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully, to inquire whither it led, what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances might poſſibly or probably occur in it. In theſe deliberations ſhe uſually conſumed ſome time; which delay was very

very diſpleaſing to *Conſidence*, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much forethought or deliberation, in the firſt road he met. *Wiſdom* and *Virtue* were inſeparable: but *Confidence* one day, following his impetuous nature, advanced a conſiderable way before his guides and companions; and not feeling any want of their company, he never enquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner, the other ſociety, though joined by Jupiter, diſagreed and ſeparated. As *Folly* ſaw very little way before her, ſhe had nothing to determine concerning the goodneſs of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of reſolution was increaſed by *Diffidence*, who, with her doubts and ſcruples, always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to *Vice*, who loved not to hear of difficulties and delays, and was never ſatisfied without his full career, in whatever his inclinations led him to. *Folly*, he knew, though ſhe hearkened to *Diffidence*, would be eaſily managed when alone; and, therefore, as a vicious horſe throws his rider, he openly beat away this controller of all his pleaſures, and proceeded in his journey with *Folly*, from whom he is inſeparable. *Confidence* and *Diffidence* being, after this manner, both thrown loſe from their reſpective companies, wandered for ſome time; till at laſt chance led them at the ſame time to one village. *Confidence* went directly up to the great houſe, which belonged to *Wealth*, the lord of the village; and, without ſtaying for a porter, intruded himſelf immediately into the innermoſt

apartments, where he found *Vice* and *Folly* well received before him. He joined the train; recommended himſelf very quickly to his landlord; and entered into ſuch familiarity with *Vice*, that he was inliſted in the ſame company with *Folly*. They were frequent gueſts to *Wealth*, and from that moment inſeparable. *Diffidence*, in the meantime, not daring to approach the great houſe, accepted of an invitation from *Poverty*, one of the tenants; and entering the cottage, found *Wiſdom* and *Virtue*, who being repulſed by the landlord, had retired thither. *Virtue* took compaſſion of her, and *Wiſdom* found, from her temper, that ſhe would eaſily improve: ſo they admitted her into their ſociety. Accordingly, by their means, ſhe altered in a little time ſomewhat of her manner, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now known by the name of *Modeſty*. As ill company has a greater effect than good, *Confidence*, though more refractory to counſel and example, degenerated ſo far by the ſociety of *Vice* and *Folly*, as to paſs by the name of IMPUDENCE. Mankind, who ſaw theſe ſocieties as Jupiter firſt joined them, and know nothing of theſe mutual deſertions, are thereby led into ſtrange miſtakes; and, wherever they ſee *Impudence*, make account of finding *Virtue* and *Wiſdom*; and whereever they obſerve *Modeſty*, call her attendants *Vice* and *Folly*.

ESSAY

# No. I.

## ESSAY II.

### OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

I KNOW not whence it proceeds, that women are ſo apt to take amiſs every thing which is ſaid in diſparagement of the married ſtate; and always conſider a ſatire upon matrimony as a ſatire upon themſelves. Do they mean, that they are the parties principally concerned, and that if a backwardneſs to enter into that ſtate ſhould prevail in the world, they would be the greateſt ſufferers? or, are they ſenſible, that the misfortunes and miſcarriages of the married ſtate are owing more to their ſex than to ours? I hope they do not intend to confeſs either of theſe two particulars, or to give ſuch an advantage to their adverſaries the men, as even to allow them to ſuſpect it.

"I have often had thoughts of complying with this humour of the fair ſex, and of writing a panegyric upon marriage; but in looking around for materials they ſeemed to be of ſo mixed a nature, that at the concluſion of my reflections, I found that I was as much diſpoſed to write a ſatire, which might be placed on the oppoſite pages of the panegyric; and I am afraid, that as ſatire is, on moſt occaſions,

caſions, more read than panegyric, I ſhould have done their cauſe more harm than good by this expedient. To miſrepreſent facts is what, I know, they will not require of me. I muſt be more a friend to truth, than even to them, where their intereſts are oppoſite.

I ſhall tell the women what it is our ſex complains of moſt in the married ſtate; and if they be diſpoſed to ſatisfy us in this particular, all the other differences will eaſily be accommodated. If I be not miſtaken, 'tis their love of dominion which is the ground of the quarrel; though it is very likely, that they will think it an unreaſonable love of it in us, which makes us inſiſt ſo much upon that point. However this may be, no paſſion ſeems to have more influence on female minds than this for power: and there is a remarkable inſtance in hiſtory of its prevailing above another paſſion, which is the only one that can be ſuppoſed a proper counterpoiſe for it. We are told, that all the women in Scythia once conſpired againſt the men, and kept the ſecret ſo well that they executed their deſign before they were ſuſpected. They ſurpriſed the men in drink, or aſleep; bound them all faſt in chains; and having called a ſolemn council of the whole ſex, it was debated what expedient ſhould be uſed to improve the preſent advantage, and prevent their falling again into ſlavery. To kill all the men did not ſeem to be the reliſh of any part of the aſſembly, notwithſtanding the injuries formerly received; and they were afterwards pleaſed to make a great merit

of

of this lenity of theirs. It was, therefore, agreed to put out the eyes of the whole male ſex, and thereby reſign in all future time the vanity which they could draw from their beauty, in order to ſecure their authority. We muſt no longer pretend to dreſs and ſhow, ſaid they; but then we ſhall be free from ſlavery. We ſhall hear no more tender ſighs, but in return we ſhall hear no more imperious commands. Love muſt for ever leave us; but he will carry ſubjection along with him.

It is regarded by ſome as an unlucky circumſtance, ſince the women were reſolved to maim the men, and deprive them of ſome of their ſenſes, in order to render them humble and dependent, that the ſenſe of hearing could not ſerve their purpoſe, ſince it is probable the females would rather have attacked that than the ſight; and, I think, it is agreed among the learned, that, in a married ſtate, it is not near ſo great an inconvenience to loſe the former ſenſe as the latter. However this may be, we are told by modern anecdotes, that ſome of the Scythian women did ſecretly ſpare their huſbands' eyes; preſuming, I ſuppoſe, that they could govern them as well by means of that ſenſe as without it. But ſo incorrigible and untractable were theſe men, that their wives were all obliged, in a few years, as their youth and beauty decayed, to imitate the example of their ſiſters; which it was no difficult matter to do in a ſtate where the female ſex had once got the ſuperiority.

I know

I know not if our Scottiſh ladies derive any thing of this humour from their Scythian anceſtors; but I muſt confeſs, that I have often been ſurpriſed to ſee a woman very well pleaſed to take a fool for her mate, that ſhe might govern with the leſs controul; and could not but think her ſentiments, in this reſpect, ſtill more barbarous than thoſe of the Scythian women above mentioned; as much as the eyes of the underſtanding are more valuable than thoſe of the body.

But to be juſt, and to lay the blame more equally, I am afraid it is the fault of our ſex, if the women be ſo fond of rule; and that if we did not abuſe our authority, they would never think it worth while to diſpute it. Tyrants, we know, produce rebels; and all hiſtory informs us, that rebels, when they prevail, are apt to become tyrants in their turn. For this reaſon I could wiſh there were no pretenſions to authority on either ſide, but that every thing was carried on with perfect equality, as between two equal members of the ſame body. And to induce both parties to embrace thoſe amicable ſentiments, I ſhall deliver to them Plato's account of the origin of Love and Marriage.

Mankind, according to that fanciful philoſopher, were not, in their origin, divided into male and female, as at preſent; but each individual perſon was a compound of both ſexes, and was in himſelf both huſband and wife, melted down into one living creature.

creature. This union, no doubt, was very intire, and the parts very well adjuſted together, ſince there reſulted a perfect harmony betwixt the male and female, although they were obliged to be inſeparable companions. And ſo great were the harmony and happineſs flowing from it, that the *Androgynes* (for ſo Plato calls them) or men-women, became inſolent upon their proſperity, and rebelled againſt the Gods. To puniſh them for this temerity, Jupiter could contrive no better expedient than to divorce the male part from the female, and make two imperfect beings of the compound, which was before ſo perfect. Hence the origin of men and women, as diſtinct creatures. But notwithſtanding this diviſion, ſo lively is our remembrance of the happineſs which we enjoyed in our primeval ſtate, that we are never at reſt in this ſituation; but each of theſe halves is continually ſearching through the whole ſpecies to find the other half, which was broken from it; and when they meet, they join again with the greateſt fondneſs and ſympathy. But it often happens, that they are miſtaken in this particular; that they take for their half what no way correſponds to them; and that the parts do not meet nor join in with each other, as is uſual in fractures. In this caſe the union is ſoon diſſolved, and each part is ſet looſe again to hunt for its loſt half, joining itſelf to every one whom it meets, by way of trial, and enjoying no reſt till its perfect ſympathy with its partner ſhews, that it has at laſt been ſucceſsful in its endeavours.

Were

Were I diſpoſed to carry on this fiction of Plato, which accounts for the mutual love betwixt the ſexes in ſo agreeable a manner, I would do it by the following allegory.

When Jupiter had ſeparated the male from the female, and had quelled their pride and ambition by ſo ſevere an operation, he could not but repent him of the cruelty of his vengeance, and take compaſſion on poor mortals, who were now become incapable of any repoſe or tranquillity. Such cravings, ſuch anxieties, ſuch neceſſities aroſe, as made them curſe their creation, and think exiſtence itſelf a puniſhment. In vain had they recourſe to every other occupation and amuſement. In vain did they ſeek after every pleaſure of ſenſe, and every refinement of reaſon. Nothing could fill that void which they felt in their hearts, or ſupply the loſs of their partner who was ſo fatally ſeparated from them. To remedy this diſorder, and to beſtow ſome comfort, at leaſt, on the human race in their forlorn ſituation, Jupiter ſent down Love and Hymen, to collect the broken halves of human kind, and piece them together in the beſt manner poſſible. Theſe two deities found ſuch a prompt diſpoſition in mankind to unite again in their primeval ſtate, that they proceeded on their work with wonderful ſucceſs for ſome time, till, at laſt, from many unlucky accidents, diſſention aroſe betwixt them. The chief counſellor and favourite of Hymen was Care, who was continually filling his patron's head with proſpects of futurity, a ſettlement, family, children,

children, ſervants; ſo that little elſe was regarded in all the matches they made. On the other hand, Love had choſen Pleaſure for his favourite, who was as pernicious a counſellor as the other, and would never allow Love to look beyond the preſent momentary gratification, or the ſatisfying of the prevailing inclination. Theſe two favourites became, in a little time, irreconcileable enemies, and made it their chief buſineſs to undermine each other in all their undertakings. No ſooner had Love fixed upon two halves, which he was cementing together, and forming to a cloſe union, but Care inſinuates himſelf, and bringing Hymen along with him, diſſolves the union produced by Love, and joins each half to ſome other half, which he had provided for it. To be revenged of this, Pleaſure creeps in upon a pair already joined by Hymen; and calling Love to his aſſiſtance, they underhand contrive to join each half, by ſecret links, to halves which Hymen was wholly unacquainted with. It was not long before this quarrel was felt in its pernicious conſequences; and ſuch complaints aroſe before the throne of Jupiter, that he was obliged to ſummon the offending parties to appear before him, in order to give an account of their proceedings. After hearing the pleadings on both ſides, he ordered an immediate reconcilement betwixt Love and Hymen, as the only expedient for giving happineſs to mankind: and that he might be ſure this reconcilement ſhould be durable, he laid his ſtrict injunctions on them never to join any halves without conſulting their favourites Care and Pleaſure, and obtaining

the conſent of both to the conjunction. Where this order is ſtrictly obſerved, the Androgyne is perfectly reſtored, and the human race enjoy the ſame happineſs as in their primeval ſtate. The ſeam is ſcarce perceived that joins the two beings: but both of them combine to form one perfect and happy creature.

## No. I.

## ESSAY III.

### OF THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

THERE is nothing which I would recommend more earneſtly to my female readers than the ſtudy of hiſtory, as an occupation, of all others, the beſt ſuited both to their ſex and education, much more inſtructive than their ordinary books of amuſement, and more entertaining than thoſe ſerious compoſitions, which are uſually to be found in their cloſets. Among other important truths, which they may learn from hiſtory, they may be informed of two particulars, the knowledge of which may contribute very much to their quiet and repoſe. That our ſex, as well as their's, are far from being ſuch perfect creatures as they are apt to imagine, and that Love is not the only paſſion which governs the male world, but is often overcome by avarice, ambition,

bition, vanity, and a thouſand other paſſions. Whether they be the falſe repreſentations of mankind in thoſe two particulars, which endear novels and romances ſo much to the fair ſex, I know not; but muſt confeſs, that I am ſorry to ſee them have ſuch an averſion to matter of fact, and ſuch an appetite for falſehood. I remember I was once deſired by a young beauty, for whom I had ſome paſſion, to ſend her ſome novels and romances for her amuſement to the country; but was not ſo ungenerous as to take the advantage, which ſuch a courſe of reading might have given me, being reſolved not to make uſe of poiſoned arms againſt her. I therefore ſent her Plutarch's Lives, aſſuring her, at the ſame time, that there was not a word of truth in them from beginning to end. She peruſed them very attentively, till ſhe came to the lives of Alexander and Cæſar, whoſe names ſhe had heard of by accident, and then returned me the book, with many reproaches for deceiving her.

I may, indeed, be told, that the fair ſex have no ſuch averſion to hiſtory, as I have repreſented, provided it be *ſecret* hiſtory, and contain ſome memorable tranſaction proper to excite their curioſity. But as I do not find that truth, which is the baſis of hiſtory, is at all regarded in theſe anecdotes, I cannot admit of this as a proof of their paſſion for that ſtudy. However this may be, I ſee not why the ſame curioſity might not receive a more proper direction, and lead them to deſire accounts of thoſe who

who lived in paſt ages, as well as of their cotemporaries. What is it to Cleora, whether Fulvia entertains a ſecret commerce of love with Philander, or not? Has ſhe not equal reaſon to be pleaſed, when ſhe is informed, (what is whiſpered about among hiſtorians) that Cato's ſiſter had an intrigue with Cæſar, and palmed her ſon, Marcus Brutus, upon her huſband for his own, though in reality he was her gallant's? And are not the loves of Meſſalina or Julia as proper ſubjects of diſcourſe as any intrigue that this city has produced of late years?

But I know not whence it comes, that I have been thus ſeduced into a kind of raillery againſt the ladies; unleſs, perhaps, it proceed from the ſame cauſe, which makes the perſon, who is the favourite of the company, be often the object of their good-natured jeſts and pleaſantries. We are pleaſed to addreſs ourſelves after any manner to one who is agreeable to us, and at the ſame time preſume, that nothing will be taken amiſs by a perſon, who is ſecure of the good opinion and affections of every one preſent. I ſhall now proceed to handle my ſubject more ſeriouſly, and ſhall point out the many advantages, which flow from the ſtudy of hiſtory, and ſhew how well ſuited it is to every one, but particularly to thoſe who are debarred the ſeverer ſtudies, by the tenderneſs of their complexion, and the weakneſs of their education. The advantages found in hiſtory ſeem to be of three kinds, as it amuſes

amuſes the fancy, as it improves the underſtanding, and as it ſtrengthens virtue.

In reality, what more agreeable entertainment to the mind, than to be tranſported into the remoteſt ages of the world, and to obſerve human ſociety, in its infancy, making the firſt faint eſſays towards the arts and ſciences: to ſee the policy of government, and the civility of converſation refining by degrees, and every thing which is ornamental to human life advancing towards its perfection. To remark the riſe, progreſs, declenſion, and final extinction of the moſt flouriſhing empires; the virtues which contributed to their greatneſs, and the vices which drew on their ruin. In ſhort, to ſee all the human race, from the beginning of time, paſs, as it were, in review before us; appearing in their true colours, without any of thoſe diſguiſes which, during their lifetime, ſo much perplexed the judgment of the beholders. What ſpectacle can be imagined, ſo magnificent, ſo various, ſo intereſting? What amuſement, either of the ſenſes or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall thoſe trifling paſtimes, which engroſs ſo much of our time, be preferred as more ſatisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention? How perverſe muſt that taſte be, which is capable of ſo wrong a choice of pleaſures?

But hiſtory is a moſt improving part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amuſement; and a

great part of what we commonly call erudition, and value ſo highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with hiſtorical facts. An extenſive knowledge of this kind belongs to men of letters: but I muſt think it an unpardonable ignorance in perſons, of whatever ſex or condition, not to be acquainted with the hiſtory of their own country, together with the hiſtories of ancient Greece and Rome. A woman may behave herſelf with good manners, and have even ſome vivacity in her turn of wit; but where her mind is ſo unfurniſhed, it is impoſſible her converſation can afford any entertainment to men of ſenſe and reflection.

I muſt add, that hiſtory is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts, and affords materials to moſt of the ſciences. And, indeed, if we conſider the ſhortneſs of human life, and our limited knowledge, even of what paſſes in our own time, we muſt be ſenſible that we ſhould be for ever children in underſtanding, were it not for this invention, which extends our experience to all paſt ages, and to the moſt diſtant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wiſdom, as if they had actually lain under our obſervation. A man acquainted with hiſtory may, in ſome reſpect, be ſaid to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his ſtock of knowledge in every century.

There

There is alſo an advantage in that experience, which is acquired by hiſtory, above what is learned by the practice of the world, that it brings us acquainted with human affairs, without diminiſhing in the leaſt from the moſt delicate ſentiments of virtue. And to tell the truth, I know not any ſtudy or occupation ſo unexceptionable as hiſtory in this particular. Poets can paint virtue in the moſt charming colours; but as they addreſs themſelves entirely to the paſſions, they often become advocates for vice. Even philoſophers are apt to bewilder themſelves in the ſubtility of their ſpeculations; and we have ſeen ſome go ſo far as to deny the reality of all moral diſtinctions. But I think it a remark worthy the attention of the ſpeculative, that the hiſtorians have been, almoſt without exception, the true friends of virtue, and have always repreſented it in its proper colours, however they may have erred in their judgments of particular perſons. Machiavel himſelf diſcovers a true ſentiment of virtue in his hiſtory of Florence. When he talks as a politician, in his general reaſonings, he conſiders poiſoning, aſſaſſination, and perjury, as lawful arts of power; but when he ſpeaks as an hiſtorian, in his particular narrations, he ſhews ſo keen an indignation againſt vice, and ſo warm an approbation of virtue, in many paſſages that I could not forbear applying to him that remark of Horace, that if you chace away nature, though with ever ſo great indignity, ſhe will always return upon you. Nor is this combination of hiſtorians in favour of virtue, at all difficult to be accounted for. When

a man of buſineſs enters into life and action, he is more apt to conſider the characters of men, as they have relation to his intereſt, than as they ſtand in themſelves; and has his judgment warped on every occaſion by the violence of his paſſion. When a philoſopher contemplates characters and manners in his cloſet, the general abſtract view of the objects leaves the mind ſo cold and unmoved, that the ſentiments of nature have no room to play, and he ſcarce feels the difference between vice and virtue. Hiſtory keeps in a juſt medium between theſe extremes, and places the objects in their true point of view. The writers of hiſtory, as well as the readers, are ſufficiently intereſted in the characters and events, to have a lively ſentiment of blame or praiſe; and, at the ſame time, have no particular intereſt or concern to pervert their judgment.

> Vero voces tum demum pectore ab imo
> Eliciuntur.
>
> LUCRET.

ESSAY

# No. I.

## ESSAY IV.

### OF AVARICE.

IT is eaſy to obſerve, that comic writers exaggerate every character, and draw their fop or coward with ſtronger features than are any where to be met with in nature. This moral kind of painting for the ſtage has been often compared to the painting for cupolas and ceilings, where the colours are overcharged, and every part is drawn exceſſively large, and beyond nature. The figures ſeem monſtrous and diſproportioned, when ſeen too nigh; but become natural and regular, when ſet at a diſtance, and placed in that point of view, in which they are intended to be ſurveyed. For a like reaſon, when characters are exhibited in theatrical repreſentations, the want of reality removes, in a manner, the perſonages; and rendering them more cold and unentertaining, makes it neceſſary to compenſate, by the force of colouring, what they want in ſubſtance. Thus we find in common life, that when a man once allows himſelf to depart from truth in his narrations, he never can keep within bounds of probability; but adds ſtill ſome new circumſtance to render his ſtories more marvellous, and to ſatisfy his imagination. Two men in buckram ſuits became eleven to Sir John Falſtaff, before the end of his ſtory.

There is only one vice, which may be found in life with as ſtrong features, and as high a colouring as need be employed by any ſatiriſt or comic poet; and that is Avarice. Every day we meet with men of immenſe fortunes, without heirs, and on the very brink of the grave, who refuſe themſelves the moſt common neceſſaries of life, and go on heaping poſſeſſions on poſſeſſions under all the real preſſures of the ſevereſt poverty. An old uſurer, ſays the ſtory, lying in his laſt agonies was preſented by the prieſt with the crucifix to worſhip. He opens his eyes a moment before he expires, conſiders the crucifix, and cries, *Theſe jewels are not true; I can only lend ten piſtoles upon ſuch a pledge.* This was probably the invention of ſome epigrammatiſt; and yet every one, from his own experience, may be able to recollect almoſt as ſtrong inſtances of perſeverance in avarice. It is commonly reported of a famous miſer in this city, that finding himſelf near death, he ſent for ſome of the magiſtrates, and gave them a bill of an hundred pounds, payable after his deceaſe, which ſum he intended ſhould be diſpoſed of in charitable uſes; but ſcarce were they gone, when he orders them to be called back, and offers them ready money if they would abate five pounds of the ſum. Another noted miſer in the north, intending to defraud his heirs, and leave his fortune to the building an hoſpital, protracted the drawing of his will from day to day; and it is thought, that if thoſe intereſted in it had not paid for the drawing of it, he would have died inteſtate. In ſhort, none of the moſt furious

furious exceſſes of love and ambition are, in any reſpect, to be compared to the extremes of avarice.

The beſt excuſe that can be made for avarice is, that it generally prevails in old men, or in men of cold tempers, where all the other affections are extinct; and the mind being incapable of remaining without ſome paſſion or purſuit, at laſt finds out this monſtrouſly abſurd one, which ſuits the coldneſs and inactivity of its temper. At the ſame time, it ſeems very extraordinary, that ſo froſty, ſpiritleſs a paſſion ſhould be able to carry us farther than all the warmth of youth and pleaſure. But if we look more narrowly into the matter, we ſhall find, that this very circumſtance renders the explication of the caſe more eaſy. When the temper is warm and full of vigour, it naturally ſhoots out more ways than one, and produces inferior paſſions to counterbalance, in ſome degree, its predominant inclination. It is impoſſible for a perſon of that temper, however bent on any purſuit, to be deprived of all ſenſe of ſhame, or all regard to the ſentiments of mankind. His friends muſt have ſome influence over him; and other conſiderations are apt to have their weight. All this ſerves to reſtrain him within ſome bounds. But it is no wonder that the avaritious man, being, from the coldneſs of his temper, without regard to reputation, to friendſhip or to pleaſure, ſhould be carried ſo far by his prevailing inclination, and ſhould diſplay his paſſion in ſuch ſurprizing inſtances.

Accordingly we find no vice ſo irreclaimable as avarice: and though there ſcarcely has been a moraliſt or philoſopher, from the beginning of the world to this day, who has not levelled a ſtroke at it, we hardly find a ſingle inſtance of any perſon's being cured of it. For this reaſon, I am more apt to approve of thoſe, who attack it with wit and humour, than of thoſe who treat it in a ſerious manner. Their being ſo little hopes of doing good to the people infected with this vice, I would have the reſt of mankind, at leaſt, diverted by our manner of expoſing it: as indeed there is no kind of diverſion, of which they ſeem ſo willing to partake.

Among the fables of Monſieur de la Motte, there is one levelled againſt avarice, which ſeems to me more natural and eaſy than moſt of the fables of that ingenious author. A miſer, ſays he, being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the Styx, deſiring to be ferried over along with the other ghoſts. Charon demands his fare, and is ſurpriſed to ſee the miſer, rather than pay it, throw himſelf into the river, and ſwim over to the other ſide, notwithſtanding all the clamour and oppoſition that could be made to him. All hell was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating ſome puniſhment, ſuitable to a crime of ſuch dangerous conſequence to the infernal revenues. Shall he be chained to the rock with Prometheus? Or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaides? Or aſſiſt Siſyphus in rolling his ſtone? No, ſays Minos, none of theſe. We muſt invent ſome ſeverer

verer puniſhment. Let him be ſent back to the earth, to ſee the uſe his heirs are making of his riches.

I hope it will not be interpreted as a deſign of ſetting myſelf in oppoſition to this celebrated author, if I proceed to deliver a fable of my own, which is intended to expoſe the ſame vice of avarice. The hint of it was taken from theſe lines of Mr. Pope:

> Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
> The ſlave that digs it, and the ſlave that hides.

Our old mother Earth once lodged an indictment againſt Avarice before the courts of heaven, for her wicked and malicious counſel and advice in tempting, inducing, perſuading, and traitorouſly ſeducing the children of the plaintiff to commit the deteſtable crime of parricide upon her, and, mangling her body, ranſack her very bowels for hidden treaſure. The indictment was very long and verboſe; but we muſt omit a great part of the repetitions and ſynonymous terms, not to tire our readers too much with our tale. Avarice, being called before Jupiter to anſwer to this charge, had not much to ſay in her own defence. The injury was clearly proved upon her. The fact, indeed, was notorious, and the injury had been frequently repeated. When, therefore, the plaintiff demanded juſtice, Jupiter very readily gave ſentence in her favour; and his decree was to this purpoſe—That, ſince dame Avarice,

rice, the defendant, had thus grievouſly injured dame Earth, the plaintiff, ſhe was hereby ordered to take that treaſure, of which ſhe had felonioufly robbed the ſaid plaintiff by ranſacking her boſom, and reſtore it back to her without diminution or retention. From this ſentence it will follow, ſays Jupiter to the bye-ſtanders, that in all future ages, the retainers of Avarice ſhall bury and conceal their riches, and thereby reſtore to the earth what they take from her.

## No. I.

## ESSAY V.

### OF ESSAY WRITING.

THE elegant part of mankind, who are not immerſed in mere animal life, but employ themſelves in the operations of the mind, may be divided into the *learned* and *converſible*. The learned are ſuch as have choſen for their portion the higher and more difficult operations of the mind, which require leiſure and ſolitude, and cannot be brought to perfection, without long preparation and ſevere labour. The converſible world join to a ſociable diſpoſition, and a taſte for pleaſure, an inclination for the eaſier and more gentle exerciſes of the underſtanding, for obvious reflections on human affairs, and the duties of common

common life, and for obſervation of the blemiſhes or perfections of the particular objects that ſurround them. Such ſubjects of thought furniſh not ſufficient employment in ſolitude, but require the company and converſation of our fellow creatures, to render them a proper exerciſe for the mind; and this brings mankind together in ſociety, where every one diſplays his thoughts and obſervations in the beſt manner he is able, and mutually gives and receives information, as well as pleaſure.

The ſeparation of the learned from the converſible world ſeems to have been the great defect of the laſt age, and muſt have had a very bad influence both on books and company: for what poſſibility is there of finding topics of converſation fit for the entertainment of rational creatures, without having recourſe ſometimes to hiſtory, poetry, politics, and the more obvious principles, at leaſt, of philoſophy? Muſt our whole diſcourſe be a continued ſeries of goſſipping ſtories and idle remarks? Muſt the mind never riſe higher, but be perpetually

> Stun'd and worn out with endleſs chat,
> Of Will did this, and Nan did that.

This would be to render the time ſpent in company the moſt unentertaining, as well as the moſt unprofitable, part of our lives.

On the other hand, learning has been as great a loſer

loſer by being ſhut up in colleges and cells, and ſecluded from the world and good company. By that means every part of what we call *belles lettres* became totally barbarous, being cultivated by men without any taſte for life or manners, and without that liberty and facility of thought and expreſſion which can only be acquired by converſation. Even philoſophy went to wreck by this moping recluſe method of ſtudy, and became as chimerical in her concluſions, as ſhe was unintelligible in her ſtyle and manner of delivery: and, indeed, what could be expected from men who never conſulted experience in any of their reaſonings, or who never ſearched for that experience, where alone it is to be found, in common life and converſation?

It is with great pleaſure I obſerve that men of letters in this age, have loſt, in a great meaſure, that ſhyneſs and baſhfulneſs of temper, which kept them at a diſtance from mankind; and, at the ſame time, that men of the world are proud of borrowing from books their moſt agreeable topics of converſation. It is to be hoped, that this league between the learned and converſible worlds, which is ſo happily begun, will be ſtill farther improved to their mutual advantage; and to that end, I know nothing more advantageous than ſuch Eſſays as thoſe, with which I endeavour to entertain the public. In this view, I cannot but conſider myſelf as a kind of reſident or ambaſſador from the dominions of learning to thoſe of converſation, and

ſhall

ſhall think it my conſtant duty to promote a good correſpondence betwixt theſe two ſtates, which have ſo great a dependance on each other. I ſhall give intelligence to the learned of whatever paſſes in company, and ſhall endeavour to import into company whatever commodities I find in my native country proper for their uſe and entertainment. The balance of trade we need not be jealous of, nor will there be any difficulty to preſerve it on both ſides. The materials of this commerce muſt chiefly be furniſhed by converſation and common life: the manufacturing of them alone belongs to learning.

As it would be an unpardonable negligence in an ambaſſador not to pay his reſpects to the ſovereign of the ſtate where he is commiſſioned to reſide; ſo it would be altogether inexcuſable in me not to addreſs myſelf with a particular reſpect to the fair ſex, who are the ſovereigns of the empire of converſation. I approach them with reverence; and were not my countrymen, the learned, a ſtubborn independent race of mortals, extremely jealous of their liberty, and unaccuſtomed to ſubjection, I ſhould reſign into their fair hands, the ſovereign authority over the republic of letters. As the caſe ſtands, my commiſſion extends no farther than to deſire a league, offenſive and defenſive, againſt our common enemies, againſt the enemies of reaſon and beauty, people of dull heads and cold hearts. From this moment let us purſue them with the ſevereſt vengeance: let no quarter be given, but to thoſe of ſound under-

ſtandings and delicate affections; and theſe characters, it is to be preſumed, we ſhall always find inſeparable.

To be ſerious, and to quit the alluſion before it be worn thread-bare, I am of opinion, that women, that is, women of ſenſe and education (for to ſuch alone I addreſs myſelf) are much better judges of all polite writing than men of the ſame degree of underſtanding; and that it is a vain panic, if they be ſo far terrified with the common ridicule that is levelled againſt learned ladies, as utterly to abandon every kind of books and ſtudy to our ſex. Let the dread of that ridicule have no other effect than to make them conceal their knowledge before fools, who are not worthy of it, nor of them. Such will ſtill preſume upon the vain title of the male ſex to affect a ſuperiority above them; but my fair readers may be aſſured, that all men of ſenſe, who know the world, have a great defetence for their judgment of ſuch books as lye within the compaſs of their knowledge, and repoſe more confidence in the delicacy of their taſte, though unguided by rules, than in all the dull labours of pedants and commentators. In a neighbouring nation, equally famous for good taſte, and for gallantry, the ladies are, in a manner, the ſovereigns of the *learned* world, as well as of the *converſible*; and no polite writer pretends to venture before the public, without the approbation of ſome celebrated judges of that ſex. Their verdict is, indeed, ſometimes complained of; and, in particular, I find, that the admirers

mirers of Corneille, to ſave that great poet's honour upon the aſcendant that Racine began to take over him, always ſaid, that it was not to be expected, that ſo old a man could diſpute the prize, before ſuch judges, with ſo young a man as his rival. But this obſervation has been found unjuſt, ſince poſterity ſeems to have ratified the verdict of that tribunal: and Racine, though dead, is ſtill the favourite of the fair ſex, as well as of the beſt judges among the men.

There is only one ſubject of which I am apt to diſtruſt the judgment of females, and that is concerning books of gallantry and devotion, which they commonly affect as high flown as poſſible; and moſt of them ſeem more delighted with the warmth, than with the juſtneſs of the paſſion. I mention gallantry and devotion as the ſame ſubject, becauſe, in reality, they become the ſame when treated in this manner; and we may obſerve, that they both depend upon the very ſame complexion. As the fair ſex have a great ſhare of the tender and amorous diſpoſition, it perverts their judgment on this occaſion, and makes them be eaſily affected, even by what has no propriety in the expreſſion or nature in the ſentiment. Mr. Addiſon's elegant diſcourſes on religion have no reliſh with them, in compariſon of books of myſtic devotion: and Otway's Tragedies are rejected for the rakes of Mr. Dryden.

Would the ladies correct their falſe taſte in this particular, let them accuſtom themſelves a little more

more to books of all kinds; let them give encouragement to men of ſenſe and knowledge to frequent their company; and finally, let them concur heartily in that union I have projected betwixt the learned and converſible worlds. They may, perhaps, meet with more complaiſance from their uſual followers than from men of learning; but they cannot reaſonably expect ſo ſincere an affection: and, I hope, they will never be guilty of ſo wrong a choice, as to ſacrifice the ſubſtance for the ſhadow.

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## No. I.

## ESSAY VI.

### OF MORAL PREJUDICES.

THERE is a ſet of men lately ſprung up amongſt us, who endeavour to diſtinguiſh themſelves by ridiculing every thing, that has hitherto appeared ſacred and venerable in the eyes of mankind. Reaſon, ſobriety, honour, friendſhip, marriage, are the perpetual ſubjects of their inſipid raillery; and even public ſpirit, and a regard to our country, are treated as chimerical and romantic. Were the ſchemes of theſe anti-reformers to take place, all the bonds of ſociety muſt be broken, to make way for the indulgence of a licentious mirth and gaiety; the companion of our drunken frolics muſt be preferred to a friend or brother; diſſolute prodigality muſt

muſt be ſupplied at the expence of every thing valuable, either in public or private; and men ſhall have ſo little regard to any thing beyond themſelves, that, at laſt, a free conſtitution of government muſt become a ſcheme perfectly impracticable among mankind, and muſt degenerate into one univerſal ſyſtem of fraud and corruption.

There is another humour which may be obſerved in ſome pretenders to wiſdom, and which, if not ſo pernicious as the idle petulant humour above mentioned, muſt, however, have a very bad effect on thoſe who indulge it. I mean that grave philoſophic endeavour after perfection, which, under pretext of reforming prejudices and errors, ſtrikes at all the moſt endearing ſentiments of the heart, and all the moſt uſeful biaſſes and inſtincts, which can govern a human creature. The Stoics were remarkable for this folly among the ancients; and I wiſh ſome of more venerable characters in later times had not copied them too faithfully in this particular. The virtuous and tender ſentiments, or prejudices, if you will, have ſuffered mightily by theſe reflections; while a certain ſullen pride or contempt of mankind has prevailed in their ſtead, and has been eſteemed the greateſt wiſdom; though, in reality, it be the moſt egregious folly of all others. Statilius being ſolicited by Brutus to make one of that noble band who ſtruck the GOD-like ſtroke for the liberty of Rome, refuſed to accompany them, ſaying, *that all men were fools or mad, and did not deſerve that a wiſe man ſhould trouble his head about them.*

My learned reader will here eaſily recollect the reaſon, which an ancient philoſopher gave, why he would not be reconciled to his brother, who ſolicited his friendſhip. He was too much a philoſopher to think that the connexion of having ſprung from the ſame parent, ought to have any influence on a reaſonable mind, and expreſſed his ſentiment after ſuch a manner as I think not proper to repeat. When your friend is in affliction, ſays Epictetus, you may counterfeit a ſympathy with him, if it give him relief; but take care not to allow any compaſſion to ſink into your heart, or diſturb that tranquillity, which is the perfection of wiſdom. Diogenes being aſked by his friends in his ſickneſs, what ſhould be done with him after his death? Why, ſays he, *throw me out into the fields—What*, replied they, *to the birds or beaſts?—No: place a cudgel by me, to defend myſelf withal.—To what purpoſe?* ſay they, *you will not have any ſenſe, nor any power of making uſe of it. Then if the beaſts ſhould devour me*, cries he, *ſhall I be any more ſenſible of it?* —I know none of the ſayings of that philoſopher, which ſhews more evidently both the livelineſs and ferocity of his temper.

How different from theſe are the maxims by which Eugenius conducts himſelf? In his youth, he applied himſelf, with the moſt unwearied labour, to the ſtudy of philoſophy; and nothing was ever able to draw him from it, except when an opportunity offered of ſerving his friends, or doing a pleaſure to ſome man of merit. When he was about thirty years of age, he was determined to quit the free

free life of a bachelor (in which otherwiſe he would have been inclined to remain), by conſidering that he was the laſt branch of an ancient family, which muſt have been extinguiſhed had he died without children. He made choice of the virtuous and beautiful Emira for his conſort, who, after being the ſolace of his life for many years, and having made him the father of ſeveral children, paid at laſt the general debt to nature. Nothing could have ſupported him under ſo ſevere an affliction, but the conſolation he received from his young family, who were now become dearer to him on account of their deceaſed mother. One daughter in particular is his darling, and the ſecret joy of his ſoul; becauſe her features, her air, her voice, recal every moment the tender memory of his ſpouſe, and fill his eyes with tears. He conceals this partiality as much as poſſible; and none but his intimate friends are acquainted with it. To them he reveals all his tenderneſs; nor is he ſo affectedly philoſophical, as even to call it by the name of weakneſs. They know that he ſtill keeps the birth-day of Emira with tears, and a more fond and tender recollection of paſt pleaſures, in like manner as it was celebrated in her lifetime, with joy and feſtivity. They know that he preſerves her picture with the utmoſt care, and has one picture in miniature, which he always wears next to his boſom: that he has left orders in his laſt will, that, in whatever part of the world he ſhall happen to die, his body ſhall be tranſported, and laid in the

ſame grave with her's; and that a monument ſhall be erected over them, and their mutual love and happineſs celebrated in an epitaph, which he himſelf has compoſed for that purpoſe.

A few years ago I received a letter from a friend, who was abroad on his travels, and ſhall here communicate it to the public. It contains ſuch an inſtance of a philoſophic ſpirit, as I think pretty extraordinary, and may ſerve as an example, not to depart too far from the received maxims of conduct and behaviour, by a refined ſearch after happineſs or perfection. The ſtory I have been ſince aſſured of as matter of fact.

Sir, Paris, Aug. 2, 1737.

I know you are more curious of accounts of men than of buildings, and are more deſirous of being informed of private hiſtory than of public tranſactions; for which reaſon I thought the following ſtory, which is the common topic of converſation in this city, would be no unacceptable entertainment to you.

A young lady of birth and fortune, being left entirely at her own diſpoſal, perſiſted long in a reſolution of leading a ſingle life, notwithſtanding ſeveral advantageous offers that had been made to her. She had been determined to embrace this reſolution, by obſerving the many unhappy marriages

riages among her acquaintances, and by hearing the complaints which her female friends made of the tyranny, inconſtancy, jealouſy, or indifference of their huſbands. Being a woman of ſtrong ſpirit and an uncommon way of thinking, ſhe found no difficulty either in forming or maintaining this reſolution, and could not ſuſpect herſelf of ſuch weakneſs, as ever to be induced, by any temptation to depart from it. She had, however, entertained a ſtrong deſire of having a ſon, whoſe education ſhe was reſolved to make the principal concern of her life, and by that means ſupply the place of thoſe other paſſions, which ſhe was reſolved for ever to renounce. She puſhed her philoſophy to ſuch an uncommon length, as to find no contradiction betwixt ſuch a deſire and her former reſolution; and accordingly looked about with great deliberation to find among all her male acquaintance, one whoſe character and perſon were agreeable to her, without being able to ſatisfy herſelf on that head. At length, being in the playhouſe one evening, ſhe ſees in the parterre, a young man of a moſt engaging countenance and modeſt deportment; and feels ſuch a prepoſſeſſion in his favour, that ſhe had hopes this muſt be the perſon ſhe had long ſought for in vain. She immediately diſpatches a ſervant to him; deſiring his company at her lodgings next morning. The young man was overjoyed at the meſſage, and could not command his ſatisfaction, upon receiving ſuch an advance from a lady of ſo great beauty, reputation, and quality. He was, therefore, much diſappointed, when he found a wo-

man, who would allow him no freedoms; and amidſt all her obliging behaviour, confined and overawed him to the bounds of rational diſcourſe and converſation. She ſeemed, however, willing to commence a friendſhip with him; and told him, that his company would always be acceptable to her, whenever he had a leiſure hour to beſtow. He needed not much entreaty to renew his viſits, being ſo ſtruck with her wit and beauty, that he muſt have been unhappy had he been debarred her company. Every converſation ſerved only the more to inflame his paſſion, and gave him more occaſion to admire her perſon and underſtanding, as well as to rejoice in his own good fortune. He was not, however, without anxiety, when he conſidered the diſproportion of their birth and fortune; nor was his uneaſineſs allayed, even when he reflected on the extraordinary manner in which their acquaintance had commenced. Our philoſophical heroine, in the mean time, diſcovered, that her lover's perſonal qualities did not belye his phyſiognomy; ſo that judging there was no occaſion for any farther trial, ſhe takes a proper opportunity of communicating to him her whole intention. Their intercourſe continued for ſome time, till at laſt her wiſhes were crowned, and ſhe was now mother of a boy, who was to be the object of her future care and concern. Gladly would ſhe have continued her friendſhip with the father; but finding him too paſſionate a lover to remain within the bounds of friendſhip, ſhe was obliged to put a violence upon herſelf. She ſends him a letter, in which

which ſhe had incloſed a bond of annuity for a thouſand crowns; deſiring him, at the ſame time, never to ſee her more, and to forget, if poſſible, all paſt favours and familiarities. He was thunderſtruck at receiving this meſſage; and having tried, in vain, all the arts that might win upon the reſolution of a woman, reſolved at laſt to attack her by her foible. He commences a law ſuit againſt her before the parliament of Paris; and claims his ſon, whom he pretends a right to educate as he pleaſed, according to the uſual maxims of the law in ſuch caſes. She pleads, on the other hand, their expreſs agreement before their commerce, and pretends that he had renounced all claim to any offſpring that might ariſe from their embraces. It is not yet known, how the parliament will determine in this extraordinary caſe, which puzzles all the lawyers, as much as it does the philoſophers. As ſoon as they come to any iſſue, I ſhall inform you of it, and ſhall embrace any opportunity of ſubſcribing myſelf, as I do at preſent,

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

# No. I.

## ESSAY VII.

### OF THE MIDDLE STATION OF LIFE.

THE moral of the following fable will eaſily diſcover itſelf, without my explaining it. One rivulet meeting another, with whom he had been long united in ſtricteſt amity, with noiſy haughtineſs and diſdain thus beſpoke him—"What, brother! ſtill in the ſame ſtate! Still low and creeping! Are you not aſhamed, when you behold me, who, though lately in a like condition with you, am now become a great river, and ſhall ſhortly be able to rival the Danube or the Rhine, provided thoſe friendly rains continue, which have favoured my banks, but neglected yours."—"Very true," replies the humble rivulet: "You are now, indeed, ſwoln to a great ſize; but methinks you are become withal, ſomewhat turbulent and muddy. I am contented with my low condition and my purity."

Inſtead of commenting upon this fable, I ſhall take occaſion from it to compare the different ſtations of life, and to perſuade ſuch of my readers as are placed in the middle ſtation to be ſatisfied with it, as the moſt eligible of all others. Theſe form the moſt numerous rank of men that can be ſuppoſed ſuſceptible of philoſophy; and, therefore, all diſcourſes of morality ought principally to be addreſs-

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ed to them. The great are too much immerſed in pleaſure; and the poor too much occupied in providing for the neceſſities of life, to hearken to the calm voice of reaſon. The middle ſtation, as it is moſt happy in many reſpects, ſo particularly in this, that a man, placed in it, can, with the greateſt leiſure, conſider his own happineſs, and reap a new enjoyment, from comparing his ſituation with that of perſons above or below him.

Agur's prayer is ſufficiently noted—"Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die: remove far from me, vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; leſt I be full and deny thee, and ſay, who is the Lord? or leſt I be poor, and ſteal, and take the name of my God in vain."—The middle ſtation is here juſtly recommended, as affording the fulleſt ſecurity for virtue; and I may alſo add, that it gives opportunity for the moſt ample exerciſe of it, and furniſhes employment for every good quality which we can poſſibly be poſſeſſed of. Thoſe who are placed among the lower ranks of men, have little opportunity of exerting any other virtue, beſides thoſe of patience, reſignation, induſtry, and integrity. Thoſe who are advanced into the higher ſtations, have full employment for their generoſity, humanity, affability, and charity. When a man lies betwixt theſe two extremes, he can exert the former virtues towards his ſuperiors, and the latter towards his inferiors. Every moral quality, which the human ſoul is ſuſceptible

ſuſceptible of, may have its turn, and be called up to action; and a man may, after this manner, be much more certain of his progreſs in virtue, than where his good qualities lie dormant, and without employment.

But there is another virtue, that ſeems principally to lye among equals, and is, for that reaſon, chiefly calculated for the middle ſtation of life. This virtue is friendſhip. I believe moſt men of generous tempers are apt to envy the great, when they conſider the large opportunities ſuch perſons have of doing good to their fellow-creatures, and of acquiring the friendſhip and eſteem of men of merit. They make no advances in vain, and are not obliged to aſſociate with thoſe whom they have little kindneſs for; like people of inferior ſtations, who are ſubject to have their proffers of friendſhip rejected, even where they would be moſt fond of placing their affections. But though the great have more facility in acquiring friendſhips, they cannot be ſo certain of the ſincerity of them, as men of a lower rank; ſince the favours they beſtow may acquire them flattery, inſtead of goodwill and kindneſs. It has been very judiciouſly remarked, that we attach ourſelves more by the ſervices we perform than by thoſe we receive, and that a man is in danger of loſing his friends by obliging them too far. I ſhould, therefore, chuſe to lye in the middle way, and to have my commerce with my friend varied both by obligations given and received. I have too much pride to be willing that all the obligations ſhould

ſhould lye on my ſide; and ſhould be afraid, that, if they all lay on his, he would alſo have too much pride to be entirely eaſy under them, or have a perfect complacency in my company.

We may alſo remark of the middle ſtation of life, that it is more favourable to the acquiring of wiſdom and ability, as well as of virtue, and that a man ſo ſituate has a better chance for attaining a knowledge both of men and things, than thoſe of a more elevated ſtation. He enters with more familiarity into human life, and every thing appears in its natural colours before him: he has more leiſure to form obſervations; and has, beſides, the motive of ambition to puſh him on in his attainments; being certain that he can never riſe to any diſtinction or eminence in the world, without his own induſtry. And here I cannot forbear communicating a remark, which may appear ſomewhat extraordinary, viz. That it is wisely ordained by Providence, that the middle ſtation ſhould be the moſt favourable to the improving our natural abilities, ſince there is really more capacity requiſite to perform the duties of that ſtation, than is requiſite to act in the higher ſpheres of life. There are more natural parts, and a ſtronger genius requiſite to make a good lawyer or phyſician, than to make a great monarch. For let us take any race or ſucceſſion of kings, where birth alone gives a title to the crown: the Engliſh kings, for inſtance, who have not been eſteemed the moſt ſhining in hiſtory. From the conqueſt to the ſucceſſion of his preſent Majeſty,

Majeſty, we may reckon twenty-eight ſovereigns, omitting thoſe who died minors. Of theſe, eight are eſteemed princes of great capacity, viz. the Conqueror, Harry II., Edward I., Edward III., Harry V. and VII., Elizabeth, and the late King William. Now, I believe, every one will allow, that, in the common run of mankind, there are not eight, out of twenty-eight, who are fitted, by nature, to make a figure either on the bench or at the bar. Since Charles VII. ten monarchs have reigned in France, omitting Francis II. Five of thoſe have been eſteemed princes of capacity, viz. Louis XI., XII., and XIV., Francis I., and Harry IV. In ſhort, the governing of mankind well requires a great deal of virtue, juſtice, and humanity, but not a ſurprizing capacity. A certain Pope, whoſe name I have forgot, uſed to ſay, *Let us divert ourſelves, my friends: the world governs itſelf.* There are, indeed, ſome critical times, ſuch as thoſe in which Harry IV. lived, that call for the utmoſt vigour; and a leſs courage and capacity, than what appeared in that great monarch, muſt have ſunk under the weight. But ſuch circumſtances are rare; and even then fortune does at leaſt one half of the buſineſs.

Since the common profeſſions, ſuch as law or phyſic, require equal, if not ſuperior capacity, to what are exerted in the higher ſpheres of life, it is evident, that the ſoul muſt be made of ſtill a finer mould, to ſhine in philoſophy or poetry, or in any of the higher parts of learning. Courage and re-

ſolution are chiefly requiſite in a commander; juſtice and humanity in a ſtateſman, but genius and capacity in a ſcholar. Great generals and great politicians are found in all ages and countries of the world, and frequently ſtart up, at once, even amongſt the greateſt barbarians. Sweden was ſunk in ignorance, when it produced Guſtavus Ericſon, and Guſtavus Adolphus: Muſcovy, when the Czar appeared: and perhaps Carthage, when it gave birth to Hannibal. But England muſt paſs through a long gradation of its Spencers, Johnsons, Wallers, Drydens, before it ariſe at an Addiſon or a Pope. A happy talent for the liberal arts and ſciences is a kind of prodigy among men. Nature muſt afford the richeſt genius that comes from her hands; education and example muſt cultivate it from the earlieſt infancy; and induſtry muſt concur to carry it to any degree of perfection. No man needs be ſurpriſed to ſee Kouli-Kan among the Perſians; but Homer in ſo early an age among the Greeks is certainly matter of the higheſt wonder.

A man cannot ſhew a genius for war, who is not ſo fortunate as to be truſted with command; and it ſeldom happens in any ſtate or kingdom, that ſeveral at once are placed in that ſituation. How many Marlboroughs were there in the confederate army, who never roſe ſo much as to the command of a regiment? But I am perſuaded, there has been but one Milton in England within theſe hundred years; becauſe every one may exert the talents of poetry who is poſſeſſed of them; and no one

one could exert them under greater diſadvantages than that divine poet. If no man were allowed to write verſes, but the perſon who was beforehand named to be laureat, could we expect a poet in ten thouſand years?

Were we to diſtinguiſh the ranks of men by their genius and capacity, more than by their virtue and uſefulneſs to the public, great philoſophers would certainly challenge the firſt rank; and muſt be placed at the top of mankind. So rare is this character, that, perhaps, there has not, as yet, been above two in the world, who can lay a juſt claim to it. At leaſt, Galileo and Newton ſeem to me ſo far to excel all the reſt, that I cannot admit any other into the ſame claſs with them.

Great poets may challenge the ſecond place; and this ſpecies of genius, though rare, is yet much more frequent than the former. Of the Greek poets that remain, Homer alone ſeems to merit this character: of the Romans, Virgil, Horace, and Lucretius: of the Engliſh, Milton and Pope: Corneille, Racine, Boileau, and Voltaire, of the French: and Taſſo and Arioſto of the Italians.

Great orators and hiſtorians are, perhaps, more rare than great poets; but as the opportunities for exerting the talents requiſite for eloquence, or acquiring the knowledge requiſite for writing hiſtory, depend, in ſome meaſure, upon fortune, we cannot

cannot pronounce theſe productions of genius to be more extraordinary than the former.

I ſhould now return from this digreſſion, and ſhew that the middle ſtation of life is more favourable to happineſs, as well as to virtue and wiſdom: but as the arguments that prove this ſeem pretty obvious, I ſhall here forbear inſiſting on them.

## No. I.

## ESSAY VIII.

### A CHARACTER OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

THERE never was a man, whoſe actions and character have been more earneſtly and openly canvaſſed than thoſe of the preſent miniſter, who having governed a learned and free nation for ſo long a time, amidſt ſuch mighty oppoſition, may make a large library of what has been wrote for and againſt him, and is the ſubject of above half the paper that has been blotted in the nation within theſe twenty years. I wiſh, for the honour of our country, that any one character of him had been drawn with ſuch judgment and impartiality, as to have ſome credit with poſterity, and to ſhew that our liberty has, once at leaſt, been employed

to

to good purpoſe. I am only afraid of failing in the former quality of judgment; but if it ſhould be ſo, it is but one page more thrown away, after an hundred thouſand upon the ſame ſubject, that have periſhed and become uſeleſs. In the mean time, I ſhall flatter myſelf with the pleaſing imagination, that the following character will be adopted by future hiſtorians.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, prime miniſter of Great Britain, is a man of ability, not a genius; good-natured, not virtuous; conſtant, not magnanimous; moderate, not equitable *. His virtues, in ſome inſtances, are free from the alloy of thoſe vices, which uſually accompany ſuch virtues. He is a generous friend, without being a bitter enemy. His vices, in other inſtances, are not compenſated by thoſe virtues which are nearly allied to them: his want of enterprize is not attended with frugality. The private character of the man is better than the public; his virtues more than his vices: his fortune greater than his fame. With many good qualities he has incurred the public hatred: with a good capacity he has not eſcaped ridicule. He would have been eſteemed more worthy of his high ſtation, had he never poſſeſſed it; and is better qualified for the ſecond than for the firſt place in any government. His miniſtry has been more advanta-

* Moderate in the exerciſe of power, not equitable in engroſſing it.

geous

geous to his family than to the public, better for this age than for poſterity, and more pernicious by bad precedents than by real grievances. During his time trade has flouriſhed, liberty declined, and learning gone to ruin. As I am a man I love him; as I am a ſcholar, I hate him; as I am a Briton, I calmly wiſh his fall. And were I a member of either houſe, I would give my vote for removing him from St. James's; but ſhould be glad to ſee him retire to Houghton-Hall, to paſs the remainder of his days in eaſe and pleaſure.

N. B. This Eſſay, in the edition of 1760, was inſerted by way of note to the Eſſay "On Politics as a Science," after the words in the text, "by the violence of their factions," as follows:

"What our author's opinion was of the famous miniſter here pointed at, may be learned from that Eſſay, printed in the former editions under the title of *A Character of Sir Robert Walpole.* It was as follow: * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

"The author is pleaſed to find, that after animoſities are laid, and calumny has ceaſed, the whole nation almoſt have returned to the ſame moderate ſentiments with regard to this great man; if they are not rather become more favourable to him, by a very natural tranſition, from one extreme to another. The author would not oppoſe theſe hu-

mane ſentiments towards the dead, though he cannot forbear obſerving, that the not paying more of our public debts was, as hinted in this character, a great, and the only great, error in that long adminiſtration."

# No. II.

*Letter from Mr. Hume to the Authors of the Critical Review, reſpecting* Mr. WILKIE'S Epigoniad, *2d edit.; referred to by him in his Letter to Dr. Adam Smith, of* 12 *April*, 1759.

[By peruſing the following article, the reader will perceive, that how ſubject ſoever we, the Reviewers, may be to overſights and errors, we are not ſo hardened in critical pride and inſolence, but that, upon conviction, we can retract our cenſures, and provided we be candidly rebuked, kiſs the rod of correction with great humility.]

TO THE AUTHORS OF THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

Gentlemen, April, 1759.

The great advantages which reſult from literary journals have recommended the uſe of them all over Europe; but as nothing is free from abuſe, it muſt be confeſſed, that ſome inconveniencies have alſo attended theſe undertakings. The works of the learned multiply in ſuch a ſurpriſing manner, that a journaliſt, in order to give an account to the public of all new performances, is obliged to pe-

ruſe a ſmall library every month; and as it is impoſſible for him to beſtow equal attention on every piece which he criticizes, he may readily be ſurpriſed into miſtakes, and give to a book ſuch a character as, on a more careful peruſal, he would willingly retract. Even performances of the greateſt merit are not ſecure againſt this injury, and, perhaps, are ſometimes the moſt expoſed to it. An author of genius ſcorns the vulgar arts of catching applauſe; he pays no court to the great; gives no adulation to thoſe celebrated for learning; takes no care to provide himſelf of partizans, or *proneurs*, as the French call them; and by that means his work ſteals unobſerved into the world; and it is ſome time before the public, and even men of penetration, are ſenſible of its merit. We take up the book with prepoſſeſſion, peruſe it careleſsly, are feebly affected by its beauties, and lay it down with neglect, perhaps with diſapprobation.

The public has done ſo much juſtice to the gentlemen engaged in the Critical Review as to acknowledge that no literary journal was ever carried on in this country with equal ſpirit and impartiality; yet I muſt confeſs that an article, publiſhed in your Review of 1757, gave me great ſurpriſe, and not a little uneaſineſs. It regarded a book called the Epigoniad, a poem of the epic kind, which was at that time publiſhed with great applauſe at Edinburgh, and of which a few copies had been ſent up to London. The author of that article had ſurely been lying under ſtrong prepoſſeſſions, when he

ſpoke

ſpoke ſo negligently of a work which abounds in ſuch ſublime beauties, and could endeavour to diſcredit a poem, conſiſting of near ſix thouſand lines, on account of a few miſtakes in expreſſion and proſody, proceeding entirely from the author's being a Scotchman, who had never been out of his own country. As there is a new edition publiſhed of this poem, wherein all or moſt of theſe trivial miſtakes are corrected, I flatter myſelf that you will gladly lay hold of this opportunity of retracting your overſight, and doing juſtice to a performance, which may, perhaps, be regarded as one of the ornaments of our language. I appeal from your ſentence, as an old woman did from a ſentence pronounced by Philip of Macedon: I appeal from Philip, ill-counſelled and in a hurry, to Philip well-adviſed, and judging with deliberation.

The authority which you poſſeſs with the public makes your cenſure fall with weight, and I queſtion not but you will be the more ready on that account to redreſs any injury, into which either negligence, prejudice, or miſtake, may have betrayed you. As I profeſs myſelf to be an admirer of this performance, it will afford me pleaſure to give you a ſhort analyſis of it, and to collect a few ſpecimens of thoſe great beauties in which it abounds.

The author, who appears throughout his whole work to be a great admirer and imitator of Homer, drew the ſubject of this poem from the fourth Iliad, where Sthenelus gives Agamemnon a ſhort account

of the ſacking of Thebes. After the fall of thoſe heroes celebrated by Statius, their ſons, and among the reſt Diomede, undertook the ſiege of that city, and were ſo fortunate as to ſucceed in their enterprize, and to revenge on the Thebans and the tyrant Creon, the death of their fathers. Theſe young heroes were known to the Greeks under the title of the Epigoni, or the Deſcendants; and for this reaſon the author has given to his poem the title of Epigoniad; a name, it muſt be confeſſed, ſomewhat unfortunately choſen: for as this particular was known only to a very few of the learned, the public were not able to conjecture what could be the ſubject of the poem, and were apt to neglect what it was impoſſible for them to underſtand.

There remained a tradition among the Greeks, that Homer had taken this ſecond ſiege of Thebes for the ſubject of a poem, which is loſt; and our author ſeems to have pleaſed himſelf with the thoughts of reviving the work, as well as of treading in the footſteps of his favourite author. The actors are moſtly the ſame with thoſe of the Iliad; Diomede is the hero; Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Neſtor, Idomeneus, Merion, even Therſites, all appear in different paſſages of the poem; and act parts ſuitable to the lively characters drawn of them by that great maſter. The whole turn of this new poem would almoſt lead us to imagine, that the Scottiſh bard had found the loſt manuſcript of that father of poetry, and had made a faithful

faithful tranſlation of it into Engliſh. Longinus imagines, that the Odyſſey was executed by Homer in his old age; we ſhall allow the Iliad to be the work of his middle age; and we ſhall ſuppoſe that the Epigoniad was the eſſay of his youth, where his noble and ſublime genius breaks forth by frequent intervals, and gives ſtrong ſymptoms of that conſtant flame which diſtinguiſhed its meridian.

The poem conſiſts of nine books. We ſhall open the ſubject of it in the author's own words.

Ye pow'rs of ſong! with whoſe immortal fire
Your bard inraptur'd ſung Pelide's ire,
To Greece ſo fatal, when in evil hour,
He brav'd, in ſtern debate, the ſovereign power;
By like example teach me now to ſhow
From love no leſs, what dire diſaſters flow.
For when the youth of Greece, by Theſeus led,
Returned to conquer where their fathers bled,
And puniſh'd guilty Thebes, by heav'n ordained
For perfidy to fall, and oaths profan'd;
Venus, ſtill partial to the Theban arms,
Tydeus' ſon ſeduced by female charms;
Who, from his plighted faith by paſſion ſway'd,
The chiefs, the army, and himſelf betray'd.

This theme did once your favourite bard employ,
Whoſe verſe immortalized the fall of Troy?
But Time's oblivious gulf, whoſe circle draws
All mortal things by Fate's eternal laws,
In whoſe wide vortex worlds themſelves are toſt,
And rounding ſwift ſucceſſively are loſt,
This ſong hath ſnatch'd. I now reſume the ſtrain,
Not from proud hope and emulation vain,

By this attempt to merit equal praiſe
With worth heroic, born in happier days.
Sooner the weed, that with the ſpring appears,
And in the ſummer's heat its bloſſom bears,
But, ſhriv'ling at the touch of winter hoar,
Sinks to its native earth, and is no more;
Might match the lofty oak, which long has ſtood,
From age to age, the monarch of the wood.
But love excites me, and deſire to trace
His glorious ſteps, though with unequal pace.
Before me ſtill I ſee his awful ſhade,
With garlands crown'd of leaves which never fade;
He points the path to fame, and bids me ſcale
Parnaſſus' ſlippery height, where thouſands fail:
I follow trembling, for the cliffs are high,
And hov'ring round them watchful harpies fly,
To ſnatch the poet's wreath with envious claws,
And hiſs contempt for merited applauſe.

The poet ſuppoſes that Caſſandra, the daughter of the king of Pelignium in Italy, was purſued by the love of Echetus, a barbarous tyrant in the neighbourhood; and as her father rejected his addreſſes, he drew on himſelf the reſentment of the tyrant, who made war upon him, and forced him to retire into Etolia, where Diomede gave him protection. This hero falls himſelf in love with Caſſandra, and is ſo fortunate as to make equal impreſſions on her heart; but before the completion of his marriage, he is called to the ſiege of Thebes, and leaves, as he ſuppoſes, Caſſandra in Etolia with her father. But Caſſandra, anxious for her lover's ſafety, and unwilling to part from the object of her affections, had ſecretly put on a man's habit, had attended him in the camp, and had fought by his

his ſide in all his battles. Meanwhile the ſiege of Thebes is drawn out to ſome length; and Venus, who favours that city, in oppoſition to Juno and Pallas, who ſeek its deſtruction, deliberates concerning the proper method of raiſing the ſiege. The fitteſt expedient ſeems to be the exciting in Diomede a jealouſy of Caſſandra, and perſuading him, that her affections were ſecretly engaged to Echetus, and that the tyrant had invaded Etolia in purſuit of his miſtreſs: for this purpoſe Venus ſends down Jealouſy, whom the author perſonifies under the name of Zelotype. Her perſon and flight are painted in the moſt ſplendid colours that poetry affords.

Firſt to her feet the winged ſhoes ſhe binds,
Which tread the air, and mount the rapid winds;
Aloft they bear her through th' etherial plain,
Above the ſolid earth and liquid main.
Her arrows next ſhe takes of pointed ſteel,
For ſight too ſmall, but terrible to feel;
Rous'd by their ſmart, the ſavage lion roars,
And mad to combat ruſh the tuſky boars;
Of wounds ſecure; for where their venom lights,
What feels their pow'r all other torment ſlights.
A figur'd zone, myſteriouſly deſign'd,
Around her waiſt her yellow robe confin'd:
There dark Suſpicion lurk'd, of ſable hue;
There haſty Rage his deadly dagger drew;
Pale Envy inly pined; and by her ſide
Stood Phrenzy, raging with his chains unty'd.
Affronted Pride with thirſt of vengeance burn'd,
And Love's exceſs to deepeſt hatred turn'd.
All theſe the artiſt's curious hand expreſs'd,
The work divine his matchleſs ſkill confeſs'd.

The

The virgin laſt, around her ſhoulders flung
The bow; and by her ſide the quiver hung:
Then, ſpringing up, her airy courſe ſhe bends
For Thebes; and lightly o'er the tents deſcends.
The ſon of Tydeus, 'midſt his bands, ſhe found
In arms complete, repoſing on the ground;
And, as he ſlept, the hero thus addreſs'd,
Her form to fancy's waking eye expreſs'd.

Diomede, moved by the inſtigations of jealouſy, and eager to defend his miſtreſs and his country, calls an aſſembly of the princes, and propoſes to raiſe the ſiege of Thebes, on account of the difficulty of the enterprize and dangers which ſurround the army. Theſeus, the general, breaks out into a paſſion at this propoſal; but is pacified by Neſtor. Idomeneus riſes, and reproaches Diomede for his diſhonourable counſel; and among other topics upbraids him with his degeneracy from his father's bravery.

Should now, from hence arriv'd, ſome warrior's ghoſt,
Greet valiant Tydeus on the Stygian coaſt,
And tell when danger or diſtreſs is near,
That Diomede perſuades the reſt to fear;
He'd ſhun the ſynod of the mighty dead,
And hide his anguiſh in the deepeſt ſhade:
Nature in all an equal courſe maintains;
The lion's whelp ſucceeds to awe the plains;
Pards gender pards, from tygers tygers ſpring;
No doves are hatch'd beneath a vulture's wing:
Each parent's image in his offſpring lives;
But nought of Tydeus in his ſon ſurvives.

The debate is cloſed by Ulyſſes, who informs the princes

princes that the Thebans are preparing to march out in order to attack them; and that it is in vain for them to deliberate any longer concerning the continuance of the war.

We have next the deſcription of a battle between the Thebans under Creon, and the confederate Greeks under Theſeus. This battle is full of the ſpirit of Homer. We ſhall not trouble our reader with particulars, which would appear inſipid in proſe, eſpecially if compared to the lively poetry of our author. We ſhall only tranſcribe one paſſage, as a ſpecimen of his happy choice of circumſtances.

Next Arcas, Cleon, valiant Chromius, died;
With Dares, to the Spartan chiefs allied.
And Phomius, whom the gods, in early youth,
Had form'd for virtue and the love of truth;
His gen'rous ſoul to noble deeds they turn'd,
And love to mankind in his boſom burn'd.
Cold through his throat the hiſſing weapon glides,
And on his neck the waving locks divides.
His fate the Graces mourn'd. The Gods above,
Who ſit around the ſtarry throne of Jove,
On high Olympus, bending from the ſkies,
His fate beheld with ſorrow-ſtreaming eyes.
Pallas, alone, unaltered and ſerene,
With ſecret triumph ſaw the mournful ſcene:
Not hard of heart; for none of all the powers,
In earth or ocean, or th' Olympian towers,
Holds equal ſympathy with human grief,
Or with a freer hand beſtows relief;
But conſcious that a mind by virtue ſteel'd,
To no impreſſion of diſtreſs will yield;

That,

That, ſtill unconquered, in its awful hour
O'er death it triumphs with immortal pow'r.

The battle ends with advantage to the confederate Greeks; but the approach of night prevents their total victory,

Creon, King of Thebes, ſends next an embaſſy to the confederate Greeks, deſiring a truce of ſeven days, in order to bury the dead. Diomede, impatient to return home, and ſtimulated by jealouſy, violently oppoſes this overture, but is over-ruled by the other princes; and the truce is concluded. The author, in imitation of Homer, and the other ancient poets, takes here an opportunity of deſcribing games celebrated for honouring the dead. The games he has choſen are different from thoſe which are to be found among the ancients, and the incidents are new and curious.

Diomede took no ſhare in theſe games: his impatient ſpirit could not brook the delay which aroſe from the truce: he pretends that he conſented not to it, and is not included in it; he, therefore, propoſes to his troops to attack the Thebans while they are employed in performing the funeral rites of the dead; but is oppoſed in this deſign by Deiphobus, his tutor, who repreſents to him in the ſevereſt terms, the raſhneſs and iniquity of his propoſal. After ſome altercation Diomede, impatient of contradiction in his favourite object, and ſtung by the free reproaches of his tutor, breaks out into a violent

lent paſſion, and throws his ſpear at Deiphobus, which pierced him to the heart.

This incident, which is apt to ſurpriſe us, ſeems to have been copied by our author, from that circumſtance in the life of Alexander, where this heroic conqueror, moved by a ſudden paſſion, ſtabs Clytus, his ancient friend, by whom his life had been formerly ſaved in battle. The repentance of Diomede is equal to that of Alexander. No ſooner had he ſtruck the fatal blow than his eyes are opened: he is ſenſible of his guilt and ſhame: he refuſes all conſolation: abſtains even from food, and ſhuts himſelf up alone in his tent. His followers, amazed at the violence of his paſſion, keep at a diſtance from him; all but Caſſandra, who enters his tent with a potion, which ſhe had prepared for him. While ſhe ſtands before him alone, her timidity and paſſion betray her ſex; and Diomede immediately perceives her to be Caſſandra, who had followed him to the camp under a warlike diſguiſe. As his repentance for the murder of Deiphobus was now the ruling paſſion in his breaſt, he is not moved by tenderneſs for Caſſandra; on the contrary, he conſiders her as the cauſe, however innocent, of the murder of his friend and of his own guilt; and he treats her with ſuch coldneſs that ſhe retires in confuſion. She even leaves the camp, and reſolves to return to her father in Etolia; but is taken on the road by a party of Thebans, who carry her to Creon. That tyrant determines to make the moſt political uſe of this incident:

incident: he ſends privately a meſſage to Diomede, threatening to put Caſſandra to death, if that hero would not agree to a ſeparate truce with Thebes. This propoſal is at firſt rejected by Diomede, who threatens immediate deſtruction to Creon, and all his race. Nothing can be more artfully managed by the poet than this incident. We ſhall hear him in his own words.

Sternly the hero ended, and reſign'd
To fierce diſorder, all his mighty mind.
Already in his thoughts, with vengeful hands,
He dealt deſtruction 'midſt the Theban bands,
In fancy ſaw the tottering turrets fall,
And led his warriors o'er the levell'd wall.
Rous'd with the thought, from his high ſeat he ſprung;
And graſp'd the ſword, which on a column hung;
The ſhining blade he balanc'd thrice in air;
His launces next he view'd, and armour fair.
When, hanging 'midſt the coſtly panoply,
A ſcarf embroider'd met the hero's eye,
Which fair Caſſandra's ſkilful hands had wrought;
A preſent for her lord, in ſecret brought,
That day, when firſt he led his martial train
In arms, to combat on the Theban plain.
As ſome ſtrong charm, which magic ſounds compoſe,
Suſpends a downward torrent as it flows;
Checks in the precipice its headlong courſe,
And calls it trembling upwards to its ſource:
Such ſeem'd the robe, which, to the hero's eyes,
Made the fair artiſt in her charms to riſe.
His rage ſuſpended in its full career,
To love reſigns, to grief and tender fear.
Glad would he now his former words revoke,
And change the purpoſe which in wrath he ſpoke;
From hoſtile hands his captive fair to gain,
From fate to ſave her, or the ſervile chain:

But

But pride and ſhame the fond deſign ſuppreſs'd;
Silent he ſtood, and lock'd it in his breaſt.
Yet had the wary Theban well divin'd,
By ſymptoms ſure, each motion of his mind:
With joy he ſaw the heat of rage ſuppreſs'd,
And thus again his artful words addreſs'd.

The truce is concluded for twenty days; but the perfidious Creon, hoping that Diomede would be over-awed by the danger of his miſtreſs, reſolves to ſurpriſe the Greeks; and accordingly makes a ſudden attack upon them, breaks into their camp, and carries every thing before him. Diomede at firſt ſtands neuter; but when Ulyſſes ſuggeſts to him, that, after the defeat of the confederate Greeks, he has no ſecurity; and that ſo treacherous a prince as Creon will not ſpare, much leſs reſtore, Caſſandra, he takes to arms, aſſaults the Thebans, and obliges them to ſeek ſhelter within their walls. Creon, in revenge, puts Caſſandra to death, and ſhews her head over the walls. The fight ſo inflames Diomede, that he attacks Thebes with double fury, takes the town by ſcalade, and gratifies his vengeance by the death of Creon.

This is a ſhort abſtract of the ſtory, on which the new poem is founded. The reader may, perhaps, conjecture (what I am not very anxious to conceal) that the execution of the Epigoniad is better than the deſign, the poetry ſuperior to the fable, and the colouring of the particular parts more excellent than the general plan of the whole. Of all the great epic poems which have been the

admiration of mankind, the Jeruſalem of Taſſo alone would make a tolerable novel, if reduced to proſe, and related without that ſplendour of verſification and imagery by which it is ſupported; yet, in the opinion of many great judges, the Jeruſalem is the leaſt perfect of all theſe productions; chiefly, becauſe it has leaſt nature and ſimplicity in the ſentiments, and is moſt liable to the objection of affectation and conceit. The ſtory of a poem, whatever may be imagined, is the leaſt eſſential part of it; the force of the verſification, the vivacity of the images, the juſtneſs of the deſcriptions, the natural play of the paſſions, are the chief circumſtances which diſtinguiſh the great poet from the proſaic noveliſt, and give him ſo high a rank among the heroes in literature: and I will venture to affirm, that all theſe advantages, eſpecially the three former, are to be found, in an eminent degree, in the Epigoniad. The author, inſpired with the true genius of Greece, and ſmit with the moſt profound veneration for Homer, diſdains all frivolous ornaments; and relying entirely on his ſublime imagination, and his nervous and harmonious expreſſion, has ventured to preſent to his reader the naked beauties of nature, and challenges for his partizans all the admirers of genuine antiquity.

There is one circumſtance in which the poet has carried his boldneſs of copying antiquity beyond the practice of many, even judicious moderns. He has drawn his perſonages, not only with all the ſimplicity of the Grecian heroes, but alſo with ſome

ſome degree of their roughneſs, and even of their ferocity. This is a circumſtance which a mere modern is apt to find fault with in Homer, and which, perhaps, he will not eaſily excuſe in his imitator. It is certain, that the ideas of manners are ſo much changed ſince the age of Homer, that though the Iliad was always among the ancients conceived to be a panegric on the Greeks, yet the reader is now almoſt always on the ſide of the Trojans, and is much more intereſted for the humane and ſoft manners of Priam, Hector, Andromache, Sarpedon, Æneas, Glaucus, nay, even of Paris and Helen, than for the ſevere and cruel bravery of Achilles, Agamemnon, and the other Grecian heroes. Senſible of this inconvenience, Fenelon, in his elegant romance, has ſoftened extremely the harſh manners of the heroic ages, and has contented himſelf with retaining that amiable ſimplicity by which theſe ages were diſtinguiſhed. If the reader be diſpleaſed, that the Britiſh poet has not followed the example of the French writer, he muſt, at leaſt, allow, that he has drawn a more exact and faithful copy of antiquity, and has made fewer ſacrifices of truth to ornament.

There is another circumſtance of our author's choice, which will be liable to diſpute. It may be thought, that by introducing the heroes of Homer, he has loſt all the charms of novelty, and leads us into fictions, which are ſomewhat ſtale and threadbare. Boileau, the greateſt critic of the French nation, was of a very different opinion:

La fable offre à l'eſprit mille agrémens divers
Là tous les noms heureux ſemblent nés pour les vers;
Ulyſſe, Agamemnon, Oreſte, Idomenée,
Helene, Menelas, Paris, Hector, Enée.

It is certain, that there is in that poetic ground a kind of enchantment, which allures every perſon of a tender and lively imagination: nor is this impreſſion diminiſhed, but rather much increaſed, by our early introduction to the knowledge of it in our peruſal of the Greek and Latin claſſics.

The ſame great French critic makes the apology of our poet in his uſe of the ancient mythology:

Ainſi dans cet amas de nobles fictions,
Le poete s'egaye en mille inventions,
Orne, eleve, embellit, agrandit toutes choſes,
Et trouve ſous ſa main des fleurs toujours eclоſes.

It would ſeem, indeed, that if the machinery of the heathen gods be not admitted, epic poetry, at leaſt all the marvellous part of it, muſt be entirely abandoned. The chriſtian religion, for many reaſons, is unfit for the fabulous ornaments of poetry: the introduction of allegory, after the manner of Voltaire, is liable to many objections; and though a mere hiſtorical epic poem, like Leonidas, may have its beauties, it will always be inferior to the force and pathos of tragedy, and muſt reſign to that ſpecies of poetry, the precedency which the former

former compoſition has always challenged among the productions of human genius. But with regard to theſe particulars, the author has himſelf made a ſufficient apology in the judicious and ſpirited preface which accompanies his poem.

But though our poet has, in general, followed ſo ſucceſsfully the footſteps of Homer, he has, in particular paſſages, choſen other ancient poets for his model. His ſeventh book contains an epiſode, very artfully inſerted, concerning the death of Hercules; where he has plainly had Sophocles in his view, and has ventured to engage in a rivalſhip with that great maſter of the tragic ſcene. If the ſublimity of our poet's imagination, and the energy of his ſtyle, appear any where conſpicuous, it is in this epiſode, which we ſhall not ſcruple to compare with any poetry in the Engliſh language. Nothing can be more pathetic than the complaints of Hercules, when the poiſon of the centaur's robe begins firſt to prey upon him.

Sovereign of heaven and earth! whoſe boundleſs ſway
The fates of men and mortal things obey!
If e'er delighted from the courts above,
In human form, you ſought Alcmena's love;
If fame's unchanging voice to all the earth,
With truth, proclaims you author of my birth;
Whence, from a courſe of ſpotleſs glory run,
Succeſsful toils and wreaths of triumph won,
Am I thus wretched? Better, that before
Some monſter fierce had drunk my ſtreaming gore;
Or cruſh'd by Cacus, foe to Gods and men,
My batter'd brains had ſtrew'd his rocky den:

Than, from my glorious toils and triumphs paſt,
To fall ſubdu'd by female arts, at laſt.
O cool my boiling blood, ye winds, that blow
From mountains loaded with eternal ſnow,
And crack the icy cliffs: in vain! in vain!
Your rigour cannot quench my raging pain!
For round this heart the furies wave their brands,
And wring my entrails with their burning hands.
Now bending from the ſkies, O wife of Jove!
Enjoy the vengeance of thy injur'd love:
For fate, by me, the Thund'rer's guilt atones,
And puniſh'd in her ſon Alcmena groans.
The object of your hate ſhall ſoon expire;
Fix'd on my ſhoulders preys a net of fire:
Whom nor the toils nor dangers could ſubdue,
By falſe Euryſtheus dictated from you;
Nor tyrants lawleſs, nor the monſtrous brood,
Which haunts the deſert or infeſts the flood,
Nor Greece, nor all the barb'rous climes that lie
Where Phœbus ever points his golden eye;
A woman has o'erthrown! ye Gods! I yield
To female arts, unconquer'd in the field.
My arms—alas! are theſe the ſame that bow'd
Antœus, and his giant force ſubdu'd?
That dragg'd Nemea's monſter from his den;
And ſlew the dragon in his native fen?
Alas, alas! their mighty muſcles fail,
While pains infernal ev'ry nerve aſſail.
Alas, alas! I feel in ſtreams of woe
Theſe eyes diſſolv'd, before untaught to flow.
Awake my virtue, oft in dangers try'd,
Patient in toils, in deaths unterrify'd:
Rouſe to my aid; nor let my labours paſt,
With fame atchieved, be blotted by the laſt:
Firm and unmov'd, the preſent ſhock endure,
Once triumph, and for ever reſt ſecure.

Our poet, though his genius be in many reſpects very original, has not diſdained to imitate even

even modern poets. He has added to his heroic poem a dream, in the manner of Spencer, where the poet ſuppoſes himſelf to be introduced to Homer, who cenſures his poem in ſome particulars, and excuſes it in others. This poem is, indeed, a ſpecies of apology for the Epigoniad, wrote in a very lively and elegant manner: it may be compared to a well-poliſhed gem, of the pureſt water, and cut into the moſt beautiful form. Thoſe who would judge of our author's talents for poetry, without peruſing his larger work, may ſatisfy their curioſity, by running over this ſhort poem. They will ſee the ſame force of imagination and harmony of numbers, which diſtinguiſh his longer performance; and may thence, with ſmall application, receive a favourable impreſſion of our author's genius.

# No. III.

# EXPOSÉ SUCCINCT

DE LA

# CONTESTATION,

QUI S'EST ÉLÉVÉ ENTRE

## M. HUME ET M. ROUSSEAU,

AVEC

## *LES PIECES JUSTIFICATIVES.*

(Tirée de la Supplement à la Collection des Ouvres de J. J. Rouſſeau, Citoyen de Geneve, tome 2, qui forme tome 14, de même Collection. Imprimé à Geneve, 1782.)

# *AVERTISSEMENT*

DES

# ÉDITEURS.

LE nom & les Ouvrages de M. Hume ſont connus depuis longtemps de toute l'Europe: ceux qui connoiſſent ſa perſonne, ont vu en lui des mœurs douces & ſimples, beaucoup de droiture, de candeur & de bonté; & la modération de ſon caractere ſe peint dans ſes ecrits.

Il a employé les grands talens qu'il a reçus de la nature & les lumieres qu'il a acquiſes par l'étude, à chercher la vérité & à inſpirer l'amour des hommes; jamais il n'a prodigué ſon temps & compromis ſon repos dans aucune querelle, ni littéraire ni perſonnelle. Il a vu cent fois ſes ecrits cenſurés avec amertume par la fanatiſme, l'ignorance & l'eſprit de parti, ſans avoir jamais répondu à un ſeul de ſes adverſaires.

Ceux même qui ont attaqué ſes Ouvrages avec le plus de violence ont toujours reſpecté ſon caractere. Son amour pour la paix eſt ſi connu, qu'on lui a plus d'une fois apporté des critiques faites contre

contre lui-même, pour le prier de les revoir & de les corriger. On lui remit un jour une critique de ce genre, où il étoit traité d'une maniere fort dure, & même injurieuſe: il le fit remarquer à l'Auteur, qui effaça les injures en rougiſſant & en admirant la force de *l'eſprit polémique* qui l'avoit ainſi emporté, ſans qu'il s'en apperçut, au-delà des bornes de l'honnêteté.

Avec des diſpoſitions ſi pacifiques, ce n'eſt qu'avec une extrême répugnance que M. Hume a pu conſentir à laiſſer paroître l'ecrit qu'on va lire. Il ſait que les querelles des gens de lettres ſont le ſcandale de la philoſophie, & perſonne n'étoit moins fait que lui pour donner un pareil ſcandale, ſi conſolant pour les ſots; mais les circonſtances l'ont entrainé malgré lui à cet éclat fâcheux.

Tout le monde ſait que M. Rouſſeau, proſcrit de tous les lieux qu'il avoit habités, s'étoit enfin déterminé à ſe réfugier en Angleterre, & que M. Hume, touché de ſa ſituation & de ſes malheurs, s'étoit chargé de l'y conduire, & étoit parvenu à lui procurer un aſyle ſûr, commode & tranquille. Mais peu de gens ſavent combien de chaleur, d'activité, de délicateſſe même M. Hume a mis dans cet acte de bienfaiſance; quel tendre attachement il avoit pris pour ce nouvel Ami, que l'humanité lui avoit donné; avec quelle adreſſe il cherchoit à prévenir ſes beſoins, ſans bleſſer ſon amour-propre; avec quel zele enfin il s'occupoit à juſtifier aux yeux des autres les ſingularités de M. Rouſſeau, & à défendre

dre ſon caractere contre ceux qui n'en jugeoient pas auſſi favorablement que lui.

Dans le tems même que M. Hume travailloit à rendre à M. Rouſſeau le ſervice le plus eſſentiel, il reçut de lui la lettre la plus outrageante. Plus le coup étoit inattendu, plus il devoit être ſenſible. M. Hume écrivit cette aventure à quelques-uns de ſes amis à Paris; & il s'exprima dans ſes lettres avec toute l'indignation que lui inſpiroit un ſi étrange procédé. Il ſe crut diſpenſé d'avoir aucun ménagement pour un homme, qui aprés avoir reçu de lui les marques d'amitié les plus conſtantes & les moins équivoques, l'appelloit, motifs, faux, traître, & le plus méchant des hommes.

Cependant le démêlé de ces deux hommes célébres ne tarda pas à éclater. Les plaintes de M. Hume parvinrent bientôt à la connoiſſance du public, qui eut d'abord de la peine à croire que M. Rouſſeau fût coupable de l'excès d'ingratitude dont on l'accuſoit. Les amis même de M. Hume craignirent que dans un premier moment de ſenſibilité, il ne ſe fût laiſſé emporter trop loin, & qu'il n'eût pris pour les défauts du cœur les délires de l'imagination, ou les travers de l'eſprit. Il crut devoir éclaircir cette affaire, en écrivant un précis de tout ce qui s'étoit paſſé entre lui & M. Rouſſeau, depuis leur liaiſon juſqu'à leur rupture. Il envoya cet écrit à ſes amis; quelques-uns lui conſeillerent de le faire imprimer, en lui diſant que ſes accuſations contre M. Rouſſeau étant devenues publiques, les preuves

preuves devoient l'être auſſi. M. Hume ne ſe rendit pas à ces raiſons, & aima mieux courir le riſque d'un jugement injuſte, que de ſe réſoudre à un éclat ſi contraire á ſon caractere; mais un nouvel incident a vaincu ſa réſiſtance.

M. Rouſſeau a adreſſé à un libraire de Paris une lettre, où il accuſe ſans détour M. Hume de s'être ligué avec ſes ennemis pour le trahir & le diffamer, & où il le défie hautement de fair imprimer les pieces qu'il a entre les mains. Cette lettre a été communiquée, à Paris, à un très-grand nombre de perſonnes; elle a été traduite en Anglois, & la traduction eſt imprimée dans les papiers de Londres. Une accuſation & un défi ſi publics ne pouvoient reſter ſans réponſe; & un plus long ſilence de la part de M. Hume auroit été interprété d'une maniere peu favorable pour lui.

D'ailleurs, la nouvelle de ce démêlé s'eſt répandue dans toute l'Europe, & l'on en a porté des jugemens fort divers. Il ſeroit plus heureux ſans doute que toute cette affaire eût été enſevelie dans un profond ſecret; mais puiſqu'on n'a pu empêcher le public de s'en occuper, il faut du moins qu'il ſache à quoi s'en tenir. Les amis de M. Hume ſe ſont reunis pour lui repréſenter toutes ces raiſons. Il a ſenti la néceſſité d'en venir enfin à une extrémité qu'il redoutoit ſi fort, & a conſenti à laiſſer imprimer ſon mémoire. C'eſt l'ouvrage que nous donnons ici. Le récit & les notes ſont traduits de l'Anglois. Les lettres de M. Rouſſeau, qui

qui ſervent de pieces juſtificatives aux faits, ſont des copies exactes des originaux.

Cette brochure offrira des traits de bizarerie aſſez étranges a ceux qui prendront la peine de la lire; mais ceux qui ne s'en ſoucieront pas feront encore mieux; tant ce qu'elle renferme importe peu à ceux qui n'y ſont pas intéreſſés.

Au reſte, M. Hume, en livrant au public les pieces de ſon procés, nous a autoriſés à déclarer qu'il ne reprendra jamais la plume ſur ce ſujet. M. Rouſſeau peut revenir à la charge; il peut produire des ſuppoſitions, des interprétations, des inductions, des déclamations nouvelles; il peut créer & réaliſer de nouveaux phantômes & envelopper tout cela des nuages de ſa rhétorique, il ne ſera plus contredit. Tous les faits ſont actuellement ſous les yeux du public. M. Hume abandonne ſa cauſe au jugement des eſprits droits & des cœurs honnêtes.

EXPOSÉ

## EXPOSÉ SUCCINCT, &c.

MA liaiſon avec M. Rouſſeau commença en *1761*, lorſqu'il fut décrété de priſe de corps, à l'occaſion de ſon *Emile*, par un arrêt du Parlement de Paris. J'étois alors à Edinbourg. Une perſonne de mérite m'écrivit de Paris que M. Rouſſeau avoit le deſſein de paſſer en Angleterre pour y chercher un aſyle, & me demanda mes bons offices pour lui. Comme je ſuppoſai que M. Rouſſeau avoit exécuté cette réſolution, j'écrivis à pluſieurs de mes amis à Londres, pour leur recommander ce célebre exilé, & je lui écrivis à lui-même pour l'aſſurer de mon zele & de mon empreſſement à le ſervir. Je l'invitois en même temps à venir à Edinbourg, ſi ce ſéjour pouvoit lui convenir, & je lui offrois une retraite dans ma maiſon pour tout le temps qu'il daigneroit la partager avec moi. Je n'avois pas beſoin d'autre motif pour être excité à cet acte d'humanité, que l'idée que m'avoit donnée du caractere de M. Rouſſeau la perſonne qui me l'avoit recommandé, & la célébrité de ſon génie, de ſes talens, & ſur-tout de ſes malheurs, dont la cauſe même étoit une raiſon de plus pour s'intéreſſer à lui. Voici la réponſe que je reçus.

M. ROUSSEAU

## M. ROUSSEAU A M. HUME.

*A Motiers-Travers, le 19 Février 1763.*

" Je n'ai reçu qu'ici, Monſieur, & depuis peu, la lettre dont vous m'honoriez à Londres, le 2 Juillet dernier, ſuppoſant que j'étois dans cette capitale. C'étoit ſans doute dans votre nation, & le plus près de vous qu'il m'eût été poſſible, que j'aurois cherché ma retraite, ſi j'avous prévu l'accueil qui m'attendoit dans ma patrie. Il n'y avoit qu'elle que je puſſe préferer à l'Angleterre, & cette prévention, dont j'ai été trop puni, m'étoit alors bien pardonnable; mais, à mon grand étonnement, & méme à celui du public, je n'ai trouvé que des affronts & des outrages où j'eſperois, ſinon de la reconnoiſſance, au moins des conſolations. Que de choſes m'ont fair regretter l'aſyle & l'hoſpitalité philoſophique qui m'attendoient près de vous! Toutefois mes malheurs m'en ont toujours rapproché en quelque maniere. La protection & les bontés de Mylord Mareſchal, votre illuſtre & digne compatriote, m'ont fait trouver, pour ainſi dire, l'Ecoſſe au milieu de la Suiſſe; il vous a rendu préſent à nos entretiens; il m'a fait faire avec vos vertus la connoiſſance que je n'avois faite encore qu'avec vos talens; il m'a inſpiré la plus tendre amitié pour vous & le plus ardent deſir d'obtenir la vôtre, avant que je ſuſſe que vous étiez diſpoſé à me l'accorder. Jugez, quand je trouve ce penchant réciproque, combien j'aurois de plaiſir à m'y livrer! Non, Monſieur, je ne vous rendois que la moitié de

de ce qui vous étoit dû, quand je n'avois pour vous que de l'admiration. Vos grandes vues, votre étonnante impartialité, votre génie, vous éleveroient trop au-deſſus des hommes ſi votre bon cœur ne vous en rapprochoit. Mylord Mareſchal, en m'apprenant à vous voir encore plus aimable que ſublime, me rend tous les jours votre commerce plus déſirable, & nourrit en moi l'empreſſement qu'il m'a fait naître de finir mes jours près de vous. Monſieur, qu'une meilleure ſanté, qu'une ſituation plus commode ne me met-elle à portée de faire ce voyage comme je le déſirerois! Que ne puis-je eſpérer de nous voir un jour raſſemblés avec Mylord dans votre commune patrie, qui deviendroit la mienne! Je bénirois dans une ſociété ſi douce les malheurs par leſquels j'y fus conduit, & je croirois n'avoir commencé de vivre que du jour qu'elle auroit commencé. Puiſſe-je voir cet heureux jour plus déſiré qu'eſpéré! Avec quel tranſport je m'écrierois en touchant l'heureuſe terre où ſont nés David Hume & le Mareſchal d'Ecoſſe:

*Salve, fatis mihi debita tellus!*
*Hæc domus, hæc patria eſt.*

J. J. R.

Ce n'eſt point par vanité que je publie cette lettre; car je vais bientôt mettre au jour une rétractation de tous ces éloges; c'eſt ſeulement pour completter la ſuite de notre correſpondance & pour faire voir qu'il y a longtemps que j'ai été diſpoſé à rendre ſervice à M. Rouſſeau.

Notre commerce avoit entierement ceſſé juſqu'au milieu de l'été dernier (1765) lorſque la circonſtance ſuivante le renouvella. Une perſonne qui s'intéreſſe à M. Rouſſeau, étant allée faire un voyage dans une des provinces de France qui avoiſinent la Suiſſe, profita de cette occaſion pour rendre viſite au Philoſophe ſolitaire, dans ſa retraite á Motiers-Travers. Il dit à cette perſonne que le ſéjour de Neufchâtel lui devenoit tres-déſagréable, tant par la ſuperſtition du peuple que par la rage dont les prêtres étoient animés contre lui; qu'il craignoit d'être bientôt dans la néceſſité d'aller chercher un aſyle ailleurs, & que dans ce cas l'Angleterre lui paroiſſoit, par la nature de ſes loix & de ſon gouvernement, le ſeul endroit où il pût trouver une retraite aſſurée: il ajouta que Mylord Mareſchal, ſon ancien Protecteur, lui avoit conſeillé de ſe mettre ſous ma *protection* (c'eſt le terme dont il voulut bien ſe ſervir); & qu'en conſéquence il étoit diſpoſé à s'adreſſer à moi, s'il croyoit que cela ne me donneroit pas trop d'embarras.

J'étois alors chargé des Affaires d'Angleterre à la Cour de France; mais comme j'avois la perſpective de retourner bientôt à Londres, je ne rejettai point une propoſition qui m'étoit faite dans de ſemblables circonſtances par un homme que ſon génie & ſes malheurs avoient rendu célebre. Dès que je fus informé de la ſituation & des intentions de M. Rouſſeau, je lui écrivis pour lui offrir mes ſervices, & il me fit la réponſe ſuivante.

## M. Rousseau à M. Hume.

*A Straſbourg, le 4 Décembre, 1765.*

"Vos bontés, Monſieur, me pénetrent autant qu'elles m'honorent. La plus digne réponſe que je puiſſe faire à vos offres, eſt de les accepter, & je les accepte. Je partirai dans cinq ou ſix jours pour aller me jetter entre vos bras. C'eſt le conſeil de Mylord Mareſchal, mon protecteur, mon ami, mon pere; c'eſt celui de Madame de ***, * dont la bienveillance éclairée me guide autant qu'elle me conſole; enfin, j'oſe dire que c'eſt celui de mon cœur qui ſe plait à devoir beaucoup au plus illuſtre de mes contemporains, dont la bonté ſurpaſſe la gloire. Je ſoupire après une retraite ſolitaire & libre où je puiſſe finir mes jours en paix. Si vos ſoins bienfaiſans me la procurent, je jouirai tout enſemble & du ſeul bien que mon cœur déſire, & du plaiſir de le tenir de vous. Je vous ſalue, Monſieur, de tout mon cœur."

J. J. R.

Je n'avois pas attendu ce moment pour m'occuper des moyens d'être utile à M. Rouſſeau. M. Clairaut, quelques ſemaines avant ſa mort, m'avoit communiqué la lettre ſuivante.

* La perſonne que M. Rouſſeau nomme ici a exigé qu'on ſupprimât ſon nom. *Note des Editeurs.*

M. Rousseau

## M. Rousseau à M. Clairaut.

*De Motiers-Travers, le 3 Mars, 1765.*

" Le ſouvenir, Monſieur, de vos anciennes bontés pour moi vous cauſe une nouvelle importunité de ma part. Il s'agiroit du vouloir bien être, pour la ſeconde fois, cenſeur d'un de mes ouvrages. C'eſt une très-mauvaiſe rapſodie que j'ai compilée il y a pluſieurs années, ſous le nom de *Dictionnaire de Muſique*, & que je ſuis forcé de donner aujourd'hui pour avoir du pain. Dans le torrent des malheurs qui m'entraîne, je ſuis hors d'état de revoir ce recueil. Je ſais qu'il eſt plein d'erreurs & de bevues. Si quelqu'intérêt pour le ſort du plus malheureux des hommes vous portoit à voir ſon ouvrage avec un peu plus d'attention que celui d'une autre, je vous ſerois ſenſiblement obligé de toutes les fautes que vous voudriez bien corriger chemin faiſant. Les indiquer ſans les corriger ne ſeroit rien faire, car je ſuis abſolument hors d'état d'y donner la moindre attention, & ſi vous daignez en uſer comme de votre bien, pour changer, ajouter, ou retrancher, vous exercerez une charité très-utile & dont je ſerai très-reconnoiſſant. Recevez, Monſieur, mes très-humbles excuſes & mes ſalutations."

J. J. R.

Je le dis avec regret, mais je ſuis forcé de le dire: je ſais aujourd'hui avec certitude que cette affectation de miſere & de pauvreté extrême, n'eſt qu'une

petite charlatanerie que M. Rouſſeau emploie avec ſuccès pour ſe rendre plus intéreſſant & exciter la commiſération du public; mais j'étois bien loin de ſoupçonner alors un ſemblable artifice. Je ſentis s'élever dans mon cœur un mouvement de pitié, mêlé d'indignation, en imaginant qu'un homme de lettres, d'un mérite ſi éminent, étoit réduit, malgré la ſimplicité de ſa maniere de vivre, aux dernieres extrémités de l'indigence, & que cet état malheureux étoit encore aggravé par la maladie, par l'approche de la vieilleſſe, & par la rage implacable des dévots perſécuteurs.

Je ſavois que pluſieurs perſonnes attribuoient l'état fâcheux où ſe trouvoit M. Rouſſeau, à ſon orgueil extrême qui lui avoit fait refuſer les ſecours de ſes amis; mais je crus que ce défaut, ſi c'en étoit un, étoit un défaut reſpectable. Trop de gens de lettres ont avili leur caractere en s'abaiſſant à ſolliciter les ſecours d'hommes riches ou puiſſans, indignes de les protéger; & je croyois qu'un noble orgueil, quoique porté à l'excès, méritoit de l'indulgence dans un homme de génie qui, ſoutenu par le ſentiment de ſa propre ſupériorité & par l'amour de l'indépendance, bravoit les outrages de la fortune & l'inſolence des hommes. Je me propoſai donc de ſervir M. Rouſſeau à ſa maniere. Je priai M. Clairaut de me donner ſa lettre, & je la fis voir à pluſieurs des amis & des protecteurs que M. Rouſſeau avoit à Paris. Je leur propoſai un arrangement par lequel on pouvoit procurer des ſecours à M. Rouſſeau ſans qu'il s'en doutât. C'étoit d'engager le

le libraire qui ſe chargeroit de ſon *Dictionnaire de Muſique* à lui en donner une ſomme plus conſidérable que celle qu'il en auroit offerte de lui-même, & de rembourſer cet excédent au libraire. Mais ce projet, pour l'exécution duquel les ſoins de M. Clairaut étoient néceſſaires, échoua par la mort inopinée de ce profond & eſtimable ſavant.

Comme je conſervois toujours la même idée de l'extrême pauvreté de M. Rouſſeau, je conſervai auſſi la même diſpoſition à l'obliger, &, dès que je fus aſſuré de l'intention où il étoit de paſſer en Angleterre ſous ma conduite, je formai le plan d'un artifice à-peu-près ſemblable à celui que je n'avois pu éxecuter à Paris. J'écrivis ſur le champ à mon ami, M. Jean Stewart, de Buckingham-Street, que j'avois une affaire à lui communiquer, d'une nature ſi ſecrete & ſi délicate que je n'oſois même la confier au papier, mais qu'il en apprendroit les détails de M. Elliot (aujourd'hui le Chevalier Gilbert Elliot) qui devoit bientôt retourner de Paris à Londres.

Voici ce plan, que M. Elliot communiqua en effet quelque temps après à M. Stewart, en lui recommandant le plus grand ſecret. M. Stewart devoit chercher dans le voiſinage de ſa maiſon de campagne quelque fermier honnête & diſcret qui voulût ſe charger de loger & nourrir M. Rouſſeau & ſa gouvernante, & leur fournir abondamment toutes les commodités dont ils auroient beſoin, moyennant une penſion, que M. Stewart pouvoit por-

ter juſqu'à cinquante ou ſoixante livres * ſterlings par an; mais le Fermier devoit s'engager à garder exactement le ſecret & à ne recevoir de M. Rouſſeau que vingt ou vingt-cinq livres ſterlings par an, & je lui aurois tenu compte du ſurplus.

M. Stewart m'écrivit bientôt après qu'il avoit trouvé une habitation qu'il croyoit convenable; je le priai de faire meubler l'appartement, à mes frais, d'une maniere propre & commode. Ce plan, dans lequel il n'entroit aſſurément aucun motif de vanité, puiſque le ſecret en faiſoit une condition néceſſaire, n'eut pas lieu, parce qu'il ſe préſenta d'autres arrangemens plus commodes & plus agréables. Tout ce fait eſt bien connu de M. Stewart & du Chevalier Gilbert Elliot.

Il ne ſera peut-être pas hors de propos de parler ici d'un autre arrangement que j'avois concerté dans les mêmes intentions. J'avois accompagné M. Rouſſeau à une campagne très-agréable, dans le Comté de Surry, où nous paſsâmes deux jours chez le Colonel Webb. M. Rouſſeau me parut épris des beautés naturelles & ſolitaires de cet endroit. Auſſi-tôt, par l'entremiſe de M. Stewart, j'entrai en marché avec le Colonel Webb, pour acheter ſa maiſon avec un petit bien qui y appartenoit, afin d'en faire une établiſſement pour M. Rouſſeau. Si, après ce qui s'eſt paſſé, il y avoit

* La livre ſterling vaut environ 22 liv. 10s. de notre monnoie.

de

de la ſûreté à citer le témoignage de M. Rouſſeau ſur quelque fait, j'en appellerois à lui-même pour la v rité de ceux que j'avance. Quoiqu'il en ſoit, ils ſont connus de M. Stewart, du Général Clarke & en partie du Colonel Webb.

Je vais reprendre mon récit où je l'ai interrompu. M. Rouſſeau vint à Paris, muni d'un paſſeport que ſes amis avoient obtenu. Je le conduiſis en Angleterre. Pendant plus de deux mois, j'employai tous mes ſoins & ceux de mes amis pour trouver quelqu'arrangement qui pût lui convenir. On ſe prêtoit à tous ſes caprices; on excuſoit toutes ſes ſingularités; on ſatisfaiſoit toutes ſes fantaiſies; on n'épargna enfin ni temps ni complaiſance pour lui procurer ce qu'il déſiroit; &, quoique pluſieurs des projets que j'avois formés pour ſon établiſſement euſſent été rejettés, je me trouvois aſſez récompenſé de mes peines par la reconnoiſſance & la tendreſſe même dont il paroiſſoit recevoir mon zele & mes bons offices.

Enfin on lui propoſa l'arrangement auquel il eſt aujourd'hui fixé. M. Davenport, gentilhomme diſtingué par ſa naiſſance, ſa fortune and ſon mérite, lui a offert une maiſon, appellée Wootton, qu'il a dans le Comté de Derby, & qu'il habite rarement; & M. Rouſſeau lui paie pour lui & pour ſa gouvernante une modique penſion.

Dès que M. Rouſſeau fut arrivé à Wootton, il m'écrivit la lettre ſuivante.

## M. Rousseau à M. Hume.

*A Wootton, le 22 Mars*, 1766.

" Vous voyez déjà, mon cher patron, par la date de ma lettre, que je ſuis arrivé au lieu de ma deſtination. Mais vous ne pouvez voir tous les charmes que j'y trouve; il faudroit connoître le lieu & lire dans mon cœur. Vous y devez lire au moins les ſentimens qui vous regardent & que vous avez ſi bien mérités. Si je vis dans cet agréable aſyle auſſi heureux que je l'eſpere, une des douceurs de ma vie ſera de penſer que je vous les dois. Faire une homme heureux c'eſt mériter de l'être. Puiſſiez-vous trouver en vous-même le prix de tout ce que vous avez fait pour moi! Seul, j'aurois pu trouver de l'hoſpitalité, peut-être; mais je ne l'aurois jamais auſſi bien goûtée qu'en la tenant de votre amitié. Conſervez-la moi toujours, mon cher patron, aimez-moi pour moi qui vous dois tant; pour vous-même; aimez-moi pour le bien que vous m'avez fait. Je ſens tout le prix de votre ſincere amitié; je la déſire ardemment; j'y veux répondre par toute la mienne, & je ſens dans mon cœur de quoi vous convaincre un jour qu'elle n'eſt pas non plus ſans quelque prix. Comme, pour des raiſons dont nous avons parlé, je ne veux rien recevoir par la poſte, je vous prie, lorſque vous ferez la bonne œuvre de m'écrire, de remettre votre lettre à M. Davenport. L'affaire de ma voiture n'eſt pas arrangée, parce que je ſais qu'on m'en a impoſé: c'eſt une petite faute qui peut n'être que l'ouvrage d'une vanité obligeante, quand elle ne revient pas

deux

deux fois. Si vous y avez trempé, je vous conſeille de quitter une fois pour toutes ces petites ruſes qui ne peuvent avoir un bon principe quand elles ſe tournent en pieges contre la ſimplicité. Je vous embraſſe, mon cher patron, avec le même cœur que j'eſpere & déſire trouver en vous."

J. J. R.

Peu de jours après, je reçus de lui une autre lettre dont voici la copie.

M. ROUSSEAU À M. HUME.

*A Wootton, le 29 Mars, 1766.*

" Vous avez vu, mon cher patron, par la lettre que M. Davenport a dû vous remettre, combien je me trouve ici placé ſelon mon goût. J'y ſerois peut-être plus à mon aiſe ſi l'on y avoit pour moi moins d'attentions; mais les ſoins d'un ſi galant homme ſont trop obligeans pour s'en fâcher; &, comme tout eſt mêlé d'inconvéniens dans la vie, celui d'être trop bien eſt un de ceux qui ſe tolerent le plus aiſément. J'en trouve un plus grand à ne pouvoir me faire bien entendre des domeſtiques, ni ſur-tout entendre un mot de ce qu'ils me diſent. Heureuſement Mademoiſelle le Vaſſeur me ſert d'interprete, & ſes doigts parlent mieux que ma langue. Je trove même à mon ignorance un avantage qui pourra faire compenſation, c'eſt d'écarter les oiſifs en les ennuyant. J'ai eu hier la viſite de M. le Miniſtre qui, voyant que je ne lui parlois que François, n'a pas voulu me parler Anglois; de ſorte que l'entrevue

l'entrevue s'eſt paſſée à-peu-près ſans mot dire. J'ai pris goût à l'expédient ; je m'en ſervirai avec tous mes voiſins, ſi j'en ai, & duſſe-je apprendre l'Anglois, je ne leur parlerai que François, ſur-tout ſi j'ai le bonheur qu'ils n'en ſachent pas un mot. C'eſt à-peu près la ruſe des ſinges qui, diſent les negres, ne veulent pas parler quoiqu'ils le puiſſent, de peur qu'on ne les faſſe travailler.

" Il n'eſt point vrai du tout que je ſois convenu avec M. Goſſet de recevoir un modele en préſent. Au contraire, je lui en demandai le prix, qu'il me dit être d'une guinée & demie, ajoutant qu'il m'en vouloit faire la galanterie, ce que je n'ai point accepté. Je vous prie donc de vouloir bien lui payer le modele en queſtion, dont M. Davenport aura la bonté de vous rembourſer. S'il n'y conſent pas, il faut le lui rendre & le faire acheter par une autre main. Il eſt deſtiné pour M. du Peyrou qui depuis long-temps déſire avoir mon portrait & en a fait faire un en miniature qui n'eſt point du tout reſſemblant. Vous êtes pourvu mieux que lui, mais je ſuis fâché que vous m'ayez ôté par une diligence auſſi flatteuſe le plaiſir de remplir le même devoir envers vous. Ayez la bonté, mon cher patron, de faire remettre ce modele à MM. *Guinand & Hankey, Little St. Hellen's Biſhopſgate-Street*, pour l'envoyer à M. du Peyrou par la premiere occaſion ſûre. Il gêle ici depuis que j'y ſuis : il a neigé tous les jours : le vent coupe le viſage ; malgré cela, j'aimerois mieux habiter le trou d'un des lapins de cette garenne que le plus bel appartement de Londres.

dres. Bon jour, mon cher patron, je vous embraſſe de tout mon cœur."

J. J. R.

Comme nous étions convenus, M. Rouſſeau & moi, de ne point nous gêner l'un l'autre par un commerce de lettres ſuivi, nous n'avions plus d'autre objet de correſpondance épiſtolaire que celui d'une penſion qu'il s'agiſſoit de lui obtenir du Roi d'Angleterre. Voici le récit fidele & ſuccinct de cette affaire.

Un ſoir que nous cauſions enſemble à Calais, où nous étions retenus par les vents contraires, je demandai à M. Rouſſeau s'il n'accepteroit pas une penſion du Roi d'Angleterre, au cas que Sa Majeſté voulût bien la lui accorder. Il me répondit que cela n'étoit pas ſans difficulté, mais qu'il s'en rapporteroit entierement à l'avis de Mylord Mareſchal. Encouragé par cette reponſe, je ne fus pas plutôt arrivé à Londres que je m'adreſſai pour cet objet aux Miniſtres du Roi, & particulierement au Général Conway, Secrétaire d'Etat, & au Général Grœme, Secrétaire & Chambellan de la Reine. Ils firent la demande de la penſion à leurs Majeſtés qui y conſentirent avec bonté, à condition ſeulement que la choſe reſteroit ſecrete. Nous écrivîmes, M Rouſſeau & moi, à Mylord Mareſchal, & M. Rouſſeau marqua dans ſa lettre que le ſecret qu'on demandoit étoit pour lui une circonſtance très agréable. Le conſentement de Mylord Mareſchal arriva, comme on ſe l'imagine bien; M. Rouſſeau

Rouſſeau partit peu de jours après pour Wootton, & cette affaire reſta quelque temps ſuſpendue, par un dérangement qui ſurvint dans la ſanté du Général Conway.

Cependant le temps que j'avois paſſé avec M. Rouſſeau m'avoit mis à portée de démêler ſon caractere ; je commençois à craindre que l'inquiétude d'eſprit qui lui eſt naturelle ne l'empêchât de jouir du repos, auquel l'hoſpitalité & la ſûreté qu'il trouvoit en Angleterre l'invitoient à ſe livrer : je voyois, avec une peine infinie, qu'il étoit né pour le tumulte & les orages, & que le dégoût qui ſuit la jouiſſance paiſible de la ſolitude & de la tranquillité, le rendroit bientôt à charge à lui-même & à tout ce qui l'environnoit ; mais, éloigné du lieu qu'il habitoit de cent cinquante milles, & ſans ceſſe occupé des moyens de lui rendre ſervice, je ne m'attendois guères à être moi-même la victime de cette malheureuſe diſpoſition de caractere.

Il eſt néceſſaire que je rappelle ici une lettre qui avoit été écrite à Paris, l'hiver dernier, ſous le nom ſuppoſé du Roi de Pruſſe. En voici la copie.

" Mon cher Jean-Jacques,

" Vous avez renoncé à Geneve, votre patrie. Vous vous êtes fait chaſſer de la Suiſſe, pays tant vanté dans vos ecrits ; la France vous a décrété ; venez donc chez moi. J'admire vos talens ; je m'amuſe de vos rêveries qui (ſoit dit en paſſant)

vous

vous occupent trop & trop longtemps. Il faut à la fin être ſage & heureux; vous avez fait aſſez parler de vous par des ſingularités peu convenables à un véritable grand homme: démontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le ſens commun: cela les fâchera ſans vous faire tort. Mes etats vous offrent une retraite paiſible: je vous veux du bien & je vous en ferai, ſi vous le trouvez bon. Mais ſi vous vous obſtinez à rejetter mon ſecours, attendez-vous que je ne le dirai à perſonne. Si vous perſiſtez à vous creuſer l'eſprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choiſiſſez-les tels que vous voudrez; je ſuis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos ſouhaits; &, ce qui ſûrement ne vous arrivera pas vis-à-vis de vos ennemis, je ceſſerai de vous perſécuter, quand vous ceſſerez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

" Votre bon ami,

" FREDERICK."

Cette lettre avoit été compoſée par M. Horace Walpole, environ trois ſemaines avant mon départ de Paris; mais quoique je logeaſſe dans le même hôtel que M. Walpole & que nous nous viſſions très-ſouvent, cependant, par attention pour moi, il avoit ſoigneuſement caché cette plaiſanterie juſqu'après mon départ. Alors il la montra à quelques amis; on en prit des copies, qui bientôt ſe multiplierent. Cette petite piece ſe répandit rapidement dans toute l'Europe, & elle étoit dans les mains de tout le monde lorſque je la vis à Londres pour la premiere fois.

Tous

Tous ceux qui connoiſſent la liberté dont on jouit en Angleterre conviendront, je penſe, que toute l'autorité du Roi, des Lords, & des Communes, & toute la puiſſance eccléſiaſtique, civile & militaire du royaume ne pourroient empêcher qu'on n'y imprimât une plaiſanterie de ce genre. Auſſi ne fus-je pas étonné de la voir patroître dans le *St. James's Chronicle ;* mais je le fus beaucoup de trouver quelques jours après, dans le même papier, la piece ſuivante.

## M. Rousseau à l'Auteur du St. James's Chronicle.

*De Wootton, le 7 Avril, 1766.*

" Vous avez manqué, Monſieur, au reſpect que tout particulier doit au têtes couronnées, en attribuant publiquement au Roi de Pruſſe une lettre pleine d'extravagance & de méchanceté, dont par cela ſeul vous deviez ſavoir qu'il ne pouvoit être l'auteur. Vous avez même oſé tranſcrire ſa ſignature, comme ſi vous l'aviez vue écrite de ſa main. Je vous apprens, Monſieur, que cette lettre a été fabriquée à Paris, & ce qui navre & déchire mon cœur, que l'impoſteur a des complices en Angleterre.

" Vous devez au Roi de Pruſſe, à la vérité, à moi, d'imprimer la lettre que je vous écris & que je ſigne, en réparation d'une faute que vous vous reprocheriez ſans doute, ſi vous ſaviez de quelles noirceurs

noirceurs vous vous rendez l'inſtrument. Je vous fais, Monſieur, mes ſinceres ſalutations."

J. J. R.

Je fus affligé de voir M. Rouſſeau montrer cet excès de ſenſibilité pour un incident auſſi ſimple & inévitable que la publication de la prétendue lettre du Roi de Pruſſe; mais je me ſerois cru coupable moi-même de noirceur & de méchanceté, ſi j'avois imaginé que M. Rouſſeau me ſoupçonnoit d'être l'editeur de cette plaiſanterie, & que c'étoit contre moi qu'il ſe diſpoſoit à tourner toute ſa fureur. C'eſt cependant ce qu'il m'a appris depuis. Il eſt bon de remarquer que huit jours auparavant il m'avoit écrit la lettre la plus affectueuſe *: c'eſt celle du 29 Mars. J'étois aſſurément le dernier homme du monde qui, dans les regles du ſens commun, devoit être ſoupçonné; cependant, ſans la plus légere preuve, ſans la moindre probabilité, c'eſt moi que non-ſeulement M. Rouſſeau ſoupçonne, mais qu'il accuſe ſans héſiter, d'avoir fait imprimer la ſatyre dont il ſe plaint; &, ſans faire aucune recherche, ſans entrer dans aucune explication, c'eſt moi qu'il inſulte avec deſſein, dans un papier public; du plus cher de ſes amis, me voilà ſur le champ converti en ennemi perfide & méchant, & par-là tous mes ſervices paſſés & préſens ſont d'un ſeul trait adroitement effacés.

S'il n'étoit pas ridicule d'employer le raiſonne-

* Page 457.

ment

ment ſur un ſemblable ſujet & contre un tel homme, je demanderois à M. Rouſſeau pourquoi il me ſuppoſe le deſſein de lui nuire. Les faits lui ont, en cent occaſions, prouvé le contraire, & ce n'eſt pas l'uſage que les ſervices que nous avons rendus faſſent naître en nous de la mauvaiſe volonté contre celui qui les a reçus. Mais, en ſuppoſant que j'euſſe dans le cœur une ſecrete animoſité contre M. Rouſſeau, me ſerois-je expoſé au riſque d'être découvert, en envoyant moi-même aux auteurs des papiers publics une ſatyre qui faiſoit du bruit & qui étant auſſi généralement répandue, ne pouvoit manquer de tomber bientôt entre leurs mains ?

Comme je n'avois garde de me croire l'objet d'un ſoupçon ſi atroce & ſi ridicule, je continuai à ſervir M. Rouſſeau de la maniere la plus conſtante & la moins équivoque. Je renouvellai mes ſollicitations auprès du Général Conway, dès que l'état de ſa ſanté put lui permettre de s'occuper de quelque choſe. Le Général s'adreſſa de nouveau au Roi pour la penſion que nous demandions, & Sa Majeſté y donna une ſeconde fois ſon conſentement. On s'adreſſa auſſi au Marquis de Rockingham, premier lord de la tréſorerie, pour arranger cette affaire; enfin, je la vois heureuſement terminée, & plein de la joie la plus vive, j'en mande la nouvelle à mon ami. Je n'en reçus point de réponſe; mais voici la lettre qu'il écrivit au Général Conway.

M. ROUSSEAU

## M. Rousseau au General Conway.

" Monſieur, *Le 22 Mai, 1766.*

" Vivement touché des graces dont il plaît à Sa Majeſté de m'honorer, & de vos bontés qui me les ont attirées, j'y trouve, dès-à-préſent, ce bien précieux à mon cœur, d'intéreſſer à mon ſort le meilleur des rois & l'homme le plus digne d'être aimé de lui. Voilà, Monſieur, un avantage dont je ſuis jaloux & que je ne mériterai jamais de perdre. Mais il faut vous parler avec la franchiſe que vous aimez. Après tant de malheurs, je me croyois préparé à tous les événemens poſſibles ; il m'en arrive pourtant que je n'avois pas prévus & qu'il n'eſt pas même permis à un honnête homme de prévoir. Ils m'en affectent d'autant plus cruellement, & le trouble où ils me jettent m'ôtant la liberté d'eſprit néceſſaire pour me bien conduire, tout ce que me dit la raiſon dans un état auſſi triſte eſt de ſuſpendre mes réſolutions ſur toute affaire importante, telle qu'eſt pour moi celle dont il s'agit. Loin de me refuſer aux bienfaits du roi, par l'orgueil qu'on m'impute, je le mettrois à m'en glorifier, & tout ce que j'y vois de pénible eſt de ne pouvoir m'en honorer aux yeux du public comme aux miens propres. Mais lorſque je les recevrai, je veux pouvoir me livrer tout entier aux ſentimens qu'ils m'inſpirent, & n'avoir le cœur plein que des bontés de Sa Majeſté & des vôtres. Je ne crains pas que cette façon de penſer les puiſſe altérer. Daignez donc, Monſieur, me les conſerver pour des temps plus heureux:

vous connoîtrez alors que je ne differe de m'en prévaloir, que pour tâcher de m'en rendre plus digne. Agréez, Monſieur, je vous ſupplie, mes très-humbles ſalutations & mon reſpect."

J. J. R.

Cette lettre parut au Général Conway, comme à moi, un refus net d'accepter la penſion tant qu'on en feroit un ſecret; mais comme M. Rouſſeau avoit été dès le commencement inſtruit de cette condition, & que toute ſa conduite, ſes diſcours, ſes lettres, m'avoient perſuadé qu'elle lui convenoit, je jugeai qu'il avoit honte de ſe rétracter la deſſus en m'écrivant, & je crus voir dans cette mauvaiſe honte la raiſon d'un ſilence dont j'étois ſurpris.

J'obtins du Général Conway qu'il ne prendroit aucune réſolution relativement à cette affaire; & j'écrivis à M. Rouſſeau une lettre pleine d'amitié, dans laquelle je l'exhortai à reprendre ſa premiere façon de penſer & à accepter la penſion.

Quant à l'accablement profond dont M. Rouſſeau ſe plaint dans ſa lettre au Général Conway, & qui lui ôtoit, diſoit-il, juſqu'à la liberté de ſon eſprit, je fus raſſuré à cet égard par une lettre de M. Davenport, qui me marquoit que préciſément dans ce temps là ſon hôte étoit très-content, très-gai & mêmes très-ſociable. Je reconnus là cette foibleſſe ordinaire de mon ami, qui veut toujours être un objet d'intérêt en paſſant pour un homme opprimé par

par l'infortune, la maladie, les perſécutions, lors même qu'il eſt le plus tranquille & le plus heureux. Son affectation de ſenſibilité extrême étoit un artifice trop ſouvent répété pour en impoſer à un homme qui le connoiſſoit auſſi bien que moi. D'ailleurs, en le ſuppoſant même auſſi vivement affecté qu'il le diſoit, je n'aurois pu attribuer cette diſpoſition qu'à la prétendue lettre du Roi de Pruſſe dont il avoit témoigné tant de chagrin dans les papiers publics.

J'attendis trois ſemaines ſans avoir de réponſe. Ce procédé me parut un peu étrange & je l'écrivis à M. Davenport; cependant comme j'avois affaire à un homme très-étrange auſſi, & que j'attribuois toujours ſon ſilence à la petite honte qu'il pouvoit avoir de m'écrire, je ne voulus pas me décourager, & perdre, pour un vain cérémonial, l'occaſion de lui rendre un ſervice eſſentiel. Je renouvellai donc mes ſollicitations auprès des miniſtres, & je fus aſſez heureux dans mes ſoins pour être autoriſé à écrire la lettre ſuivante à M. Rouſſeau: c'eſt la premiere dont j'aie conſervé une copie.

M. HUME À M. ROUSSEAU.

*Londres, le 19 Juin, 1766.*

" Comme je n'ai reçu, Monſieur, aucune réponſe de vous, j'en conclus que vous perſévérez dans la réſolution de refuſer les bienfaits de Sa Majeſté, tant qu'on en fera un ſecret. Je me ſuis en

conſéquence adreſſé au Général Conway pour faire ſupprimer cette condition, & j'ai été aſſez heureux pour obtenir de lui la promeſſe d'en parler au roi. Il faut ſeulement, m'a-t'il dit, que nous ſachions préalablement de M. Rouſſeau s'il eſt diſpoſé à accepter une penſion qui lui ſeroit accordée publiquement, afin que Sa Majeſté ne ſoit pas expoſée à un ſecond refus. Il m'a autoriſé à vous écrire là-deſſus, & je vous prie de me faire ſavoir votre réſolution le plutôt que vous pourrez. Si vous m'envoyez votre conſentement, ce que je vous prie inſtamment de faire, je ſais que je peux compter ſur les bons offices du Duc de Richmond pour appuyer la demande du Général Conway ; ainſi je ne doute nullement du ſuccès.

" Je ſuis, mon cher Monſieur, très-ſincérement tout à vous."

D. H.

Je reçus au bout de cinq jours la réponſe ſuivante.

M. ROUSSEAU À M. HUME.

*A Wootton, le 23 Juin, 1766.*

" Je croyois, Monſieur, que mon ſilence interpreté par votre conſcience en diſoit aſſez ; mais puiſqu'il entre dans vos vues de ne pas l'entendre, je parlerai. Vous vous êtes mal caché, je vous connois, & vous ne l'ignorez pas. Sans liaiſons antérieures, ſans querelles, ſans démêlés, ſans nous

connoître autrement que par la réputation littéraire, vous vous empreſſez à m'offrir, dans mes malheurs, vos amis & vos ſoins; touché de votre généroſité, je me jette entre vos bras; vous m'amenez en Angleterre, en apparence pour m'y procurer un aſyle, & en effet pour m'y déſhonorer. Vous vous appliquez à cette nouble œuvre avec un zele digne de votre cœur, & avec un ſuccès digne de vos talens. Il n'en falloit pas tant pour réuſſir: vous vivez dans le grand monde, & moi dans la retraite; le public aime à être trompé, & vous êtes fait pour le tromper. Je connois pourtant un homme que vous ne tromperez pas: c'eſt vous-même. Vous ſavez avec quelle horreur mon cœur repouſſa le premier ſoupçon de vos deſſeins. Je vous dis, en vous embraſſant, les yeux en larmes, que, ſi vous n'étiez pas le meilleur des hommes, il falloit que vous en fuſſiez le plus noir. En penſant à votre conduite ſecrete, vous vous direz quelquefois que vous n'êtes pas le meilleur des hommes, & je doute qu'avec cette idée vous en ſoyez jamais le plus heureux.

" Je laiſſe un libre cours aux manœuvres de vos amis, & aux vôtres, & je vous abandonne avec peu de regret ma réputation pendant ma vie, bien ſûr qu'un jour on nous rendra juſtice à tous deux. Quant aux bons offices en matiere d'intérêt avec leſquels vous vous maſquez, je vous en remercie & vous en diſpenſe. Je me dois de n'avoir plus de commerce avec vous, & de n'accepter pas même à mon avantage, aucune affaire dont vous ſoyez le médiateur. Adieu, Monſieur, je vous ſouhaite le

plus vrai bonheur; mais, comme nous ne devons plus rien avoir à nous dire, voici la derniere lettre que vous recevrez de moi."

J. J. R.

Je lui fis ſur le champ la réponſe ſuivante.

M. HUME à M. ROUSSEAU.

*Ce 26 Juin, 1766.*

"Comme la conſcience me dit que j'en ai toujours agi avec vous de la maniere la plus amicale & que je vous ai donné, en toute occaſion, les preuves les plus tendres & les plus actives d'une ſincere affection, vous pouvez juger de l'extrême ſurpriſe que m'a cauſée la lecture de votre lettre. Il eſt auſſi impoſſible de répondre à des accuſations ſi violentes & bornées à de ſimples généralités, qu'il eſt impoſſible de les concevoir. Mais cette affaire ne peut, de doit pas en reſter là. Je ſuppoſe charitablement que quelqu'infâme calomniateur m'a noirci auprès de vous; mais en ce cas, le devoir vous oblige, & je ſuis perſuadé que votre propre inclination vous porte à me donner les moyens de connoître mon accuſateur & de me juſtifier; ce que vous ne pouvez faire qu'en m'inſtruiſant de ce dont on m'accuſe. Vous dites que je ſais moi-même que je vous ai trahi; mais, je le dis hautement & je le dirai à tout l'univers: je ſais le contraire; je ſais que mon amitié pour vous a été ſans bornes & ſans relâche; &, quoique je vous en aie donné des preuves

preuves qui ſont univerſellement connues en France & en Angleterre, le public n'en connoît encore que la plus petite partie. Je demande que vous me nommiez l'homme qui oſe affirmer le contraire, & ſurtout je demande qu'il cite une ſeule circonſtance dans laquelle je vous aie manqué. Vous le devez à moi; vous le devez a vous-même; vous le devez à la vérité, à l'honneur, à la juſtice, à tout ce qu'il y a de ſacré parmi les hommes. C'eſt comme innocent, car je ne dirai pas comme votre ami, je ne dirai pas comme votre bienfaiteur; c'eſt, je le répete, comme innocent, que je réclame le droit de prouver mon innocence & de confondre les ſcandaleuſes fauſſetés qu'on peut avoir forgées contre moi. J'eſpere que M. Davenport, à qui j'ai envoyé une copie de votre lettre, & qui lira cell-ci avant de vous la remettre, appuyera ma demande, & vous dira qu'elle eſt juſte. J'ai heureuſement conſervé la lettre que vous m'avez écrite après votre arrivée à Wootton, & où vous me marquez, dans les termes les plus forts, & même dans des termes trop forts, combien vous étes ſenſible aux foibles efforts que j'ai faits pour vous être utile. Le petit commerce de lettres que nous avons eu enſuite n'a eu pour objet, de ma part, que des vues dictées par l'amitié. Dites-moi donc ce qui, depuis ce temps-là, a pu vous offenſer; dites-moi de quoi l'on m'accuſe; dites-moi quel eſt mon accuſateur; & quand vous aurez rempli ces conditions à ma ſatisfaction & à celle de M. Davenport, vous aurez encore beaucoup de peine à vous juſtifier d'em-

ployer des expreſſions ſi outrageantes contre un homme avec qui vous avez été ſi étroitement lié, & qui méritoit, à pluſieurs titres, d'être traité par vous avec plus d'égards & de décence.

" M. Davenport ſait tout ce qui s'eſt paſſé relativement à votre penſion, parce qu'il m'a paru néceſſaire, que la perſonne, qui s'eſt chargée de vous procurer un établiſſement, connoiſſe exactement l'état de votre fortune, afin qu'elle ne ſoit pas tentée d'exercer à votre égard des actes de généroſité, qui, en parvenant par haſard à votre connoiſſance, pourroient vous donner quelque ſujet de mécontentement.

" Je ſuis, Monſieur, &c.

" D. H."

Le crédit de M. Davenport me procura, au bout de trois ſemaines, l'énorme lettre qu'on va lire, & qui a du moins cet avantage pour moi qu'elle confirme toutes les circonſtances importantes de mon récit. J'y joindrai quelques notes * qui ne tomberont que ſur des faits que M. Rouſſeau a préſentés peu fidellement, & je laiſſerai à mes lecteurs à juger lequel de nous deux mérite le plus de confiance.

* Les notes de M. Hume ſont diſtinguées par des chiffres & imprimées en caracteres romains ; celles de M. Rouſſeau ſont diſtinguées par une étoile & imprimees en caracteres italiques. —*Note des Editeurs.*

## M. Rousseau a M. Hume.

*A Wootton, le* 10 *Juillet*, 1766.

" Je ſuis malade, Monſieur, & peu en état d'écrire; mais vous voulez une explication, il faut vous la donner. Il n'a tenu qu'à vous de l'avoir depuis ongtemps (*); vous n'en voulûtes point alors, je me tus; vous la voulez aujourd'hui, je vous l'envoie. Elle ſera longue, j'en ſuis fâché; mais j'ai beaucoup à dire, & je n'y veux pas revenir à deux fois.

" Je ne vis point dans le monde; j'ignore ce qui s'y paſſe; je n'ai point de parti, point d'aſſocié, point d'intrigue; on ne me dit rien, je ne ſais que ce que je ſens; mais comme on me le fait bien ſentir, je le ſais bien. Le premier ſoin de ceux, qui trament des noirceurs, eſt de ſe mettre à couvert des preuves juridiques; il ne feroit pas bon leur intenter procès. La conviction intérieure admet un autre genre de preuves qui reglent les ſentimens d'un honnête homme. Vous ſaurez ſur quoi ſont fondés les miens.

" Vous demandez avec beaucoup de confiance qu'on vous nomme votre accuſateur. Cet accuſa-

(*) M. Rouſſeau ne m'a aſſurément jamais donné lieu de lui demander une explication. Si, pendant que nous avons vecu enſemble, il a eu quelques-uns des indignes ſoupçons dont cette lettre eſt remplie, il les a tenus bien ſecrets.

teur,

teur, Monſieur, eſt le ſeul homme au monde qui, dépoſant contre vous, pouvoit ſe faire écouter de moi ; c'eſt vous-même. Je vais me livrer ſans réſerve & ſans crainte à mon caractere ouvert ; ennemi de tout artifice, je vous parlerai avec la même franchiſe que ſi vous étiez un autre en qui j'euſſe toute la confiance que je n'ai plus en vous. Je vous ferai l'hiſtoire des mouvemens de mon ame & de ce qui les a produits, & nommant M. Hume en tierce perſonne, je vous ferai juge vous-même de ce que je dois penſer de lui. Malgré la longeur de ma lettre, je n'y ſuivrai point d'autre ordre que celui de mes idées, commençant par les indices & finiſſant par la démonſtration.

" Je quittois la Suiſſe, fatigué de traitemens barbares, mais qui du moins ne mettoient en péril que ma perſonne & laiſſoient mon honneur en ſûreté. Je ſuivois les mouvemens de mon cœur pour aller joindre Mylord Mareſchal ; quand je reçus à Straſbourg de M. Hume l'invitation la plus tendre de paſſer avec lui en Angleterre, où il me promettoit l'accueil le plus agréable, & plus de tranquillité que je n'y en ai trouvé. Je balançai entre l'ancien ami & le nouveau, j'eus tort ; je préférai ce dernier, j'eus plus grand tort : mais le deſir de connoître par moi-même une nation célebre, dont on me diſoit tant de mal & tant de bien, l'emporta. Sûr de ne pas perdre George Keith, j'étois flatté d'acquérir David Hume. Son mérite, ſes rares talens, l'honnêteté bien établie de ſon caractere, me faiſoient déſirer

déſirer de joindre ſon amitié à celle dont m'honoroit ſon illuſtre compatriote ; & je me faiſois une ſorte de gloire de montrer un bel exemple aux gens de lettres dans l'union ſincere de deux hommes dont les principes étoient ſi différens.

" Avant l'invitation du Roi de Pruſſe & de Mylord Mareſchal, incertain ſur le lieu de ma retraite, j'avois demandé & obtenu par mes amis un paſſeport de la Cour de France, dont je me ſervis pour aller à Paris joindre M. Hume. Il vit, & vit trop peut-être, l'accueil que je reçus d'un grand prince, &, j'oſe dire, du public. Je me prêtai par devoir, mais avec répugnance à cet éclat, jugeant combien l'envie de mes ennemis en ſeroit irritée. Ce fut un ſpectacle bien doux pour moi que l'augmentation ſenſible de bienveillance pour M. Hume, que la bonne œuvre qu'il alloit faire produiſit dans tout Paris. Il devoit en être touché comme moi ; je ne ſais s'il le fut de la même maniere.

" Nous partons avec un de mes amis, qui, preſqu' uniquement pour moi, faiſoit le voyage d'Angleterre. En débarquant à Douvres, tranſporté de toucher enfin cette terre de liberté, & d'y être amené par cet homme illuſtre, je lui ſaute au cou, je l'embraſſe étroitement ſans rien dire, mais en couvrant ſon viſage de baiſers & de larmes qui parloient aſſez. Ce n'eſt pas la ſeule fois ni la plus remarquable où il ait pu voir en moi les ſaiſiſſemens d'un cœur pénétré. Je ne ſais ce qu'il fait de ces ſouvenirs, s'ils lui

lui viennent ; j'ai dans l'eſprit qu'il en doit quelquefois être importuné.

" Nous ſommes fêtés arrivant à Londres. On s'empreſſe dans tous le états à me marquer de la bienveillance & de l'eſtime. M. Hume me préſente de bonne grace à tout le monde ; il étoit naturel de lui attribuer, comme je faiſois, la meilleure partie de ce bon accueil : mon cœur étoit plein de lui, j'en parlois à tout le monde, j'en écrivois à tous mes amis ; mon attachement pour lui prenoit chaque jour de nouvelles forces ; le ſien paroiſſoit pour moi de plus tendres, & il m'en a quelquefois donné des marques dont je me ſuis ſenti très-touché. Celle de faire faire mon portrait en grand ne fut pourtant pas de ce nombre. Cette fantaiſie me parut trop affichée, & j'y trouvai je ne ſais quel air d'oſtentation qui ne me plut pas. C'eſt tout ce que j'aurois pu paſſer à M. Hume s'il eût été homme à jetter ſont argent par les fenêtres, & qu'il eût eu dans une galerie tous les portraits de ſes amis. Au reſte, j'avouerai ſans peine qu'en cela je puis avoir tort (2).

(2) Voici le fait. M Ramſay mon ami, peintre diſtingué & homme de mérite, me propoſa de faire le portrait de M. Rouſſeau ; & lorſqu'il l'eut commencé, il me dit que ſon intention étoit de m'en faire préſent. Ainſi ce n'eſt point à moi que l'idée en vint, & ce portrait ne me coûta rien. M. Rouſſeau s'eſt donc également mépris, & lorſqu'il me fait un compliment ſur cette prétendue galanterie de ma part dans ſa lettre du 29 Mars, & lorſqu'il s'en moque dans celle-ci.

" Mais

" Mais ce qui me parut un acte d'amitié & de généroſité des plus vrais & des plus eſtimables, des plus dignes en un mot de M. Hume, ce fut le ſoin qu'il prit de ſolliciter pour moi de lui-même une penſion du roi, à laquelle je n'avois aſſurément aucun droit d'aſpirer. Témoin du zele qu'il mit à cette affaire, j'en fus vivement pénétré: rien ne pouvoit plus me flatter qu'un ſervice de cette eſpece, non pour l'intérêt aſſurément, car trop attaché peut-être à ce que je poſſede, je ne ſais point déſirer ce que je n'ai pas; & ayant par mes amis & par mon travail du pain ſuffiſamment pour vivre, je n'ambitionne rien de plus; mais l'honneur de recevoir des témoignages de bonté, je ne dirai pas d'un ſi grand monarque, mais d'un ſi bon pere, d'un ſi bon mari, d'un ſi bon maître, d'un ſi bon ami, & ſur-tout d'un ſi honnête homme, m'affectoit ſenſiblement; & quand je confidérois encore dans cette grace, que le miniſtre, qui l'a voit obtenue, étoit la probité vivante, cette probité ſi utile aux peuples, & ſi rare dans ſon état, je ne pouvois que me glorifier d'avoir pour bienfaiteurs trois des hommes du monde que j'aurois le plus déſirés pour amis. Auſſi, loin de me refuſer à la penſion offerte, je ne mis pour l'accepter qu'une condition néceſſaire, ſavoir, un conſentement dont, ſans manquer à mon devoir, je ne pouvois me paſſer.

" Honoré des empreſſemens de tout le monde, je tâchois d'y répondre convenablement. Cependant ma mauvaiſe ſanté & l'habitude de vivre à la compagne

compagne me firent trouver le ſéjour de la ville incommode. Auſſitôt les maiſons de campagne ſe préſentent en foule ; on m'en offre à choiſir dans toutes les provinces. M. Hume ſe charge des propoſitions, il me les fait, il me conduit même à deux ou trois campagnes voiſines ; j'héſite longtemps ſur le choix ; il augmentoit cette incertitude. Je me détermine enfin pour cette province, & d'abord M. Hume arrange tout ; les embarras s'applaniſſent ; je pars, j'arrive dans cette habitation ſolitaire, commode, agréable : le maître de la maiſon prévoit tout, pourvoit à tout ; rien ne manque. Je ſuis tranquille, indépendant ; voilà le moment ſi déſiré où tous mes maux doivent finir. Non, c'eſt-là qu'ils commencent, plus cruels que je ne les avois encore éprouvés.

" J'ai parlé juſqu'ici d'abondance de cœur, & rendant avec le plus grand plaiſir juſtice aux bons offices de M. Hume. Que ce qui me reſte à dire, n'eſt-il de même nature ! Rien ne me coûtera jamais de ce qui pourra l'honorer. Il n'eſt permis de marchander ſur le prix des bienfaits que quand on nous accuſe d'ingratitude, & M. Hume m'en accuſe aujourd'hui. J'oſerai donc faire une obſervation qu'il rend néceſſaire. En appréciant ſes ſoins par la peine & le temps qu'ils lui coûtoient, ils étoient d'un prix ineſtimable encore plus par ſa bonne volonté : pour le bien réel qu'ils m'ont fait, ils ont plus d'apparence que de poids. Je ne venois point comme un mendiant quêter du pain en Angleterre ;

j'y

j'y apportois le mien ; j'y venois abſolument chercher un aſyle, & il eſt ouvert à tout étranger. D'ailleurs je n'y étois point tellement inconnu, qu'arrivant ſeul, j'euſſe manqué d'aſſiſtance & de ſervices. Si quelques perſonnes m'ont recherché pour M. Hume, d'autres auſſi m'ont recherché pour moi ; &, par exemple, quand M. Davénport voulut bien m'offrir l'aſyle que j'habite, ce ne fut pas pour lui qu'il ne connoiſſoit point, & qu'il vit ſeulement pour le prier de faire & d'appuyer ſon obligeante propoſition. Ainſi quand M. Hume tâche aujourd'hui d'aliéner de moi cet honnête homme, il cherche à m'ôter ce qu'il ne m'a pas donné (*). Tout ce qui s'eſt fait de bien, ſe ſeroit fait ſans lui à peu-près de même, & peut-être mieux ; mais le mal ne ſe fut point fait ; car pourquoi ai-je des ennemis en Angleterre ? Pourquoi ces ennemis ſont-ils préciſément les amis de M. Hume ? Qui eſt-ce qui a pu m'attirer leur inimitié ? Ce n'eſt pas moi qui ne les vis de ma vie & qui ne les connois pas ; je n'en aurois aucun, ſi j'y étois venu ſeul (*).

(*) M. Rouſſeau me juge mal, & devroit me connoître mieux. Depuis notre rupture, j'ai écrit à M. Davenport pour l'engager à conſerver les mêmes bontés à ſon malheureux hôte.

(*) Etranges effets d'une imagination bleſſée ! M. Rouſſeau ignore, dit-il, ce qui ſe paſſe dans le monde, & il parle cependant des ennemis qu'il a en Angleterre. D'où le ſait-il ? Où les voit-il ? Il n'y a reçu que des marques de bienfaiſance & d'hoſpitalité. M. Walpole ſeul avoit fait une plaiſanterie ſur lui, mais n'étoit point pour cela ſon ennemi. Si M. Rouſſeau voyoit les choſes comme elles ſont, il verroit qu'il n'a eu en Angleterre d'autre ami que moi & d'autre ennemi que lui-même.

" J'ai

" J'ai parlé juſqu'ici de faits publics & notoires, qui par leur nature & par ma reconnoiſſance ont eu le plus grand éclat. Ceux qui me reſtent à dire ſont, non ſeulement particuliers, mais ſecrets, du moins dans leur cauſe, & l'on a pris toutes les meſures poſſibles pour qu'ils reſtaſſent cachés au public; mais, bien connus de la perſonne intéreſſée, ils n'en operent pas moins ſa propre conviction.

" Peu de temps après notre arrivée à Londres, j'y remarquai dans les eſprits, à mon égard, un changement ſourd qui bientôt devint très-ſenſible. Avant que je vinſſe en Angleterre, elle étoit un des pays de l'Europe où j'avois le plus de réputation, j'oſerois preſque dire de conſidération. Les papiers publics étoient pleins de mes éloges, & il n'y avoit qu'un cri contre mes perſécuteurs. Ce ton ſe ſoutint à mon arrivée; les papiers l'annoncerent en triomphe; l'Angleterre s'honoroit d'être mon refuge; elle en glorifioit avec juſtice ſes loix & ſon gouvernement. Tout à-coup, & ſans aucune cauſe aſſignable, ce ton change, mais ſi fort & ſi vîte, que, dans tous les caprices du public, on n'en voit guère de plus étonnant. Le ſignal fut donné dans un certain *magaſin*, auſſi plein d'inepties que des menſonges, où l'auteur bien inſtruit, on feignant de l'être, me donnoit pour fils de muſicien. Dès ce moment les imprimés ne parlerent plus de moi que d'une maniere équivoque ou malhonnête. Tout ce qui avoit trait à mes malheurs étoit déguiſé, altéré, préſenté ſous un faux jour, & toujours le moins à

mon

mon avantage qu'il étoit poſſible. Loin de parler de l'accueil que j'avois reçu à Paris, & qui n'avoit fait que trop de bruit, on ne ſuppoſoit pas même que j'euſſe oſé paroître dans cette ville, & un des amis de M. Hume fut très-ſurpris quand je lui dis que j'y avois paſſé.

" Trop accoutumé à l'inconſtance du public pour m'en affecter, encore je ne laiſſois pas d'être étonné de ce changement ſi bruſque, de ce concert ſi ſinguliérement unanime, que pas un de ceux qui m'avoient tant loué abſent, ne parut, moi préſent, ſe ſouvenir de mon exiſtence. Je trouvois bizarre que préciſément après le retour de M. Hume qui a tant de crédit à Londres, tant d'influence ſur les gens de lettres & les libraires, & de ſi grandes liaiſons avec eux, ſa préſence eût produit un effet ſi contraire à celui qu'on en pouvoit attendre ; que, parmi tant d'ecrivains de toute eſpece, pas un de ſes amis ne ſe montrât le mien ; & l'on voyoit bien que ceux qui parloient de moi n'étoient pas ſes ennemis, puiſqu'en faiſant ſonner ſon caractere public, ils diſoient que j'avois traverſé la France ſous ſa protection, à la faveur d'un paſſeport qu'il m'avoit obtenu de la Cour, & peu s'en falloit qu'ils ne fiſſent entendre que j'avois fait le voyage à ſa ſuite & à ſes frais.

" Ceci ne ſignifioit rien encore & n'étoit que ſingulier ; mais ce qui l'étoit davantage fut que le ton de ſes amis ne changea pas moins avec moi que celui du public. Toujours, je me fais un plaiſir

de le dire, leurs ſoins, leurs bons offices ont été les mêmes, & très-grands en ma faveur; mais loin de me marquer la même eſtime, celui ſur-tout dont je veux parler, & chez qui nous étions deſcendus à notre arrivée, accompagnoit tout cela de propos ſi durs & quelquefois ſi choquans, qu'on eût dit qu'il ne cherchoit à m'obliger que pour avoir droit de me marquer du mépris (*). Son frere, d'abord très accueillant, très-honnête, changea bientôt avec ſi peu de meſure qu'il ne daignoit pas même dans leur propre maiſon me dire un ſeul mot, ni me rendre le ſalut, ni aucun des devoirs que l'on rend chez ſoi aux étrangers. Rien cependant n'étoit ſurvenu de nouveau que l'arrivée de J. J. Rouſſeau & de David Hume; & certainement la cauſe de ces changemens ne vint pas de moi; à moins que trop de ſimplicité, de diſcrétion, de modeſtie ne ſoit un moyen de mécontenter les Anglois.

" Pour M. Hume, loin de prendre avec moi un ton révoltant, il donnoit dans l'autre extrême. Les flagorneries m'ont toujours été ſuſpectes. Il m'en a fait de toutes les façons *, au point de me

(*) Il s'agit ici de M. Jean Stewart, mon ami, qui a reçu M. Rouſſeau chez lui & lui a rendu tous les bons offices qu'il a pu lui rendre. En ſe plaignant de ces procédés, M. Rouſſeau a oublié qu'il lui a écrit de Wootton même, une lettre pleine des témoignages de reconnoiſſance les plus expreſſifs & les plus juſtes. Ce que M. Rouſſeau ajoute ſur le frere de M. Stewart, n'eſt ni vrai ni honnête.

" *J'en dirai ſeulment une qui m'a fait rire; c'étoit de faire en ſorte, quand je venois le voir, que je trouvaſſe toujours ſur la table*

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me forcer, n'y pouvant tenir davantage (*) à lui en dire mon ſentiment. Sa conduite le diſpenſoit fort de s'étendre en paroles; cependant, puiſqu'il en vouloit dire, j'aurois voulu qu'à toutes ces louanges fades il eût ſubſtitué quelquefois la voix d'un ami; mais je n'ai jamais trouvé dans ſon langage rien qui ſentît la vraie amitié, pas même dans la façon dont il parloit de moi à d'autres en ma préſence. On eût dit qu'en voulant me faire des patrons il cherchoit à m'ôter leur bienveillance, qu'il vouloit plutôt que j'en fuſſe aſſiſté qu'aimé; & j'ai quelquefois été ſurpris du tour révoltant qu'il donnoit à ma conduite près des gens qui pouvoient s'en offenſer. Un exemple éclaircira ceci. M. Penneck du Muſæum, ami de Mylord Mareſchal & paſteur d'une paroiſſe où l'on vouloit m'établir, vient nous voir. M. Hume, moi préſent, lui fait mes excuſes de ne l'avoir pas prévenu; le Docteur Maty, lui dit-il, nous avoit invités pour Jeudi au Muſæum où M. Rouſſeau devoit vous voir; mais il préféra d'aller avec Madame Garrick à la comédie; on ne peut pas faire tant de choſes en un

*un tome de l'*Héloïſe *; comme ſi je ne connoiſſois pas aſſez le goût de M. Hume, pour être aſſuré que, de tous les livres qui exiſtent,* l'Héloïſe *doit être pour lui le plus ennuyeux.*

(*) On peut juger par les deux premieres lettres de M. Rouſſeau, que j'ai publiées à deſſein, de quel côté les *flagorneries* ont commencé. Au reſte, j'aimois & j'eſtimois M. Rouſſeau, & j'avois du plaiſir à le lui marquer. Peut-être en effet l'ai-je trop loué, mais je peux aſſurer qu'il ne s'en eſt jamais plaint.

jour (7). Vous m'avouerez, Monſieur, que c'étoit-là une étrange façon de me capter la bienveillance de M. Penneck.

" Je ne ſais ce qu'avoit pu dire en ſecret M. Hume à ſes connoiſſances; mais rien n'étoit plus bizarre que leur façon d'en uſer avec moi de ſon aveu, ſouvent même par ſon aſſiſtance. Quoique ma bourſe ne fût pas vuide, que je n'euſſe beſoin de celle de perſonne, & qu'il le fût très bien, l'on eût dit que je n'étois là que pour vivre aux dépens du public, & qu'il n'étoit queſtion que de me faire l'aumône, de maniere à m'en ſauver un peu l'embarras (8); je puis dire que cette affectation continuelle & choquante eſt une des choſes qui m'ont fait prendre le plus en averſion le ſéjour de Londres. Ce n'eſt sûrement pas ſur ce pied qu'il faut préſenter en Angleterre un homme à qui l'on veut attirer un peu de conſidération: mais cette charité peut-être bénignement interprétée, & je conſens qu'elle ſoit. Avançons

(7) Je ne me rappelle pas un mot de toute cette hiſtoire; mais ce qui me diſpenſe d'y ajouter foi, c'eſt que je me ſouviens très-bien que nous avions pris deux jours différens pour viſiter le *muſæum* & pour aller à la comédie.

(8) J'imagine que M. Rouſſeau veut parler ici de deux ou trois dîners qui lui furent envoyés de la maiſon de M. Stewart lorſqu'il voulut manger chez lui; & ce n'étoit pas pour lui épargner la dépenſe d'un repas, mais ſeulement parce qu'il n'y avoit pas de traiteur dans le voiſinage. Je demande pardon aux lecteurs de les entretenir de ſemblables détails.

" On

" On répand à Paris une fauſſe lettre du Roi de Pruſſe, à moi addreſſée & pleine de la plus cruelle malignité. J'apprends avec ſurpriſe que c'eſt un M. Walpole, ami de M. Hume, qui répand cette lettre; je lui demande ſi cela eſt vrai; mais pour toute réponſe il me demande de qui je le tiens. Un moment auparavant, il m'avoit donné une carte pour ce même M. Walpole, afin qu'il ſe chargeât de papiers qui m'importent, & que je veux faire venir de Paris en ſûreté.

" J'apprends que le fils du * Jongleur Tronchin, mon plus mortel ennemi, eſt non-ſeulement l'ami, le protégé de M. Hume, mais qu'ils logent enſemble, & quand M. Hume voit que je fais cela, il m'en fait la confidence, m'aſſurant que le fils ne reſſemble pas au pere. J'ai logé quelques nuits dans cette maiſon chez M. Hume avec ma gouvernante, & à l'air, à l'accueil dont nous ont honorés ſes hôteſſes, qui ſont ſes amies, j'ai jugé à la façon dont lui ou cet homme qu'il dit ne pas reſſembler à ſon pere, ont pu leur parler d'elle & de moi (°).

" Ces

* Nous n'avons pas été autoriſés à ſupprimer cette injure; mais elle eſt trop groſſiere & trop gratuite pour bleſſer le célebre & eſtimable médecin ſur qui elle tombe.—*Note des Editeurs.*

(°) Me voilà donc accuſé de trahiſon parce que je ſuis l'ami de M Walpole, qui a fait une plaiſanterie ſur M. Rouſſeau; parce que le fils d'un homme, que M. Rouſſeau n'aime pas, ſe trouve par haſard logé dans la même maiſon que moi; parce que mes hôteſſes, qui ne ſavent pas un mot de François, ont

18 Mars



" Ces faits combinés entr'eux & avec une certaine apparence générale me donnent insensiblement une inquiétude que je repousse avec horreur. Cependant les lettres que j'écris n'arrivent pas; j'en reçois qui ont été ouvertes, & toutes ont passé par les mains de M. Hume (10). Si quelqu'une lui échappe, il ne peut cacher l'ardente avidité de la voir. Un soir, je vois encore chez lui une manœuvre de lettre dont je fuis frappé *. Après le souper,

regardé M. Rousseau froidement! – Au reste, j'ai dit seulement à M Rousseau que le jeune Tronchin n'avoit pas contre lui les mêmes préventions que son pere.

(10) Ces imputations d'indiscretion & d'infidelité sont si odieuses, & les preuves en sont si ridicules, que je me crois dispensé d'y repondre.

* *Il faut dire ce que c'est que cette manœuvre. J'écrivois sur la table de M. Hume, en son absence, une réponse à une lettre que je venois de recevoir. Il arrive, très-curieux de savoir ce que j'écrivois & ne pouvant presque s'abstenir d'y lire. Je ferme ma lettre sans la lui montrer, & comme je la mettois dans ma poche, il la demande avidement, disant qu'il l'enverra le lendemain jour de poste. La lettre reste sur sa table. Lord Newnham arrive, M. Hume sort un moment; je reprens ma lettre, disant que j'aurai le temps de l'envoyer le lendemain. Lord Newnham m'offre de l'envoyer par le paquet de M. l'Ambassadeur de France: j'accepte M. Hume rentre tandis que Lord Newnham fait son enveloppe; il tire son cachet; M. Hume offre le sien avec tant d'empressement qu'il faut s'en servir par préférence. On sonne, Lord Newnham donne la lettre au laquais de M. Hume pour la remettre au sien qui attend en-bas avec son carrosse, afin qu'il la porte chez M. l'Ambassadeur. A peine le laquais de M. Hume étoit hors de la porte que je me dis, je parie que le maître va le suivre: il n'y manqua pas. Ne sachant comment laisser seul Mylord Newnham, j'hésitai quelque temps avant que de suivre à mon tour M. Hume; je n'appercus rien, mais il vit très-bien*

ſouper, gardant tous deux le ſilence au coin de ſon feu, je m'apperçois qu'il me fixe, comme il lui arrivoit ſouvent & d'une maniere dont l'idée eſt difficile à rendre. Pour cette fois, ſon regard ſec, ardent, moqueur & prolongé, devint plus qu'inquiétant. Pour m'en débarraſſer, j'eſſayai de le fixer à mon tour; mais en arrêtant mes yeux ſur les ſiens, je ſens un frémiſſement inexplicable, & bientôt je ſuis forcé de les baiſſer. La phyſionomie & le ton du bon David ſont d'un bon homme, mais où, grand Dieu! ce bon homme emprunte-t-il les yeux dont il fixe ſes amis?

" L'impreſſion de ce regard me reſte & m'agite; mon trouble augmente juſqu'au ſaiſiſſement: ſi l'épanchement n'eût ſuccédé, j'étouffois. Bientôt un violent remords me gagne; je m'indigne de moi-même; enfin dans un tranſport que je me rappelle encore avec délices, je m'élance à ſon cou, je le ſerre étroitement; ſuffoqué de ſanglots, inondé de larmes, je m'écrie d'un voix entrecoupée: *Non, non, David Hume n'eſt pas un traître; s'il n'étoit le meilleur des hommes, il faudroit qu'il en fût le plus noir* (11). David Hume me rend poliment mes embraſſemens, & tout en me frappant de

*bien que j'étois inquiet. Ainſi quoique je n'aie reçu aucune réponſe à ma lettre, je ne doute pas qu'elle ne ſoit parvenue; mais je doute un peu, je l'avoue, qu'elle n'ait pas été lue auparavant.*

(11) Tout le dialogue de cette ſcene eſt artificieuſement concerté pour préparer & fonder une partie de la fable tiſſue dans cette Lettre. On verra ce que j'ai à dire ſur cet article dans ma réponſe à M. Rouſſeau.

petits coups ſur le dos, me répete pluſieurs fois d'un ton tranquille : *Quoi, mon cher Monſieur ! Eh mon cher Monſieur ! Quoi donc, mon cher Monſieur !* Il ne me dit rien de plus ; je ſens que mon cœur ſe reſſerre ; nous allons nous coucher, & je pars le lendemain pour la province.

" Arrivé dans cet agréable aſyle où j'étois venu chercher le repos de ſi loin, je devois le trouver dans une maiſon ſolitaire, commode & riante, dont le maître, homme d'eſprit & de mérite, n'épargnoit rien de ce qui pouvoit m'en faire aimer le ſéjour. Mais quel repos peut-on goûter dans la vie quand le cœur eſt agité ! Troublé de la plus cruelle incertitude, & ne ſachant que penſer d'un homme que je devois aimer, je cherchai à me délivrer de ce doute funeſte en rendant ma confiance à mon bienfaiteur. Car, pourquoi, par quel caprice inconcevable eût-il eu tant de zele à l'extérieur pour mon bien-être, avec des projets ſecrets contre mon honneur ? Dans les obſervations qui m'avoient inquiété, chaque fait en lui-même étoit peu de choſe, il n'y avoit que leur concours d'étonnant, & peut-être inſtruit d'autres faits que j'ignorois, M. Hume pouvoit-il, dans un éclairciſſement, me donner une ſolution ſatisfaiſante. La ſeule choſe inexplicable étoit qu'il ſe fût refuſé à un éclairciſſement que ſon honneur & ſon amitié pour moi rendoient également néceſſaire. Je voyois qu'il y avoit là quelque choſe que je ne comprenois pas & que je mourois d'envie d'entendre. Avant donc de me décider abſolument ſur ſon compte, je voulus faire

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un dernier effort & lui écrire pour le ramener, s'il ſe laiſſoit ſéduire à mes ennemis, ou pour le faire expliquer de maniere ou d'autre. Je lui écrivis une lettre qu'il dut trouver fort naturelle * s'il étoit coupable, mais fort extraordinaire s'il ne l'étoit pas: car, quoi de plus extraordinaire qu'une lettre pleine à le fois de gratitude ſur ſes ſervices & d'inquiétude ſur ſes ſentiments, & où, mettant, pour ainſi dire, ſes actions d'un côté & ſes intentions de l'autre, au lieu de parler des preuves d'amitié qu'il m'avoit données, je le prie de m'aimer à cauſe du bien qu'il m'avoit fait (¹²)? Je n'ai pas pris mes précautions d'aſſez loin pour garder une copie de cette lettre; mais, puiſqu'il les a priſes lui, qu'il la montre; & quiconque la lira, y voyant un homme tourmenté d'une peine ſecrette, qu'il veut faire entendre & qu'il n'oſe dire, ſera curieux, je m'aſſure, de ſavoir quel éclairciſſement cette lettre aura produit, ſur-tout à la ſuite de la ſcene précédente. Aucun, rien du tout. M. Hume ſe contente en réponſe, de me parler des ſoins obligeans que M. Davenport ſe propoſe de prendre en ma faveur. Du reſte, pas un mot ſur le principal ſujet de ma lettre, ni ſur l'état de mon cœur dont il devoit ſi bien voir le tourment. Je fus frappé de ce ſilence encore plus que je ne l'a-

* *Il paroît par ce qu'il m'écrit en dernier lieu qu'il eſt tres-content de cette lettre, & qu'il la trouve fort bien.*

(¹²) Ma réponſe à cela eſt dans la lettre même de M. Rouſſeau, du 22 Mars, où l'on trouve le ton de la plus grande cordialité, ſans aucune réſerve, ſans la moindre apparence de ſoupçon.

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vois été de ſon flegme à notre dernier entretien. J'avois tort, ce ſilence étoit fort naturel après l'autre, & j'aurois dû m'y attendre. Car quand on a oſé dire en face à un homme : *je ſuis tenté de vous croire un traître*, & qu'il n'a pas la curioſité de vous demander *ſur quoi* (13), l'on peut compter qu'il n'aura pareille curioſité de ſa vie, & pour peu que les indices le chargent, cet homme eſt jugé.

" Après la réception de ſa lettre, qui tarda beaucoup, je pris enfin mon parti, & réſolus de ne lui plus écrire. Tout me confirma bientôt dans la réſolution de rompre avec lui tout commerce. Curieux au dernier point du détail de mes moindres affaires, il ne s'étoit pas borné à s'en informer de mois dans nos entretiens, mais j'appris qu'après avoir commencé par faire avouer à ma gouvernante qu'elle en étoit inſtruite, il n'avoit pas laiſſé échapper avec elle un ſeul tête-à-tête (14) ſans l'interroger juſqu'à l'importunité ſur mes occupations, ſur mes reſſources, ſur mes amis, ſur mes connoiſſances, ſur leur noms, leur état, leur demeure, & avec une addreſſe Jéſuitique, il avoit demandé ſéparément les mêmes choſes à elle & à moi. On doit prendre intérêt aux affaires d'un ami, mais on doit ſe contenter de ce qu'il veut nous en dire, ſur-tout quand il eſt

(13) Tout cela porte ſur la même fable. Voyez la 11e Note.

(14) Je n'ai eu qu'un ſeul *tête-à-tête* avec ſa gouvernante ; ce fut lorſqu'elle arriva à Londres. J'avoue qu'il ne me vint pas dans l'eſprit de l'entretenir d'autre choſe que de M. Rouſſeau.

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auſſi ouvert, auſſi confiant que moi, & tout ce petit cailletage de commerce convient, on ne peut pas plus mal, à un philoſophe.

" Dans le même temps je reçois encore deux lettres qui ont été ouvertes. L'une de M. Boſwell, dont le cachet étoit en ſi mauvais état que M. Davenport, en la recevant, le fit remarquer au laquais de M. Hume ; & l'autre de M. d'Ivernois, dans un paquet de M. Hume, laquelle avoit été recachetée au moyen d'un fer chaud qui, maladroitement appliqué, avoit brûlé le papier autour de l'empreinte. J'écrivis à M. Davenport pour le prier de garder par-devers lui toutes les lettres qui lui ſeroient remiſes pour moi, & de n'en remettre aucune à perſonne, ſous quelque prétexte que ce fût. J'ignore ſi M. Davenport, bien éloigné de penſer que cette précaution pût regarder M. Hume, lui montra ma lettre ; mais je ſais que tout diſoit à celui-ci qu'il avoit perdu ma confiance, & qu'il n'en alloit pas moins ſon train ſans s'embarraſſer de la recouvrer.

" Mais que devins-je lorſque je vis dans les papiers publics la prétendue lettre du Roi de Pruſſe que je n'avois pas encore vue, cette fauſſe lettre, imprimée en François & en Anglois, donnée pour vraie, même avec la ſignature du roi, & que j'y reconnus la plume de M. d'Alembert * auſſi ſûrement que ſi je la lui avois vu écrire ?

* Voyez là deſſus la déclaration de M. d'Alembert imprimée à la fin de cette brochure.—*Notes des Editeurs.*

" A l'in-

« A l'inſtant un trait de lumiere vint m'éclaircir ſur la cauſe ſecrette du changement étonnant & prompt du public Anglois à mon égard, & je vis à Paris le foyer du complot qui s'exécutoit à Londres.

« M. d'Alembert, autre ami très-intime de M. Hume, étoit depuis long-temps mon ennemi caché, & n'épioit que les occaſions de me nuire ſans ſe commettre ; il étoit le ſeul des gens de lettres d'un certain nom & de mes anciennes connoiſſances qui ne me fût point venu voir (15) ou qui ne m'eût rien fait dire à mon dernier paſſage à Paris. Je connoiſſois ſes diſpoſitions ſecrettes, mais je m'en inquiétois peu, me contentant d'en avertir mes amis dans l'occaſion. Je me ſouviens qu'un jour, queſtionné ſur ſon compte par M. Hume, qui queſtionna de même enſuite ma gouvernante, je lui dis que M. d'Alembert étoit un homme adroit & rusé. Il me contredit avec un chaleur dont je m'étonnai, ne ſachant pas alors qu'ils étoient ſi bien enſemble, & que c'étoit ſa propre cauſe qu'il défendoit.

« La lecture de cette lettre m'alarma beaucoup, & ſentant que j'avois été attiré en Angleterre en vertu d'un projet qui commençoit à s'exécuter, mais dont j'ignorois le but, je ſentois le péril ſans ſavoir où il pouvoit être ni de quoi j'avois à me garantir ; je me rappellai alors quatre mots effray-

(15) M. Rouſſeau étoit excédé, diſoit-il, des viſites q'il recevoit ; doit-il ſe plaindre que M. d'Alembert, qu'il n'aimoit pas, ne l'ait pas importuné de la ſienne ?

ans

ans de M. Hume, que je rapporterai ci-après. Que penſer d'un ecrit où l'on me faiſoit un crime de mes miſeres ; qui tendoit à m'ôter la commiſération de tout le monde dans mes malheurs, & qu'on donnoit ſous le nom du prince même qui m'avoit protégé, pour en rendre l'effet plus cruel encore ? Que devois-je augurer de la ſuite d'un tel début ? Le peuple Anglois lit les papiers publics, & n'eſt pas déjà trop favorable aux étrangers. Un vêtement qui n'eſt pas le ſien ſuffit pour le mettre de mauvaiſe humeur. Qu'en doit attendre un pauvre étranger dans ſes promenades champêtres, le ſeul plaiſir de la vie auquel il s'eſt borné, quand on aura perſuadé à ces bonnes gens que cet homme aime qu'on le lapide ? ils ſeront fort tenté de lui en donner l'amuſement. Mais ma douleur, ma douleur profonde & cruelle, la plus amere que j'aie jamais reſſentie, ne venoit pas du péril auquel j'étois expoſé. J'en avois trop bravé d'autres pour être fort ému de celui-là. La trahiſon (*) d'un faux ami, dont j'étois la proie, étoit ce qui portoit dans mon cœur trop ſenſible l'accablement, la triſteſſe & la mort. Dans l'impétuoſité d'un premier mouvement, dont jamais je ne fus le maître, & que mes adroits ennemis ſavent faire naître pour s'en préva-

(*) Ce *faux ami*, c'eſt moi, ſans doute ; mais cette *trahiſon* quelle eſt-elle ? Quel mal ai-je fait ou ai-je pu faire à M. Rouſſeau ? En me ſuppoſant le projet caché de le perdre, comment pouvois-je y parvenir par les ſervices que je lui rendois ? Si M. Rouſſeau en étoit cru, on me trouveroit bien plus imbécile que méchant.

loir,

loir, j'écris des lettres pleines de déſordre où je ne déguiſe ni mon trouble ni mon indignation.

" Monſieur, j'ai tant de choſe à dire qu'en chemin faiſant j'en oublie la moitié. Par exemple, une relation en forme de lettre ſur mon ſéjour à Montmorency fut portée par des libraires à M. Hume qui me la montra. Je conſentis qu'elle fût imprimée ; il ſe chargea d'y veiller ; elle n'a jamais paru. J'avois apporté un exemplaire des lettres de M. du Peyrou contenant la relation des affaires de Neufchâtel qui me regardent ; je les remis aux mêmes libraires à leur priere pour les faire traduire & réimprimer ; M. Hume ſe chargea d'y veiller ; elles n'ont jamais paru *. Dès que la fauſſe lettre du Roi de Pruſſe & ſa traduction parurent, je compris pourquoi les autres ecrits retoient ſupprimés (''), & je l'écrivis aux libraires. J'écrivis d'autres lettres qui probablement ont couru dans Londres : enfin j'employai le crédit d'un homme de mérite & de qualité pour faire mettre dans les papiers une déclaration de l'impoſture. Dans cette déclaration, je laiſſois paroître toute ma douleur, & je n'en déguiſois pas la cauſe.

* *Les libraires viennent de me marquer que cette edition eſt faite & prête à paroître. Cela peut-être, mais c'eſt trop tard, & qui pis eſt, trop à propos.*

('') Il y a environ quatre mois que M. Becket, libraire, dit à M. Rouſſeau que c'étoit une maladie ſurvenue au traducteur qui avoit retardé cette publication. Au reſte je n'ai jamais promis de donner aucun ſoin à cet édition. M. Becket m'en eſt garant.

" Juſqu'

" Juſqu'ici M. Hume a ſemblé marcher dans les ténebres. Vous l'allez voir déſormais dans la lumiere & marcher à découvert. Il n'y a qu'à toujours aller droit avec les gens ruſés: tôt ou tard ils ſe décelent par leurs ruſes mêmes.

" Lorſque cette prétendue lettre du Roi de Pruſſe fut publiée à Londres, M. Hume, qui certainement ſavoit qu'elle étoit ſuppoſée, puiſque je le lui avois dit, n'en dit rien, ne m'écrit rien, ſe taît & ne ſonge pas même à faire, en faveur de ſon ami abſent, aucune déclaration de la vérité ([18]). Il ne falloit, pour aller au but, que laiſſer dire & ſe tenir coi; c'eſt ce qu'il fit.

" M. Hume ayant été mon conducteur en Angleterre, y étoit, en quelque façon, mon protecteur, mon patron. S'il étoit naturel qu'il prît ma défenſe, il ne l'étoit pas moins qu'ayant une proteſtation publique à faire, je m'adreſſaſſe à lui pour cela. Ayant déjà ceſſé ([19]) de lui écrire, je n'avois garde de recommencer. Je m'adreſſe à un autre. Premier ſoufflet ſur la joue de mon patron. Il n'en ſent rien.

" En diſant que la lettre étoit fabriquée à Paris, il m'importoit fort peu lequel on entendît de

([18]) Perſonne ne pouvoit ſe méprendre ſur la ſuppoſition de la lettre, & d'ailleurs M. Walpole étoit connu pour en être l'auteur.

([19]) M. Rouſſeau manque ici de mémoire. Il oublie que ſeulement huit jours auparavant il m'avoit écrit une lettre très-cordiale. *Voyez la lettre du 29 Mars.*

M. d'Alembert ou de ſon prête-nom M. Walpole; mas en ajoutant que ce qui navroit & déchiroit mon cœur étoit que l'impoſteur avoit des complices en Angleterre, je m'expliquois avec la plus grand clarté pour leur ami qui étoit à Londres, & qui vouloit paſſer pour le mien. Il n'y avoit certainement que lui ſeul en Angleterre dont la haine pût déchirer & navrer mon cœur. Second ſoufflet ſur la joue de mon patron. Il n'en ſent rien.

" Au contraire, il feint malignement que mon affliction venoit ſeulement de la publication de cette lettre, afin de me faire paſſer pour un homme vain qu'une ſatyre affecte beaucoup. Vain ou non, j'étoit mortellement affligé; il le ſavoit & ne m'écrivoit pas un mot. Ce tendre ami, qui a tant à cœur que ma bourſe ſoit pleine, ſe ſoucie aſſez peu que mon cœur ſoit déchiré.

Un autre écrit paroit bientôt dans les même feuilles de la même main que le premier, plus cruel encore, s'il étoit poſſible, & où l'auteur ne put déguiſer ſa rage ſur l'accueil que j'avois reçu à Paris (20). Cet ecrit ne m'affecta plus; il ne m'apprenoit rien de nouveau. Les libelles pouvoient aller leur train ſans m'émouvoir, & le volage public lui-même ſe laſſoit d'être long-temps occupé du même ſujet. Ce n'eſt pas le compte des complotteurs qui, ayant ma réputation d'honnête

(20) Je n'ai aucune connoiſſance de ce prétendu libelle.

homme

homme à détruire, veulent de manière ou d'autre en venir à bout. Ill fallut changer de batterie.

" L'affaire de la penſion n'étoit pas terminée. Il ne fut pas difficile à M. Hume d'obtenir de l'humanité du Miniſtre & de la généroſité du Prince qu'elle le fut. Il fut chargé de me le marquer, il le fit. Ce moment fut, je l'avoue, un des plus critiques de ma vie. Combien il m'en coûta pour faire mon devoir! Mes engagemens précédens, l'obligation de correſpondre avec reſpect aux bontés du Roi, l'honneur d'être l'objet de ſes attentions, de celles de ſon Miniſtre, le deſir de marquer combien j'y étois ſenſible, même l'avantage d'être un peu plus au large en approchant de la vieilleſſe, accablé d'ennemies & de maux, enfin l'embarras de trouver une excuſe honnête pour éluder un bienfait déjà preſqu'accepté; tout me rendoit difficile & cruelle la néceſſité d'y renoncer; car il le falloit aſſurément, ou me rendre le plus vil de tous les hommes en devenant volontairement l'obligé de celui dont j'étois trahi.

" Je fis mon devoir, non ſans peine; j'écrivis directement à M. le Général Conway, & avec autant de reſpect & d'honnêteté qu'il me fut poſſible, ſans refus abſolu, je me défendis pour le preſent d'accepter. M. Hume avoit été le négociateur de l'affaire, le ſeul même qui en eut parlé; non ſeulement je ne lui répondis point, quoique ce fut lui qui m'eût écrit, mais je ne dis pas un mot de lui dans ma lettre. Troiſiéme ſoufflet ſur la joue de

mon patron, & pour celui-là, s'il ne le ſent pas, c'eſt aſſurément ſa faute : il n'en ſent rien.

" Ma lettre n'étoit pas claire & ne pouvoit l'être pour M. le Général Conway, qui ne ſavoit pas à quoi tenoit ce refus, mais elle l'étoit fort pour M. Hume qui le ſavoit trés-bien ; cependant il feint de prendre le change tant ſur le ſujet de ma douleur, que ſur celui de mon refus, & dans un billet qu'il m'écrit, il me fait entendre qu'on me ménagera la continuation des bontés du Roi ſi je me raviſe ſur la penſion. En un mot il prétend à toute force, & quoi qu'il arrive, demeurer mon patron malgré moi. Vous jugez bien, Monſieur, qu'il n'attendoit pas de réponſe & il n'en eut point.

" Dans cemê me tems à-peu-près, car je ne ſais pas les dates, & cette exactitude ici n'eſt pas néceſſaire, parut une lettre de M. de Voltaire à moi adreſſée avec une traduction Angloiſe, qui renchérit encore ſur l'original. Le noble objet de ce ſpirituel ouvrage eſt de m'attirer le mépris & la haine de ceux chez qui je me ſuis réfugié. Je ne doutai point que mon cher patron n'eût été un des inſtrumens de cette publication, ſur-tout quand je vis qu'en tâchant d'aliéner de moi ceux qui pouvoient en ce pays me rendre la vie agréable, on avoit omis de nommer celui qui m'y avoit conduit. On ſavoit ſans doute que c'étoit un ſoin ſuperflu & qu'à cet égard rien ne reſtoit à faire. Ce nom ſi mal-adroitement oublié dans cette lettre, me rappella

pella ce que dit Tacite du portrait de Brutus omis dans une pompe funebre, que chacun l'y diſtinguoit, préciſément parce qu'il n'y étoit pas.

" On ne nommoit donc pas M. Hume; mais il vit avec les gens qu'on nommoit. Il a pour amis tous mes ennemis, on le ſait: ailleurs les Tronchin (21), les d'Alembert, les Voltaire; mais il y a bien pis à Londres, c'eſt que je n'y ai pour ennemis que ſes amis. Eh! pourquoi y en aurois-je d'autres? Pourquoi même y ai-je ceux-là? Qu'aie-je fait à Lord Littleton (22), que je ne connois même pas? Qu'ai-je fait à M. Walpole que je ne connois pas davantage? Que ſavent-ils de moi, ſinon que je ſuis malheureux & l'ami de leur ami Hume? Que leur a-t-il donc dit, puiſque ce n'eſt que par lui qu'ils me connoiſſent: Je crois bien qu'avec le rôle qu'il fait, il ne ſe démaſque pas devant tout le monde; ce ne ſeroit

(21) Je n'ai jamais été aſſez heureux pour me rencontrer avec M. de Voltaire: il m'a fait ſeulement l'honneur de m'écrire une lettre il y a environ trois ans. Je n'ai vu de ma vie M. Tronchin, & je n'ai jamais eu le moindre commerce avec lui. Quant à M. d'Alembert, je me fais glorie de ſon amitié.

(22) M. Rouſſeau voyant dans les papiers publics l'annonce d'une lettre qui lui étoit adreſſée ſous le nom de M. de Voltaire, écrivit à M. Davenport, qui étoit alors à Londres, pour le prier de la lui apporter. Je dis à M. Davenport que la copie imprimée étoit trés-fautive; mais que j'en demanderois au Lord Littleton une copie manuſcrite qui étoit correcte. Cela ſuffit à M. Rouſſeau pour lui faire conclure que le Lord Littleton eſt ſon ennemi mortel & mon intime ami, & que nous conſpirons enſemble contre lui. Il auroit dû plutôt conclure que la copie, qui avoit été imprimée, ne venoit pas de moi.

plus être masqué. Je crois bien qu'il ne parle pas de moi à M. le Général Conway ni à M. le Duc de Richmond, comme il en parle dans ses entretiens secrets avec M. Walpole, & dans sa correspondance secrete avec M. d'Alembert; mais qu'on découvre la trame qui s'ourdit à Londres depuis mon arrivée, & l'on verra si M. Hume n'en tient pas les principaux fils.

" Enfin le moment venu qu'on croit propre à frapper le grand coup, on en prépare l'effet par un nouvel ecrit satyrique qu'on fait mettre dans les papiers (23). S'il m'étoit resté jusqu'alors le moindre doute, comment auroit-t'il pu tenir devant cet ecrit, puisqu'il contenoit des faits qui n'étoient connus que de M. Hume, chargés, il est vrai, pour les rendre odieux au public.

" On dit dans cet ecrit que j'ouvre ma porte aux grands & que je la ferme aux petits. Qui est-ce qui sait à qui j'ai ouvert ou fermé ma porte, que M. Hume, avec qui j'ai demeuré & par qui sont venus tous ceux que j'ai vus? Il faut en excepter un grand que j'ai reçu de bon cœur sans le connoitre, & que j'aurois reçu de bien meilleur cœur encore si je l'avois connu. Ce fut M. Hume qui me dit son nom quand il fut parti. En l'apprenant j'eus un vrai chagrin que, daignant monter au second étage, il ne fût pas entré au premier.

(23) Je n'ai jamais vu cette piece, ni avant ni après sa publication, & tous ceux à qui j'en ai parlé n'en ont aucune connoissance.

" Quant

" Quant aux petits, je n'ai rien à dire. J'aurois déſiré voir moins de monde ; mais, ne voulant déplaire à perſonne, je me laiſſois diriger par M. Hume, & j'ai reçu de mon mieux tous ceux qu'il m'a préſentés ſans diſtinction de petits ni de grands.

" On dit dans ce même ecrit que je reçois mes parens froidement, *pour ne rien dire de plus.* Cette généralité conſiſte à avoir une fois reçu aſſez froidement le ſeul parent que j'aie hors de Geneve, & cela en préſence de M. Hume (*). C'eſt néceſſairement ou M. Hume ou ce parent qui a fourni cet article. Or mon couſin, que j'ai toujours connu pour bon parent & pour honnête homme, n'eſt point capable de fournir à des ſatyres publiques contre moi. D'ailleurs, borné par ſon état à la ſocieté des gens de commerce, il ne vit pas avec les gens de lettres, ni avec ceux qui fourniſſent des articles dans les papiers, encore moins avec ceux qui s'occupent à des ſatyres. Ainſi l'article ne vient pas de lui. Tout au plus puis-je penſer que M. Hume aura tâché de le faire jaſer, ce qui n'eſt pas abſolument difficile, & qu'il aura tourné ce qu'il lui a dit de la maniere la plus favorable à ſes vues. Il eſt bon d'ajouter qu'après ma rupture avec M. Hume j'en avois écrit à ce couſin là.

(*) Je n'étois pas préſent, lorſque M. Rouſſeau reçut ſon couſin : Je les vis enſuite enſemble, un ſeul moment, ſur la terraſſe de Buckingham-Street.

" Enfin, on dit dans ce même ecrit que je ſuis ſujet à changer d'amis. Il ne faut pas être bien fin pour comprendre à quoi cela prépare.

" Diſtinguons. J'ai depuis vingt-cinq & trente ans des amis très-ſolides. J'en ai de plus nouveaux, mais non moins ſûrs, que je garderai plus long-temps ſi je vis. Je n'ai pas en général trouvé la même ſûreté chez ceux que j'ai faits parmi les gens de lettres. Auſſi j'en ai changé quelquefois, & j'en changerai tant qu'ils me ſeront ſuſpects; car je ſuis bien déterminé à ne garder jamais d'amis par bienſéance: je n'en veux avoir que pour les aimer.

" Si jamais j'eus une conviction intime & certaine, je l'ai que M. Hume a fourni les matériaux de cet ecrit. Bien plus, non-ſeulement j'ai cette certitude, mais il m'eſt clair qu'il a voulu que je l'euſſe: car comment ſuppoſer un homme auſſi fin, aſſez mal adroit pour ſe découvrir à ce point, voulant ſe cacher?

" Quel étoit ſon but? Rien n'eſt plus clair encore. C'étoit de porter mon indignation à ſon dernier terme, pour amener avec plus d'éclat le coup qu'il me préparoit. Il ſait que pour me faire bien des ſottiſes il ſuffit de me mettre en colere. Nous ſommes au moment critique qui montrera s'il a bien ou mal raiſonné.

" Il

" Il faut ſe poſſéder autant que fait M. Hume, il faut avoir ſon flegme & toute ſa force d'eſprit pour prendre le parti qu'il prit, après tout ce qui s'étoit paſſé. Dans l'embarras où j'étois, écrivant à M. le Général Conway, je ne pus remplir ma lettre que de phraſes obſcures dont M. Hume fit, comme mon ami, l'interprétation qu'il lui plut. Suppoſant donc, quoiqu'il fût très-bien le contraire, que c'étoit la clauſe du ſecret qui me faiſoit de la peine, il obtient de M. le Général qu'il voudroit bien s'employer pour la faire lever. Alors cet homme Stoïque & vraiment inſenſible m'écrit la lettre la plus amicale, où il me marque qu'il s'eſt employé pour faire lever la clauſe, mais qu'avant toute choſe il faut ſavoir ſi je veux accepter ſans cette condition, pour ne pas expoſer Sa Majeſté à un ſecond refus.

" C'étoit ici le moment déciſif, la fin, l'objet de tous ſes travaux. Il lui falloit une réponſe, il la vouloit. Pour que je ne puſſe me diſpenſer de la faire il envoye à M. Davenport un duplicata de ſa lettre, & non content de cette précaution, il m'écrit dans un autre billet qu'il ne ſauroit reſter plus longtemps à Londres pour mon ſervice. La tête me tourna preſque en liſant ce billet. De mes jours je n'ai rien trouvé de plus inconcevable.

" Il l'a donc enfin cette réponſe tant déſirée, & ſe preſſe déjà d'en triompher. Dèjà écrivant à M. Davenport, il me traite d'homme féroce & de monſtre d'ingratitude. Mais il lui faut plus. Ses

meſures ſont bien priſes, à ce qu'il penſe : nulle preuve contre lui ne peut échapper. Il veut une explication : il l'aura ; & la voici.

" Rien ne la conclut mieux que le dernier trait qui l'amene. Seul il preuve tout & ſans réplique.

" Je veux ſuppoſer, par impoſſible, qu'il n'eſt rien revenu à M. Hume de mes plaintes contre lui : il n'en ſait rien, il les ignore auſſi parfaitement que s'il n'eût été faufilé avec perſonne qui en fût inſtruit, auſſi parfaitement que ſi durant ce temps il eût vécu à la Chine (*). Mais ma conduite immédiate entre lui & moi ; les derniers mots ſi frappans que je lui dis à Londres ; la lettre qui ſuivit pleine d'inquiétude & de crainte ; mon ſilence obſtiné plus énergique que des paroles ; ma plainte amere & publique au ſujet de la lettre de M. d'Alembert, ma lettre au Miniſtre, qui ne m'a point écrit, en réponſe à celle qu'il m'ecrit lui-même, & dans laquelle je ne dis pas un mot de lui ; enfin mon refus, ſans daigner m'adreſſer à lui, d'acquieſcer à une affaire qu'il a traitée en ma faveur, moi le ſachant, & ſans oppoſition de ma part ; tout cela parle ſeul du ton le plus fort, je ne dis pas à tout homme qui auroit quelque ſentiment dans l'ame, mais à tout homme qui n'eſt pas hébêté.

(*) Comment auroi-je deviné ces chimériques ſoupçons ? M. Davenport, la ſeule perſonne de ma connoiſſance qui vit alors M. Rouſſeau, m'aſſure qu'il les ignoroit parfaitement lui-même.

" Quoi,

" Quoi, après que j'ai rompu tout commerce avec lui depuis près de trois mois, après que je n'ai répondu à pas une de ſes lettres, quelqu'important qu'en fût le ſujet, environné des marques publiques & particulieres de l'affliction que ſon infidélité ce beau cet homme éclairé, me cauſe, génie volontairement ſi clair-voyant & naturellement ſi ſtupide, ne voit rien, n'entend rien, ne ſent rien, n'eſt ému de rien, & ſans un ſeul mot de plainte, de juſtification, d'explication, il continue à ſe donner, malgré moi, pour moi les ſoins les plus grands, les plus empreſſés! il m'écrit affectueuſement qu'il ne peut reſter à Londres plus long-temps pour mon ſervice, comme ſi nous étions d'accord qu'il y reſtera pour cela! Cet aveuglement, cette impaſſibilité, cette obſtination ne ſont pas dans la nature, il faut expliquer cela par d'autres motifs. Mettons cette conduite dans un plus grand jour, car c'eſt un point déciſif.

" Dans cette affaire il faut néceſſairement que M. Hume ſoit le plus grand ou le dernier des hommes, il n'y a pas de milieu. Reſte à voir lequel c'eſt des deux.

" Malgré tant de marques de dédain de ma part, M. Hume avoit-il l'étonnante généroſité de vouloir me ſervir ſincérement? Il ſavoit qu'il m'étoit impoſſible d'accepter ſes bons offices tant que j'aurois de lui les ſentimens que j'avois conçus. Il avoit éludé l'explication lui-même. Ainſi me ſervant

vant ſans ſe juſtifier il rendoit ſes ſoins inutiles ; il n'étoit donc pas généreux.

" S'il ſuppoſoit qu'en cet état j'accepterois ſes ſoins, il ſuppoſoit donc que j'étois un infame. C'étoit donc pour un homme qu'il jugeoit être un infame, qu'il ſollicitoit avec tant d'ardeur une penſion du Roi ! Peut-on rien penſer de plus extravagant ?

" Mais que M. Hume, ſuivant toujours ſon plan, ſe ſoit dit à lui-même : voici le moment de l'execution ; car, preſſant Rouſſeau d'accepter la penſion, il faudra qu'il l'accepte ou qu'il la refuſe. S'il l'accepte, avec les preuves que j'ai en main, je le déshonore complettement ; s'il la refuſe après l'avoir acceptée, on a levé tout prétexte, il faudra qu'il diſe pourquoi. C'eſt-là que je l'attends ; s'il m'accuſe il eſt perdu.

" Si, dis-je, M. Hume a raiſonné ainſi, il a fait une choſe fort conſéquente à ſon plan, & par-là même ici fort naturelle, & il n'y a que cette unique façon d'expliquer ſa conduite dans cette affaire ; car elle eſt inexplicable dans toute autre ſuppoſition : ſi ceci n'eſt pas démontré, jamais rien ne le ſera.

" L'état critique où il m'a réduit me rappelle bien fortement les quatre mots, dont j'ai parlé ci-devant, & que je lui entendis dire & répéter dans un temps où je n'en pénétrois guères la force. C'étoit la premiere nuit qui ſuivit notre départ de Paris.

Paris. Nous étions couchés dans la même chambre, & pluſieurs fois dans la nuit, je l'entends s'écrier en François avec une vehémence extrême (*) : *Je tiens J. J. Rouſſeau.* J'ignore s'il veilloit ou s'il dormoit. L'expreſſion eſt remarquable dans la bouche d'un homme qui ſait trop bien le François pour ſe tromper ſur la force & le choix des termes. Cependant je pris, & je ne pouvois manquer alors de prendre ces mots dans un ſens favorable, quoique le ton l'indiquât encore moins que l'expreſſion : c'eſt un ton dont il m'eſt impoſſible de donner l'idée, & qui correſpond très-bien aux regards dont j'ai parlé. Chaque fois qu'il dit ces mots, je ſentis un treſſaillement d'effroi dont je n'étois pas le maître : mais il ne me fallut qu'un moment pour me remettre & rire de ma terreur. Dès le lendemain tout fut ſi parfaitement oublié que je n'y ai pas même penſé durant tout mon ſéjour à Londres & au voiſinage. Je ne m'en ſuis ſouvenu qu'ici où tant de choſes m'ont rappelé ces paroles, & me les rappellent, pour-ainſi-dire, à chaque inſtant.

" Ces mots dont le ton retentît ſur mon cœur comme s'ils venoient d'être prononcés, les longs & funeſtes regards tant de fois lancés ſur moi, les petits coups ſur le dos avec des mots de *Mon cher Monſieur*, en réponſe au ſoupçon d'être un traître ;

(*) Je ne ſaurois répondre de ce que je dis en rêvant, & je ſais encore moins ſi c'eſt en François que je rêve ; mais M. Rouſſeau, qui ne ſait pas ſi je dormois ou ſi je veillois quand je prononçois ces terribles paroles, avec une ſi terrible voix, eſt-il certain d'avoir été bien éveillé lorſqu'il les a entendues ?

tout

tout cela m'affecte à un tel point après le reſte, que ces ſouvenirs, fuſſent-ils les ſeuls, fermeroient tout retour à la confiance, & il n'y a pas une nuit où ces mots, *Je tiens J. J. Rouſſeau*, ne ſonnent encore à mon oreille, comme ſi je les entendois de nouveau.

" Oui, M. Hume, vous me tenez, je le ſais, mais ſeulement par des choſes qui me ſont extérieures: vous me tenez par l'opinion, par les jugemens des hommes; vous me tenez par ma réputation, par ma ſureté peut-être; tous les préjugés ſont pour vous; il vous eſt aiſé de me faire paſſer pour un monſtre, comme vous avez commencé, & je vois déjà l'exultation barbare de mes implacables ennemis. Le public, en général, ne me fera pas plus de grace. Sans autre examen, il eſt toujours pour les ſervices rendus, parce que chacun eſt bien aiſe d'inviter à lui en rendre, en montrant qu'il ſait les ſentir. Je prévois aiſément la ſuite de tout cela, ſur-tout dans les pays où vous m'avez conduit, & où, ſans amis, étranger à tout le monde, je ſuis preſque à votre merci. Les gens ſenſés comprendront, cependant, que, loin que j'aie pu chercher cette affaire, elle étoit ce qui pouvoit m'arriver de plus terrible dans la poſition où je ſuis: ils ſentiront qu'il n'y a que ma haine invincible pour toute fauſſeté & l'impoſſibilité de marquer de l'eſtime à celui pour qui je l'ai perdue, qui aient pu m'empêcher de diſſimuler quand tant d'intérêts m'en faiſoient une loi: mais les gens ſenſés ſont en petit nombre & ce ne ſont pas eux qui font du bruit.

" Oui,

" Oui, M. Hume, vous me tenez par tous les liens de cette vie, mais vous ne me tenez ni par ma vertu ni par mon courage, indépendant de vous & des hommes, & qui me reſtera tout entier malgré vous. Ne penſez pas m'effrayer par la crainte du ſort qui m'attend. Je connois les jugemens des hommes, je ſuis accoutumé à leur injuſtice, & j'ai appris à les peu rédouter. Si votre parti eſt pris, comme j'ai tout lieu de le croire, ſoyez ſûr que le mien ne l'eſt pas moins. Mon corps eſt affoibli, mais jamais mon ame ne fut plus ferme. Les hommes feront & diront ce qu'ils voudront, peu m'importe; ce qui m'importe eſt d'achever, comme j'ai commencé, d'être droit & vrai juſqu'à la fin, quoiqu'il arrive, & de n'avoir pas plus à me reprocher une lâcheté dans mes miſeres qu'une inſolence dans ma proſpérité. Quelque opprobre qui m'attende & quelque malheur qui me menace, je ſuis prêt. Quoiqu'à plaindre, je le ferai moins que vous, & je vous laiſſe pour toute vengeance le tourment de reſpecter, malgré vous, l'infortuné que vous accablez.

" En achevant cette lettre, je ſuis ſurpris de la force que j'ai eue de l'écrire. Si l'on mouroit de douleur, j'en ſerois mort à chaque ligne. Tout eſt également incompréhenſible dans ce qui ſe paſſe. Une conduite pareille à la vôtre n'eſt pas dans la nature, elle eſt contradictoire, & cependant elle m'eſt démontrée. Abyme des deux côtés! Je péris dans l'un ou dans l'autre. Je ſuis le plus malheureux des humains ſi vous êtes coupable, j'en

ſuis le plus vil ſi vous êtes innocent. Vous me faites déſirer d'être cet objet mépriſable. Oui, l'état où je me verrois proſterné, foulé ſous vos pieds, criant miſéricorde & faiſant tout pour l'obtenir, publiant à haute voix mon indignité & rendant à vos vertus les plus éclatant hommage, ſeroit pour mon cœur un état d'épanouiſſement & de joie, après l'état d'étouffement & de mort où vous l'avez mis. Il ne me reſte qu'un mot à vous dire. Si vous êtes coupable, ne m'écrivez plus; cela ſeroit inutile, & sûrement vous ne me tromperez pas. Si vous êtes innocent, daignez vous juſtifier. Je connois mon devoir, je l'aime & l'aimerai toujours, quelque rude qu'il puiſſe être. Il n'y a point d'abjection dont un cœur, qui n'eſt pas né pour elle, ne puiſſe revenir. Encore un coup, ſi vous êtes innocent, daignez vous juſtifier: ſi vous ne l'êtes pas, adieu pour jamais."

J. J. R.

Je délibérai quelque temps ſi je ferois quelque réponſe à cet étrange mémoire; à la fin je me déterminai à écrire la lettre ſuivante.

## M. Hume à M. Rousseau.

" Monſieur, *Le 22 Juillet, 1766.*

" Je ne répondrai qu'à un ſeul article de votre longue lettre; c'eſt à celui qui regarde la converſation que nous avons eue enſemble, le ſoir qui a précédé votre départ. M. Davenport avoit imaginé un

un honnête artifice pour vous faire croire qu'il y avoit une chaiſe de retour prête à partir pour Wootton ; je crois même qu'il le fit annoncer dans les papiers publics, afin de mieux vous tromper. Son intention étoit de vous épargner une partie de la dépenſe du voyage, ce que je regardois comme un projet louable ; mais je n'eus aucune part à cette idée ni à ſon exécution. Il vous vint cependant quelque ſoupçon de l'artifice, tandis que nous étions au coin de mon feu, & vous me reprochâtes d'y avoir participé : je tâchai de vous appaiſer & de détourner la converſation ; mais ce fut inutilement. Vous reſtâtes quelque tems aſſis, ayant un air ſombre & gardant le ſilence, ou me répondant avec beaucoup d'humeur ; après quoi vous vous levâtes & fîtes un tour ou deux dans la chambre ; enfin tout d'un coup & à mon grand étonnement vous vîntes vous jetter ſur mes genoux, & paſſant vos bras autour de mon cou, vous m'embraſſâtes avec un air de tranſport, vous baignâtes mon viſage de vos larmes & vous vous écriâtes : *Mon cher ami, me pardonnerez-vous jamais cette extravagance ? Après tant de peines que vous avez priſes pour m'obliger, après les preuves d'amitié ſans nombre que vous m'avez données, ſe peut-il que je paye vos ſervices de tant d'humeur & de bruſquerie ? Mais en me pardonnant, vous me donnerez une nouvelle marque de votre amitié, & j'eſpere que lorſque vous verrez le fond de mon cœur, vous trouverez qu'il n'en eſt pas indigne.* Je fus extrêmement touché, & je crois qu'il ſe paſſa entre nous une ſcéne très-tendre.

Vous ajoutâtes, sans doute par forme de compliment, que quoique j'eusse d'autres titres plus sûrs pour mériter l'estime de la postérité, cependant l'attachement extraordinaire que je marquois à un homme malheureux & persécuté, seroit peut-être compté pour quelque chose.

" Cet incident étoit assez remarquable, & il est impossible que vous ou moi l'ayons si promptement oublié; mais vous avez eu l'assurance de m'en parler deux fois d'une maniere si différente, ou plutôt si opposée, qu'en persistant, comme je fais dans mon récit, il s'ensuit nécessairement qu'un de nous deux est un menteur. Vous imaginez peut-être que cette avanture s'étant passée entre-nous & sans témoins, il faudra balancer la crédibilité de votre témoignage & du mien; mais vous n'aurez pas cet avantage ou ce désavantage, de quelque maniere que vous vouliez l'appeller: je produirai contre vous d'autres preuves, qui mettront la chose hors de contestation.

" 1. Vous n'avez pas fait attention que j'avois une lettre écrite de votre main (1) qui ne peut pas absolument se concilier avec votre récit, & qui confirme le mien.

(1) C'est celle du 22 Mars, qui est pleine de cordialité & qui prouve que M. Rousseau ne m'avoit jamais laissé entrevoir aucun de ces noirs soupçons de perfidie sur lesquels il insiste à présent. On voit seulement à la fin de sa lettre quelques restes d'humeur sur l'affaire de sa chaise.

" 2. J'ai

"2. J'ai conté le fait le lendemain ou le ſurlendemain à M. Davenport, dans l'intention d'empêcher qu'il n'eût recours, pour vous obliger dans la ſuite, à de ſemblables fineſſes; il s'en ſouviendra sûrement.

"3. Comme cette avanture me paroiſſoit vous faire honneur, je l'ai contée ici à pluſieurs de mes amis; je l'ai même écrite à Madame * la C. de ** à Paris. Perſonne, je penſe, n'imaginera que je préparois d'avance une apologie, au cas que je me brouillaſſe avec vous, événement que j'aurois regardé alors comme le plus incroyable de tous les événemens humains; d'autant plus que nous étions peut-être ſéparés pour jamais, & que je continuois à vous rendre les ſervices les plus eſſentiels.

"4. Le fait, tel que je le rapporte, eſt conſéquent & raiſonnable; mais il n'y a pas le ſens commun dans votre récit. Quoi! parce que dans quelques momens de diſtraction ou de réverie, aſſez ordinaires aux perſonnes occupées, j'aurai eu un regard fixe, vous me ſoupçonnez d'être un traître, & vous avez l'aſſurance de me déclarer cet atroce & ridicule ſoupçon? Car vous ne prétendez pas même avoir eu, avant votre départ de Londres, d'autres motifs ſolides de ſoupçon contre moi?

"Je n'entrerai dans aucun autre détail ſur votre lettre; vous ſavez trop bien vous-même combien tous les autres articles en ſont dénués de fonde-

* Cette Dame a exigé qu'on ſupprimât ſon nom.—*Note des Editeur.*

ment. J'ajouterai ſeulement en général que je goûtois il y a un mois un plaiſir très-ſenſible, en ſongeant que malgré bien des difficultés j'étois parvenu par ma conſtance & mes ſoins, & par de-là même mes plus vives eſpérances, à aſſurer vôtre repos, vôtre honneur & votre fortune; mais cette jouiſſance a bientôt été ſuivie de déplaiſir le plus amer, en vous voyant gratuitement & volontairement repouſſer ces biens loin de vous, & vous déclarer l'ennemi de votre propre repos, de votre fortune, & de votre honneur; dois-je-être étonné, après cela, que vous ſoyez mon ennemi?

" Adieu & pour toujours." D. H.

Il ne me reſte qu'à joindre à tous ces papiers la lettre que M. Walpole m'a écrite & qui prouve que je n'ai eu aucune part à tout ce qui concerne la prétendue lettre du Roi de Pruſſe.

M. WALPOLE À M. HUME.

*Arlington Street, le 26 Juillet, 1766.*

" Je ne peux pas me rappeller avec préciſion le temps où j'ai écrit la *lettre du Roi de Pruſſe*; mais je vous aſſure, avec la plus grande verité, que c'étoit pluſieurs jours avant votre départ de Paris & avant l'arrivée de Rouſſeau à Londres; & je peux vous en donner une forte preuve; car, non-ſeulement par égard pour vous, je cachai la lettre tant que vous reſtâtes à Paris; mais ce fut auſſi la raiſon pour laquelle, par délicateſſe pour moi-même, je ne voulus pas aller le voir, quoique vous me l'euſſiez ſouvent propoſé. Je ne trouvois pas qu'il

fût honnête d'aller faire une viſite cordiale à un homme, avant dans ma poche une lettre où je le tournois en ridicule. Vous avez pleine liberté, mon cher Monſieur, de faire uſage ſoit auprès de Rouſſeau, ſoit auprès de tout autre, de ce que je dis ici pour votre juſtification: je ſerois bien fâché d'être cauſe qu'on vous fît aucun reproche. J'ai un mépris profond pour Rouſſeau & une parfaite indifférence ſur ce qu'on penſera de cette affaire; mais, s'il y a en cela quelque faute, ce que je ſuis bien loin le croire, je la prends ſur mon compte. Il n'y a point de talens qui m'empêchent de rire de celui qui les poſſede, s'il eſt un charlatan; mais, s'il a de plus un cœur ingrat & méchant, comme Rouſſeau l'a fait voir à votre égard, il ſera déteſté par moi comme par tous les honnêtes gens, &c."

H. W.

Je viens de donner une relation, auſſi conciſe qu'il m'a été poſſible, de cette étrange affaire, qui, à ce qu'on m'a dit, a excité l'attention du public & qui contient plus d'incidens extraordinaires qu' aucune autre aventure de ma vie.

Les perſonnes, à qui j'ai montré toutes les pieces originales qui établiſſent l'authenticité des faits, ont penſé diverſement, tant ſur l'uſage que je devois en faire que ſur les ſentimens actuels de M. Rouſſeau & ſur l'état de ſon ame. Quelques-uns prétendent qu'il eſt abſolument de mauvaiſe foi dans la querelle qu'il me fait & dans l'opinion qu'il a de mes torts: ils croyent que tous ſes procédés ſont dictés par cet orgueil extrême qui forme la baſe de ſon

caractere & qui le porte à chercher l'occaſion de refuſer, avec éclat, un bienfait du Roi d'Angleterre, & en même temps de ſe débarraſſer de l'intolérable fardeau de la reconnoiſſance en ſacrifiant à cela l'honneur, la vérité, l'amitié, & même ſon propre intérêt. Ils apportent, pour preuve de leur opinion, l'abſurdité même de la premiere ſuppoſition ſur laquelle M. Rouſſeau fonde ſon reſſentiment; je veux dire, la ſuppoſition que c'eſt moi qui ai fait imprimer la plaiſanterie de M. Walpole, quoique M. Rouſſeau ſache bien lui-même qu'elle *étoit* répandue par-tout, à Londres comme à Paris. Comme cette ſuppoſition eſt, d'un côté, contraire au ſens commun, & de l'autre n'eſt pas ſoutenue par la plus légere probabilité, ils en concluent qu'elle n'a jamais eu aucune autorité, dans l'eſprit même de M. Rouſſeau. Ils confirment cette idée par la multitude des fictions & des menſonges que M. Rouſſeau emploie pour juſtifier ſa colere, menſonges qui concernent des faits ſur leſquels il lui eſt impoſſible de ſe tromper. Ils oppoſent auſſi ſa gaîté & ſon contentement réels à cette profonde mélancolie dont il feint d'être accablé. Il ſeroit ſuperflu d'ajouter que la maniere de raiſonner qui regne dans toutes ſes accuſations eſt trop abſurde pour opérer dans l'eſprit de qui que ce ſoit une conviction ſincere.

Quoique M. Rouſſeau paroiſſe faire ici le ſacrifice d'un intérêt fort conſidérable, il faut obſerver cependant que l'argent n'eſt pas toujours le principal mobile des actions humaines: il y a des hommes ſur qui la vanité a un empire bien plus puiſſant, & c'eſt

& c'eſt le cas de ce philoſophe. Un refus fait avec oſtentation de la penſion du Roi d'Angleterre; oſtentation qu'il a ſouvent recherchée à l'egard d'autres princes, auroit pu être ſeule un motif ſuffiſant pour determiner ſa conduite.

Quelques autres de mes amis traitent toute cette affaire avec plus d'indulgence, & regardent M. Rouſſeau comme un objet de pitié plutôt que de colere. Ils ſuppoſent bien auſſi, que l'orgueil & l'ingratitude ſont la baſe de ſon caractere; mais en même tems ils ſont diſpoſés à croire que ſon eſprit, toujours inquiet & flottant, ſe laiſſe entraîner au courant de ſon humeur & de ſes paſſions. L'abſurdité de ce qu'il avance n'eſt pas, ſelon eux, une preuve qu'il ſoit de mauvaiſe foi. Il ſe regarde comme le ſeul être important de l'univers, & croit bonnement que tout le genre humain conſpire contre lui. Son plus grand bienfaiteur, étant celui qui incommode le plus ſon orgueil, devient le principal objet de ſon animoſité. Il eſt vrai qu'il emploie, pour ſoutenir ſes bizarreries, des fictions & des menſonges; mais c'eſt une reſſource ſi commune dans ces têtes foibles qui flottent continuellement entre la raiſon & la folie, que perſonne ne doit s'en étonner.

J'avoue que je penche beaucoup vers cette derniere opinion, quoiqu'en même temps je doute fort qu'en aucune circonſtance de ſa vie, M. Rouſſeau ait joui plus entiérement qu'aujourd'hui de toute ſa raiſon. Même dans les étranges lettres qu'il m'a écrites,

écrites, on retrouve des traces bien marquées de ſon éloquence & de ſon génie.

M. Rouſſeau m'a dit ſouvent qu'il compoſoit les Mémoires de ſa vie, & qu'il y rendroit juſtice à lui-même, à ſes amis & à ſes ennemis. Comme M. Davenport m'a marqué que depuis ſa retraite à Wootton il avoit été fort occupé à écrire, j'ai lieu de croire qu'il acheve cet ouvrage. Rien au monde n'étoit plus inattendu pour moi que de paſſer ſi ſoudainement de la claſſe de ſes amis à celle de ſes ennemis; mais cette révolution s'étant faite, je dois m'attendre à être traité en conſéquence. Si ſes Mémoires paroiſſent après ma mort, perſonne ne pourra juſtifier ma mémoire en faiſant connoître la vérité: s'ils ſont publiés après la mort de l'auteur, ma juſtification perdra, par cela même, une grande partie de ſon authenticité. Cette réflexion m'a engagé à récueillir toutes les circonſtances de cette aventure, à en faire un précis que je deſtine à mes amis, & dont je pourrai faire dans la ſuite l'uſage qu'eux & moi nous jugerons convenable; mais j'aime tellement la paix qu'il n'y a que la néceſſité ou les plus fortes raiſons qui puiſſent me déterminer à expoſer cette querelle aux yeux du public.

*Perdidi beneficium. Numquid quæ conſecravimus perdidiſſe nos dicimus? Inter conſecrata beneficium eſt; etiamſi malè reſpondit, benè collocatum. Non eſt ille qualem ſperavimus; ſimus nos quales fuimus, ei diſſimiles.*

*Seneca de Beneficiis, lib. vii. cap.* 29.

# *DÉCLARATION*

ADRESSÉE PAR

## M. D'ALEMBERT AUX EDITEURS.

" J'AI appris par M. Hume avec la plus grande ſurpriſe, que M. Rouſſeau m'accuſe d'être l'auteur d'une lettre ironique qui lui a été addreſſée dans les papiers publics, ſous le nom du Roi de Pruſſe. Tout le monde ſait, à Paris & à Londres, que cette lettre eſt de M. Walpole, qui même ne la dèſavoue pas. Il convient ſeulement d'avoir été aidé, pour le ſtyle, par une perſonne qu'il ne nomme point, & qui devroit peut-être ſe nommer. Pour moi, ſur qui les ſoupçons du public ne ſont jamais tombés à cet égard, je ne connois nullement M. Walpole : je ne crois pas même lui avoir jamais parlé, ne l'ayant rencontré qu'une fois dans une maiſon particuliere. Non-ſeulement je n'ai pas la plus légere part, ni directe ni indirecte, à la lettre dont il s'agit, mais je puis citer plus de cent perſonnes, amies & ennemies de M. Rouſſeau, qui m'ont entendu la déſapprouver beaucoup, par la raiſon qu'il ne faut point ſe moquer des malheureux, ſur-tout quand ils ne nous ont point fait de mal. D'ailleurs, mon reſpect pour le Roi de Pruſſe, & la reconnoiſ-

ſance

ſance que je lui dois, pouvoient, ce me ſemble, faire ſuppoſer à M. Rouſſeau, que je n'aurois pas voulu abuſer du nom de ce prince, même pour une plaiſanterie.

" J'atoute que je n'ai jamais été l'ennemi de M. Rouſſeau, ni déclaré ni même ſecret, comme il le prétend ; & je défie qu'on apporte la moindre preuve que j'aie jamais cherché à lui nuire en quoi que ce puiſſe être. Je pourrois prouver au contraire, par les témoignages les plus reſpectables, que j'ai cherché à l'obliger en ce qui a dépendu de moi.

" Quant à ma prétendue *correſpondence ſecrete* avec M. Hume, il eſt très-certain que nous n'avons commencé à nous écrire que cinq à ſix mois après ſon départ, à l'occaſion de la querelle que M. Rouſſeau lui a ſuſcitée, & dans laquelle il juge à propos de me mêler ſi gratuitement.

" Je crois devoir cette déclaration à moi-même, à la vérité, & à la ſituation de M. Rouſſeau : je le plains bien ſincérement de croire ſi peu à la vertu, & ſur-tout à celle de M. Hume."

D'ALEMBERT.

FIN.

Strahan and Preſton,
Printers-Street, London.

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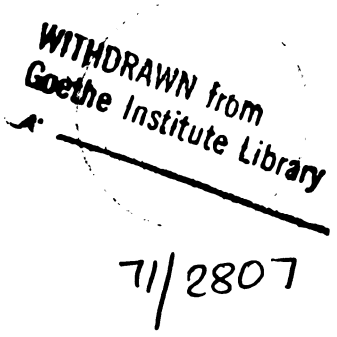
# Die Hirtenflöte

Europäische Volkslieder

Für Jung und Alt übersetzt,
zusammengestellt und herausgegeben von
James Krüss

Reich geschmückt von
Andreas Brylka

Biederstein Verlag München



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*Ein dem Gegenstand angemessenes und daher*
*gereimtes Vorwort, das notfalls*
*auch gesungen werden kann*

Das, was man Volkslied nennt, verehrte Leser,
Ist buntes Allerlei und sehr gemischt.
Schafgarbe, Thymian, Rosen und Gräser
Werden Euch miteinander aufgetischt.
Die Tages-, Jahres- oder Lebenszeiten
Sind hier versammelt, doch mit Unterschied:
Die Strophen schreiten, gleiten oder reiten
Als Bauers, Fischers oder Jägers Lied.
Einer singt so, doch anders singt der andre.
Die Menschheit, Leser, ist so angelegt.
Man folge allen, schreite, hüpfe, wandre
Und bleibe, wenn es geht, gut aufgelegt.
Denn schließlich: Was dem einen seine Eule,
Das ist dem andern seine Nachtigall.
Ob einer lache, seufze oder heule:
Gönnt seinen Vogel ihm auf jeden Fall.

Ich hab versucht, sie alle zu begreifen.
Ich übte mich, auch einen fremden Ton
Auf meiner eignen Pfeife nachzupfeifen.
Nun pfeif ich, wie der Star, sehr vieles schon.
Man muß die Feste, wie sie fallen, feiern.

Zwölf Jahre lang hab ich mich hingesetzt
Und für den Kinderfunk im Lande Bayern
Europas Lieder langsam übersetzt.
Candida Franck, so heißt die kluge Dame,
Die mir den Auftrag gab von Mal zu Mal.
Und der Chorleiter, Brüggemann sein Name,
Beschaffte mühevoll Material.
Hier sind die Lieder, Eurer Gunst empfohlen.
Ich übertrug sie nach dem Notenton.
Doch ich verkürzte, das sei nicht verhohlen,
Und ich erweiterte zuweilen schon.
Denn so ein Volkslied ist wie wir lebendig,
Nicht stets untadelig und regelgut,
Ist nicht ein Denkmal, steinern und beständig,
Sondern fast so wie wir: aus Fleisch und Blut.

Es mögen kluge Herren uns belehren,
Was Volkslied heißt, bedeutet oder will.
Es mögen kluge Herren es erklären.
Ich sage nichts dazu. Ich schweige still.
Denn meine Absicht, hochverehrte Leser,
War viel bescheidener, war nicht gelehrt.
Mich haben keine scharfen Augengläser,
Auch keine Theorien mich beschwert.
Ich aß so gern und heiter, immer wieder,
Die Beeren, die ich von den Büschen las.
Ich hab mir einverleibt die fremden Lieder,
Euch, liebe Leser, und mir selbst zum Spaß.
Europas Lieder, Leser, viel geschätzte
Und viel verkannte, sang ich vor mich hin.
Und immer wieder, wenn ich übersetzte,
Kam mir das alte Sprichwort in den Sinn:
Da, wo man singt, läßt man sich gerne nieder.
(Denn wo man singt, versteht man jedermann.)
Drum, werte Leser, hört Europas Lieder,
Auch wenn die Noten fehlen, freundlich an.

Europa rückt, ob schmollend oder munter,
Enger zusammen. Es hat keine Wahl.
Von Island bis nach Griechenland hinunter.
Und vom Atlantik bis an den Ural.
Singt seine Lieder! Singt sie immer wieder!
Glaubt an das Lied, das uns zusammenhält!
Und, Leser, glaubt es mir: Europas Lieder
Sind alle, recht besehn, aus einer Welt.
Denn es sind überall die gleichen Nöte.
Und auch die Heiterkeit ist einerlei.
Horcht auf den Ton der alten Hirtenflöte,
Trägt sie auch vor die jüngere Schalmei.
Das gute Alte soll der Mensch erhalten.
Es lebt und klingt, solange es gefällt.
Die neuen Lieder sind ja oft die alten,
Weil alles wiederkehrt auf dieser Welt.
Oft kommt ein neuer Text zu alten Weisen,
Oft kommt zum alten Text ein neuer Klang.
Laßt uns durch Länder und durch Zeiten reisen,
Und laßt uns Grenzen sprengen durch Gesang.
Da, wo man singt, läßt man sich gerne nieder.
Gesang macht friedlich, und Gesang macht frei.
Verehrte Leser, singt Europas Lieder,
Daß, was getrennt ist, singend einig sei!

Tierlieder

r

e *Rabe*

izonte
inster.
warzer Rabe,
e Ginster.

rzer Rabe
en Füßen:
it und Vater
mir grüßen!

## *Der Pfau*

Schreite durch die hohen Gräser,
funkelnder Pfau,
funkelnder Pfau!

Schlag dein Rad im Glanz der Sonne,
leuchtender Pfau,
leuchtender Pfau!

Warum öffnest du die Flügel,
schimmernder Pfau,
schimmernder Pfau?

Wohin tragen dich die Flügel,
glänzender Pfau,
glänzender Pfau?

Wessen Garten wirst du schmücken,
herrlicher Pfau,
herrlicher Pfau?

*Kroatisch*

## *Heimweh*

Wo ist deine Heimat,
du fremder Vogel, bunt und schön?

Komme aus dem Lande,
das draußen überm Meere liegt.

Was macht dich so glänzen,
du fremder Vogel, bunt und schön?

Fühl in meinem Kleid noch
die Sonne meines Heimatlands.

Warum bist du traurig,
du fremder Vogel, bunt und schön?

Suche meine Heimat,
die draußen überm Meere liegt!

***Dalmatinisch***

## *Die Eule*

Der Vogel der Nacht, die Eule,
mit dem Kopf, der sich dreht,
mit dem stechenden Blick,
mit dem Mause-Verschmause-Schnabe
mit dem Rücken gescheckt,
mit den Krallen so scharf,
der Vogel der Nacht, die Eule,
auf dürrer Fichte kauert sie,
auf eine Wühlmaus lauert sie.

*Lappländisch aus Finnland*

## *Der wilde Vogel*

Ein Vögelchen flog durch das Laubwerk vom Baum,
rusela rusela rei.
Ein Zweiglein brach ab, doch man hörte es kaum,
rusela rusela rei.
Es fielen rings raschelnd die Blätter vom Ast.
Da spielten sie Haschen und fingen sich fast
und flogen am Vogel vorbei,
rusela rusela rei.

Der Vogel flog weiter mit wilderem Braus,
ruselea rusela rei,
vorüber an Wäldern, an Kirchturm und Haus,
rusela rusela rei.
Es knattern die Fahnen, es wölkt sich der Staub,
es bilden sich Wolken aus wirbelndem Laub.
Noch nie war ein Vogel so frei.
Rusela rusela rei.

Der Vogel umflog eine jubelnde Schar,
rusela rusela rei,
er zerrte an Jacken und fuhr durch das Haar,
rusela rusela rei.
Er stritt um die Freiheit mit Baum und mit Kind,
der flatternde Vogel, der knatternde Wind,
er wurde so fröhlich dabei,
rusela rusela rei.

*Flämisch*

## *Die Schwalben*

Es fliegen zwei Schwalben ins Nachbar sein Haus,
sie fliegen bald hoch und bald nieder;
aufs Jahr, da kommen sie wieder
und suchen ihr voriges Haus.

Sie gehen jetzt fort ins neue Land
und ziehen jetzt eilig hinüber;
doch kommen sie wieder herüber,
das ist einem jeden bekannt.

Und kommen sie wieder zu uns zurück,
der Bauer geht ihnen entgegen;
sie bringen ihm vielmal den Segen,
sie bringen ihm Wohlstand und Glück.

*Deutsch*

## *An einen Kuckuck*

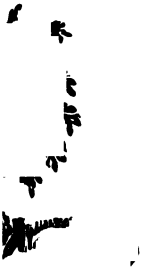
Mein niedlicher Kuckuck, hör her, hör her:
Ich will mit dir wandern wohl kreuz und quer.
Und wenn im Lenz die Erde erwacht,
dann singst du für mich bei Tag und Nacht.
Hör her, lieber Kuckuck, hör her!

Doch Esche und Hasel, die sagen dir:
Du niedlicher Kuckuck, ach, bleib doch hier!
Das ganze Jahr mach Frühling im Land.
Verkünde dem Winter, er sei verbannt.
Bleib hier, lieber Kuckuck, bleib hier!

*Irisch*

## *Simsaladim*

Auf einem Baum ein Kuckuck,
simsaladim bambasala du saladim,
auf einem Baum ein Kuckuck saß.



Da kam ein junger Jägers-,
simsaladim bambasala du saladim,
da kam ein junger Jägersmann.

Der schoß den armen Kuckuck,
simsaladim bambasala du saladim,
der schoß den armen Kuckuck tot.

Und als ein Jahr vergangen,
simsaladim bambasala du saladim,
und als ein Jahr vergangen war,

da war der Kuckuck wieder,
simsaladim bambasala du saladim,
da war der Kuckuck wieder da.

*Deutsch*

ch zu Tode gfalln
n Weiden:
esen Sommer lang
eil vertreiben?

Frau Nachtigall,
inem Zweige;
ringt, ist allzeit froh,
aldvöglein schweigen.

## *lu das Lied der Nachtigallen?*

du das Lied der Nachtigallen
:rüberschallen?
lu
kenden Nachtigall zu?
und Rehe bleiben lauschend stehn,
die Töne durch den Abend wehn.
lu das Lied der Nachtigallen,
und schön?

e dem Lied der Nachtigallen,
die Schatten fallen.
tehn!
nicht die Töne verwehn.
ıdern Vögel schweigen schon.
den Abend schallt nur Nachtigallenton.
e dem Lied der Nachtigallen,
und schön.

*sch aus Böhmen*

## *Bach-Bachstelze, flink und klein*

Es war ein schöner Tag im Mai,
rings duftete es fein.
Am Bache bei der Meierei,
da saß ein Vogel klein.
Bach-Bachstelze, flink und klein,
was ist das für ein Spiel?
Ach, niemals kannst du ruhig sein,
dein Schwänzchen steht nicht
still, Bachstelze,
still, Bachstelze,
still.

Wenn du das Schwänzchen wippen läßt,
fängst du die Fliegen ein.
Das soll für deine Frau im Nest
ein leckres Essen sein.
Bach-Bachstelze, flink und klein,
was ist das für ein Spiel?
Ach, niemals kannst du ruhig sein,
dein Schwänzchen steht nicht
still, Bachstelze,
still, Bachstelze,
still.

Die Beinchen sind so lang und stark,
das Häubchen schwarz wie Ruß.
Das Männchen hat so viel zu tun,
weils Weibchen brüten muß.
Bach-Bachstelze, flink und klein,
was ist das für ein Spiel?
Ach, niemals kannst du ruhig sein,
dein Schwänzchen steht nicht
still, Bachstelze,
still, Bachstelze,
still.

*Flämisch*

*Kimmt a Vogerl geflogen*

Kimmt a Vogerl geflogen,
setzt sich nieder auf mein
hat a Zetterl im Goscherl
und vom Diarndl an Gruß

Hast mi allweil vertröstet
uf die Summerizeit,
und der Summa is kumma
und mei Schatzerl is weit.

Daderheim is mei Schatzer
in der Fremd bin i hier,
und es fragt halt kei Katze
kei Hunderl nach mir.

Liebes Vogerl, flieg weiter
nimm an Gruß mit, an Ku
Und i kann di nit begleita
weil i hier bleiba muß.

*Deutsch aus Österreich,*
*von A. Bäuerle*

n

chen kam geflogen,
Welt durchzogen,
ner andern Taube
h der Rosenlaube:
ner, liebe Kleine,
e leider keine!

h die andre Taube
h der Rosenlaube:
rn hab ich ergattert,
herumgeflattert.
rd dir keines geben,
st ein Lotterleben!

## *Küken und Primel*

Ein Küken, das sah einst
ein Primelchen stehn.
Das reizte das Küken,
noch näher zu gehn.
Es neigte, verbeugte
und räusperte sich:
Tag, Freundchen, du bist grad
so golden wie ich.
Du hast auch ein goldenes
Mäntelchen an.
Wirst du, so wie ich,
wenn du groß bist, ein Hahn?

Du Dummerchen, Pummelchen,
fragst wie ein Kind.
Du weißt sicher gar nicht,
was Primulae sind.
Ich bin eine Blume.
Das sieht man am Stiel.
Ich strebe nach oben.
Nun bin ich am Ziel.
Ich melde den Frühling,
und das ist sehr viel.
Ich melde den Frühling,
und das ist sehr viel.

*Flämisch*

*Freundliche Vögel*

Geh ich fort von hier, singen
die Vögel traurig ade.
Wenn ich wiederkehr, singen
die Vögel munter juchhe.

Singt nur immerfort, Vögel!
Das macht mir heiteren Sinn.
Singt vom Baume dort, Vögel!
Dann streu ich euch gerne was hin.

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

*Besuch bei der Elster*

Elster, Elster, sage mir,
wo du warest!

Weit von hier!
Hab Feuer geschürt,
hab Brei angerührt,
sprang, hops, auf die Stufen,
hab Gäste gerufen.
Da waren gar schnelle
die Gäste zur Stelle.

Hab diesen geladen
und jenen geladen,
hab einfach den einen
und andern geladen.
Doch manchen hab ich nicht g

Wer kein Wasser gebracht
und kein Holz kleingemacht
und kein Feuer entfacht,
wurd beim Schmaus nicht bed

Bald huschten die Gäste
über Zweige und Äste
wieder fort ins Revier.
Und nun spricht man von mi

*Russisch*

*'ogel und Prinzessin*

:ht ihr den bunten Vogel?
r setzt sich – husch –
ıf einen Zweig und trillert
ı Rosenbusch.

:ht ihr die Königstochter
ı Rosenhain?
.e möchte gar zu gerne
n Vogel sein!

) Vogel, könnt ich singen
ie du so schön!
önnt ich wie du mich schwingen
Wolkenhöhn!

ch, Vogellied und Flügel
ıd nichts für dich!
u schläfst auf weichen Kissen,
ı Dorne ich.

uf dich, Prinzessin, wartet
ı Prinzenkuß.
lich aber, ach, erwartet
ı Flintenschuß!

*riechisch*

)

# London

*Der zufriedene Vogel*

Es bliesen die Winde
schon über das Land,
da kam des Bettlers Junge an,
der nahm mich in die Hand.

Dann hat er mich in London
verkauft an eine Frau.
Mein Silberkäfig bietet mir
die schönste Vogelschau.

Ich seh am Herd die Äpfel
und Nüsse dann und wann.
Ich habe auch ein Federbett,
in dem ich schlafen kann.

*Englisch*

*Aus dem Vogel-Abc*

Wohl auf, ihr kleinen Waldvögelein,
die ihr in Lüften schwebt,
stimmt an, lobt Gott, den Herren mein!
Singt all! Die Stimm erhebt!
Denn Gott hat euch erschaffen
sich selbst zu Lob und Ehr.
Sang, Feder, Schnabel, Waffen,
kommt alles von ihm her!

## Aa Adler

Der aller Vögel König ist,
macht billig den Anfang.
Komm, Adler, komm hervor! Wo bist?
Stimm an den Vogelsang!
Der Vorzug dir gebühret,
kein Vogel ist dir gleich.
Drum dich in Wappen führet
der Kaiser und das Reich.

## Bb Bachstelze

Die Bachstelz tut oft schnappen
und fängt der Mücken viel.
Es hört nicht auf zu knappen
ihr langer Pfannenstiel.
Den Schweif tut stets sie zwingen,
sie läßt ihm niemals Ruh.
Wenn andre Vögel singen,
schlägt sie den Takt dazu.

## Hh Henne und Hahn

Die Henne fröhlich gagagagt
und macht ein groß Geschrei.
Die Bäurin weiß wohl, was sie sagt,
und geht und holt das Ei.
Der Hahn tut früh aufwecken
den Knecht und faule Magd.
Sie tun sich erst recht strecken
und schlafen, bis es tagt.

## Ii Imme

Das honigsüße Immelein
sich spät und früh bemüht,
es sitzt auf allen Blümelein,
versuchet alle Blüt.
Sehr emsig fliegts herummer,
trägt ein mit großem Fleiß
und sucht den ganzen Sommer
auch für den Winter Speis.

## Pp Papagei

Du Vogel auserlesen,
der Federn hast du viel,
wo bist so lang gewesen?
Warum schweigst du so still?
Papagei, Zuckerfresser!
Ruft dir der Schulbub zu.
Geh in die Schul! Lern besser!
Gibst ihm zur Antwort du.

## St Star

Der Star schwätzt, pfeift und singet,
er ists, der alles kann.
In' Kopf er alles bringet,
nimmt, was er höret, an.
Er ist gar schlau und lose,
und merket auf mit Fleiß:
Wäscht oft die schwarze Hose
und bringt sie nimmer weiß!

## Uu Uhu

Der Uhu sieht gar ernsthaft aus,
als hätt er hoch studiert,
geht nicht aus seiner Höhl heraus,
bis Nacht und finster wird.
All Dunkelheit ist ihm ganz hell,
doch sieht er nichts bei Tag,
drum ist er auch ein solch Gesell,
den nie kein Vogel mag.

## Vv Vogel Strauß

Der Vogel Strauß hat große Bein,
doch klein ist sein Verstand.
Es brütet ihm der Sonnenschein
die Eier aus im Sand.
Oft Stein und Eisen er verschluckt.
Sein Magen, der ist gut.
Sein Federn sind der Weiber Schmuck.
Sie stecken's auf den Hut.

## Ww Wiedehopf

Der Wiedehopf ist wohlgeziert,
doch hat er keine Stimm.
Sein Krönlein er stets mit sich führt,
steckt doch nichts hinter ihm.
Wie mancher hat viel Kleider,
als wäre er ein Graf,
sein Vater ist ein Schneider,
sein Bruder hüt die Schaf.

## Zz Zeisig

Komm her, du schönes Zeiselein!
Komm, fliege her behend!
Sing, spring auf grünem Reiselein
und mach dem Lied ein End.
Lob Gott, den Herren mein und dein,
tu fröhlich singen ihm!
Ihn preisen alle Vögelein
mit ihrer süßen Stimm.

*Deutsch*

# Tierspektakel

## *Überall Lärm*

Lärm im Hühnerstalle.
Habt ihrs vernommen?
Alle Hühner gackern: gix gax gux!
Doch wer ist gekommen?
Doch wer ist gekommen?
Doch wer ist gekommen?
Der Fuchs, der Fuchs!

Lärm im Mauseloche.
Habt ihrs vernommen?
Alle Mäuse piepen: pietz putz patz!
Doch wer ist gekommen?
Doch wer ist gekommen?
Doch wer ist gekommen?
Die Katz, die Katz!

Lärm im Ziegenstalle.
Habt ihrs vernommen?
Alle Ziegen meckern: meck meck meck!
Doch wer ist gekommen?
Doch wer ist gekommen?
Doch wer ist gekommen?
Der Wolf, o Schreck!

*Schwedisch*

## *Der Wolf im Wald*

In den Wald wolln wir ge
denn der Wolf ist nicht zu

Ist der Wolf sehr ergrimm
frißt er uns bestimmt.

Ist der Wolf nicht in Sicht
frißt er uns auch nicht.

*Französisch*

e

n tummeln sich,
liederlich.
ine Mäuse,
se.

:, diese Hatz,
n vor der Katz.
ne Mäuse,
e!

Da kam ein Wiesel, welch ein Schreck,
welch ein Schreck,
trieb aus dem Feld die Katze weg.
Arme Katze, kleine Katze,
arme kleine Katze!

Da kam der Fuchs und bellte so,
bellte so,
daß aus dem Feld das Wiesel floh.
Armes Wiesel, kleines Wiesel,
armes kleines Wiesel!

Da kam der Wolf vom finstern Wald,
finstern Wald,
und es entfloh das Füchslein bald.
Armes Füchsle, kleines Füchsle,
armes kleines Füchsle!

Doch vor dem Bären, groß und dick,
groß und dick,
floh dieser Wolf zum Wald zurück.
Armes Wölfle, kleines Wölfle,
armes kleines Wölfle!

Da kam der Jäger mit Gewehr,
mit Gewehr,
und es entsprang der Zottelbär.
Armes Bärle, großes Bärle,
armes großes Bärle!

Ach, meinem reifen Weizen tut,
Weizen tut,
Jagd oder Jäger gar nicht gut!
Arme Mäuse, kleine Mäuse,
arme kleine Mäuse,
armes Wiesel, kleines Wiesel,
armes kleines Wiesel,
armes Füchsle, kleines Füchsle,
armes kleines Füchsle,
armes Wölfle, kleines Wölfle,
armes kleines Wölfle,
armes Bärle, großes Bärle,
armes großes Bärle,
armer Weizen, gelber Weizen,
armer gelber Weizen!

*Kroatisch*

Gockel und Rabe, Hund und Schwein,
Pferd, Maus, Krähe und Vögelein
krähen und krächzen, bellen, schrein,
wiehern, piepen insgemein.
Kein Orkan kann lauter sein.
Das ist ein Spektakel!

Singt eine Strophe für den Hahn!
Dankt ihm für seinen Weckruf!
Singt eine andre für das Pferd,
das so stolz und so ehrenwert!
Auch dem Schwein mit dem Ringelsteert
widmet eine Strophe!

Gockel und Rabe, Hund und Schwein,
Pferd, Maus, Krähe und Vögelein
spielen so gern im Sonnenschein,
ziehn ins grüne Land hinein.
Überall wird es lustig sein,
wo die Tiere tollen!

*Isländisch*

## *stmahl der Vögel*

ıt der alte Adler:
ein großes Mahl!
lazu die Vögel ein,
send an der Zahl.
gel sollen singen
ren ihre Zungen,
ie Lerche siebenmal
nettert ihr Signal.

Der Zimmermann, der Buntspecht,
muß baun ein großes Haus.
Die Mauerschwalbe stopft das Dach
mit grünen Moosen aus.
Der Rabe wird der Priester,
den Star macht man zum Küster,
der Storch tritt als der Kellner an,
weil ers am besten kann.

Zum Ausschank nimmt man Spatzen.
Dann gehts auf jeden Fall.
Die Lerche kommt als Sängerin,
dazu die Nachtigall.
Sie singen um die Wette
die schönsten Menuette.
Dann tanzt dazu der ganze Saal.
Das ist ein schönes Mahl.

Doch als das Mahl gewesen,
o je, war das ein Spaß:
Da fiel die alte Eulenfrau
betrunken in das Gras.
Sie heulte, krank und bange:
Jetzt leb ich nicht mehr lange.
Der Adler rief: Was soll denn das?
Es war doch nur ein Spaß!

*Dänisch*

## *Cincirinella*

Cincirinella, die fröhliche Kleine,
war eine Mauleseldame wie keine.
Allein in die Dörfer mit hoppla hopp
lief meine Cincirinella.

Cincirinella, die konnt auf den Höhen
ohne zu stolpern die Berge begehen.
Auf Hügel und Berge mit hoppla hopp
stieg meine Cincirinella.

Cincirinella war fröhlich und munter.
Lustig gings aufwärts und lustig hinunter.
Und niemals ermüdet vom hoppla hopp
war meine Cincirinella.

***Italienisch***

## *Denkt euch!*

Denkt euch: In dem Nest der Spechte
braut der Stieglitz Braunbier!
Alles, was er braucht, das trägt
der Spatz ihm vor die Haustür.
Schenke ist die rote Henne,
Gockelhahn bewirtet.
Jeder, der gern Braunbier mag,
bekommt es, wenn er bittet.

Denkt euch: Auf dem Weinberg keltert
Häschen Wein aus Trauben.
Füchslein hilft ihm Trauben pflücken,
das ist kaum zu glauben.
Marder ist der Küfermeister,
Iltis spielt den Ober,
Tisch und Bank und Weinlokal
ersetzt das Heu im Schober.

*Polnisch*

*Drei hungrige Kätzchen*

Ihr Kätzchen, ihr Kätzchen,
wo sind eure Lätzchen?
Im Näpfchen steht der Brei.
Herbei, ihr drei, herbei!

Die Kätzchen, die Kätzchen
verloren die Lätzchen
und machten nun Geschrei.
O weih, ihr drei, o weih!

Ihr Kätzchen, ihr Kätzchen,
verlort ihr die Lätzchen,
dann gibt es keinen Brei!
Kein Brei, ihr drei, kein Brei!

Die Kätzchen, die Kätzchen,
die fanden die Lätzchen
und brachten sie herbei.
Ei ei, ihr drei, ei ei!

Nun tragen sie Lätzchen.
Gescheit sind die Kätzchen.
Nun gibt es für die drei
den Brei, ei ei, den Brei!

*Englisch*

## *Katzenschnurren*

Mirr fehlt das Holz zum Brrrotebacken,
mrrr mrrr mrrr,
drrrum krrrieg ich keine rrroten Backen,
schnrrr schnrrr schnrrr!

*Slowenisch*

## *Ringel-rangel-ratze*

Ringel-rangel-ratze,
wie drollig ist die Katze!
Doch kommt der Hund gelaufen,
fliegt alles übern Haufen!

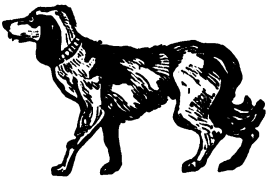
*Slowenisch*

## *Höfliche Tiere*

Die Puschi sitzt beim Stubenherd,
doch sitzt sie ziemlich nah.
Da kommt der kleine Hund herein:
He, Puschi, bist du da?

Ich grüß dich, Fräulein Puschi!
Recht guten Tag! Wie gehts?
Ach, danke, danke, kleiner Hund:
So angenehm wie stets!

*Englisch*



*Mein Hündchen*

Ich hab ein nettes Hündchen,
klein wie mein Daumen fast.
Das hat vier weiße Pfoten
und am Schwanze einen Quast.

Es hat ein weißes Köpfchen,
die Ohren sind von Speck,
und über jedem Auge,
da sitzt ein brauner Fleck.

Doch, ach, das arme Tierchen
schaut mich so traurig an.
Ich kann nicht mit ihm spielen,
denn es ist – aus Porzellan.

*Holländisch*

*Lorretje*

Laßt mich das Liedchen singen
von Lorretje, dem Hund.
Der lief mit meinen Strümpfen
durchs Zimmer in die Rund.

Und hätt ich nicht gerufen:
Ach, Lorretje, bleib doch hier!
Dann wär er mit meinen Strümpfen
hinausgelaufen zur Tür.

*Holländisch*

*rnte*

le, Füchslein, schneide;
l das Gras der Weide!
soll es schlichten,
. Haufen schichten,
ı soll es tragen
ı Leiterwagen.

hen, pflüg den Acker;
hen, pflüge wacker!
soll der Wolf dann,
:n soll die Maus dann,
. in der Mühle
alte Katz dann.

## *Füchslein, willst du was erreichen*

Füchslein, willst du was erreichen,
diledo, dileledo, diledo,
mußt du leise, leise schleichen,
diledo, dileledo, diledo.

Schleich der Mama nach im Grase,
diledo, dileledo, diledo.
Schnuppre mit der spitzen Nase,
diledo, dileledo, diledo.

Häslein haben spitze Ohren,
diledo, dileledo, diledo.
Aber sie sind doch verloren,
diledo, dileledo, diledo.

Füchslein tun beim Schleichenüben,
diledo, dileledo, diledo,
als ob sie kein Wasser trüben,
diledo, dileledo, diledo.

Doch mit Pfötchen, Ohr und Näschen,
diledo, dileledo, diledo,
fangen sie am End das Häschen,
diledo, dileledo, diledo.

*Bulgarisch*

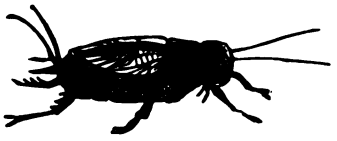
## *Die Grille und die Ameise*

Grillenmadam,
die sang den ganzen Sommer lang,
Grillenmadam,
die spielte oder sang.

Genau ihr Gegenteil,
das ist die Waldameise,
die schafft auf ernste Weise
und werkelt alleweil.

Grillenmadam,
die sang den ganzen Sommer lang,
Grillenmadam,
die spielte oder sang.

Nun rief die Grille aus:
Der Sommer ist vergangen.
Es plagt mich das Verlangen
nach einem guten Schmaus!



Grillenmadam,
die sang den ganzen Sommer lang,
Grillenmadam,
die spielte oder sang.

Die Ameis fragte sie:
„Was tatest du bis heute?"
„Ich sang für viele Leute!"
„Wohlan, dann tanze jetzt!"

*Französisch nach La Fontaine*

*Eichhorn und Eichhörnin*

Das Eichhorn und die Eichhörnin
warn lange Zeit ein Herz, ein Sinn.

Den ganzen Sommer lagerns ein
schwarzbraune Haselnüsselein.

Als sie die Kammer voll getragn,
hört man das Eichhorn zur Eichhörnin sagn:

Eichhörnin, tritt hinaus vors Tor,
schau, wie die kühlen Wetter ziehn!

Eichhörnin tritt hinaus vors Tor,
da schiebt das Eichhorn den Riegel davor.

Jetzt bist du draußen, ich bin drin.
Jetzt schau dich nach einem Häuslein um!

Eichhörnin zog ins fremde Land,
wo sie ein andres Häuslein fand.

Verging wohl kaum ein halbes Jahr,
daß Eichhorns Kammer ledig war.

Das Eichhorn zog ins fremde Land,
bis es Eichhörnin wiederfand.

Zieh heim, zieh heim, Eichhörnin mein,
es soll dir ja kein Leids geschehn!

Ach nein, ach nein, du falsche Haut!
Das hätt ich dir nimmermehr zugetraut.

Hier hab ich alle Tag Käs und Brot;
bei dir hats nichts als Hunger und Not!

Hier hab ich alle Tag kühlen Wein,
du gibst mir nur Brunnenwässerlein!

*Kuhländisch,*
*nach der hochdeutschen Fassung*
*von Ludwig Erk*

## *Sieben Frösche*

Es saßen sieben Frösch im See,
in einem kleinen See.
Der See war zugefroren,
das tat den Fröschen weh.
Sie quäkten nie, sie quakten nie
aus Frosch-Melancholie.

Der jüngste war ein Naseweis
und fragte unterm Eis:
Was tun die Nachtigallen
wohl schwätzen, laut und leis?
Wir singen, wird das Eis vergehn,
gewiß nochmal so schön!

Sie quakten, als der Frühling kam,
die rauhe alte Weis.
Da wünschte ich sie alle
zurück in Schnee und Eis.
Ich tausch die Frösche allemal
für eine Nachtigall!

*Holländisch*

*nd Mücken*

die Mücken?
ınzen sie.
die Fliegen?
achen sie.

die Mücken?
chen sie.
die Fliegen?
:hen sie.

len Mücken:
ıst fang ich euch!
len Fliegen:
ort mit euch!

die Mücken?
anzen sie.
die Fliegen?
achen sie.

*Glühwürmchen*

Glühwürmchen, Glühwürmchen,
komm zu mir!
Brot, wies der König hat,
geb ich dir!
Königinsbrot!
Königsbrot!
Glühwürmchen, Glühwürmchen,
feuerrot!

Glühwürmchen, Glühwürmchen,
komm zu mir!
Wein wie im Königsschloß
geb ich dir!
Königinswein!
Königswein!
Glühwürmchen, Glühwürmchen,
winzigklein!

Glühwürmchen, Glühwürmchen,
komm zu mir!
Licht wie ein Bettelmann
hab ich hier.
Bettlerins Licht!
Bettlers Licht!
Glühwürmchen, lasse
im Dunkel mich nicht!

*Italienisch*

*Das Schwein kriegte Masern*

Ich will euch erzählen, was ich getan:
Ein ganz kleines Schweinchen schaffte ich an.
Ferkelkind, Schweinekind, dies und das,
das Schwein kriegte Masern
und biß in das Gras.

Ich will euch erzählen, was ich vollbracht:
Ich hab aus der Haut einen Sattel gemacht.
Sattelzeug, Lederzeug, dies und das,
das Schwein kriegte Masern
und biß in das Gras.

Ich will euch was zeigen, kommt mal und seht:
Ich hab aus dem Schwanz eine Peitsche gedreht.
Borstenpeitsch, Lederpeitsch, dies und das,
das Schwein kriegte Masern
und biß in das Gras.

Ich will euch erzählen, was dann geschah:
Ich hab Seide gewebt aus dem Borstenhaar.
Seidentuch, Schweinetuch, dies und das,
das Schwein kriegte Masern
und biß in das Gras.

*Amerikanisch*

## *Weh dir, du armes Gansgeschlecht*

Weil nun Sankt Martin bricht herein,
rundadinellulla,
muß eine Gans besungen sein,
rundadinellulla.

Zwo breite Füß und kurzen Schwanz,
rundadinellulla,
muß haben unsre Martinsgans,
rundadinellulla.

Das Leder schmeckt uns wohl zu Tisch,
rundadinellulla,
die Flügel geben Flederwisch,
rundadinellulla.

Sie dadadatert mit Geschrei:
Da da da da da da!
Gick gack, gick gack ruft sie dabei,
da da da da da da!

Drum rupft und zupfet diese wohl,
rundadinellulla,
Sankt Martin eine haben soll,
rundadinellulla.

Sankt Martin bleibt bei seinem Recht,
rundadinellulla,
weh dir, du armes Gansgeschlecht,
rundadinellulla!

*Deutsch*

## *Das kluge Entlein*

Schwamm einst ein Entlein
quer durch das Wasser,
schwamm einst ein Entlein im See.
Qua qua qua, Entlein,
grauweißes Entlein,
schwamm einst ein Entlein im See.

Hüte dich, Entlein!
Hüt dich vorm Wasser!
Schwimme nicht quer übern See!
Qua qua qua, Entlein,
grauweißes Entlein,
schwimme nicht quer übern See!

Hüt dich vorm Netze!
Rotseidne Netze
sieht man im Morgenrot nicht.
Qua qua qua, Entlein,
grauweißes Entlein,
sieht man im Morgenrot nicht.

Rotseidne Netze
werfe ich von mir,
dann flieg ich einfach davon.
Qua qua qua, Entlein,
grauweißes Entlein,
dann flieg ich einfach davon.

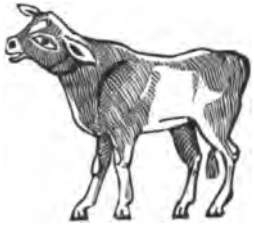
*Litauisch*

## *Das arme Kälbchen*

Möge Gott die bösen
Schlächter alle packen,
die dem armen Kälbchen
Bein um Bein abhacken!

Ach, das arme Kälbchen
kann jetzt nicht mehr laufen.
Auf dem Rücken trägt es
der Soldat mit Schnaufen.

*Ungarisch*



## *Der Wolf und die Gans*

Es war einmal zur Sommerzeit,
zur Ernte war das Korn bereit,
da kam der Wolf gegangen.
Er schlich sich vor des Bauern Tür
und nahm die Gans gefangen.

Das Gänschen rupft sich Federn aus
und macht dem Wolf ein Pfeifchen draus.
Hans Wolf, jetzt laß uns tanzen,
damit mein Tod auch fröhlich sei
mit Springen und mit Tanzen!

Doch als sie warn im besten Tanz,
da flog sie auf und fort, die Gans.
Hans Wolf, fahr fort im Tanze
mit deinem Bauch, der hungrig ist,
mit deinem leeren Wanste!

Der Wolf setzt sich aufs Hinterteil:
Verflucht nochmal, die Gans blieb heil,
die ich schon hatt am Kragen.
Tanz nie mehr mit ner Bauerngans,
ich hätt sie denn im Magen!

Und als die Gans nach Hause kam,
da hat die Bäurin auf den Arm
die kluge Gans genommen:
Du bist Hans Wolf, dem schlimmen Tier,
durch Witz und List entkommen.

*Luxemburgisch*

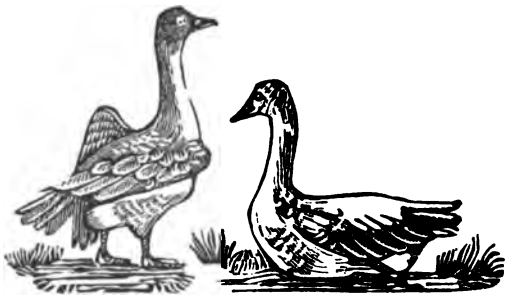
*Gänsehüten*

Hüte für Mutter die Gänse, die Gänse,
treibe sie nun auf die Wiese hinaus.
Sagt mir, Gänse, was soll das Geschnatter?
Sitzt der Fuchs wohl dort hinter dem Gatter?
Mutter, er raubt mir die Gänse, die Gänse!
Mutter, dann trau ich mich nicht mehr nach Haus!

Mutter, beim Hüten der Gänse, der Gänse
holte der Fuchs mir die beste heraus.
Hab den Räuber mit Steinen vertrieben,
aber das Gänschen ist liegengeblieben.
Mutter, da liegt es, das Gänschen, das Gänschen,
Mutter, nun trau ich mich nicht mehr nach Haus.

Mutter, was bring ich fürs Gänschen, fürs Gänschen?
Mutter, ich springe zur Mühle hinaus.
Will dir Mehl aus der Mühle heimtragen,
sollst das Gänschen dann nicht mehr beklagen.
Mutter, vergiß es, das Gänschen, das Gänschen!
Mutter, dann trau ich mich wieder nach Haus!

*Norwegisch*



*Das Kalb ist tot*

Jonny Armstrong erstach ein Kälbchen,
Peter Henderson kriegte die Hälfte,
Willy Wilkinson kriegte die Zunge rot.
Läutet die Glocken!
Das Kalb ist tot.

*Englisch*

# Jagd- und Jägerlieder

## lfang

### atz, Greis und Kind

in Vöglein, husch,
n kleiner Piepmatz
inen Busch.
meine Beeren,
ihm nicht wehren.
ihn verscheuchen da,
ihn nicht erreichen da,
kleinen Piepmatz
inem Busch.

Leih mir deinen Stock,
lieber guter Alter,
leih mir den Stock!
Sagte mir der Alte:
Will ihn noch behalten!
Eh ich dir mein Stöckchen leih,
schaffe mir erst Milch herbei!
Dann, mein lieber Junge,
kriegst du den Stock.

Als ich wiederkam,
brachte ich ihm süßen,
köstlichen Rahm.
Kriegte nun den Stecken
von dem alten Gecken,
konnte nun das Vöglein, husch,
jagen aus dem Brombeerbusch,
alles durch den süßen,
köstlichen Rahm.

*Serbisch*

## *Wachtelfang*

Heut entfloh die Wachtel mir
in die Wälder, in die Wälder.
Barfuß lauf ich hinterher
durch die Felder, durch die Felder.

Heut sah ich das Wachtelchen
mir entschwinden, mir entschwinden.
Und ich kann das liebe Tier
nun nicht finden, nun nicht finden.

Mutter, bitte, darf ich dich
etwas fragen, etwas fragen?
Darf man solche Wachtelchen
denn auch jagen, denn auch jagen?

Wachteln darfst du fangen, Sohn,
ohne Zögern, ohne Zögern.
Doch, mein Sohn, berühre nicht
ihre Federn, ihre Federn!

Wie soll ich das Wachtelchen
denn mir fangen, denn mir fangen,
ohne seine Federchen
anzulangen, anzulangen?

Söhnchen, stelle Netze aus
in die Felder, in die Felder;
denn dann kommt das Wachtelchen
ganz von selber, ganz von selber!

***Tschechisch aus Mähren***

ı, *wo ist Freiheit?*

., Vöglein, Vögelein,
dir geschehen?
noch um diese Zeit
u in der Höhe.
ı in der Falle drin.
h, wo ist Freiheit?
n Sang, doch schwer dein Sinn.
h, wo ist Freiheit?

Bruder, Brüderlein,
:h bin gefangen!
noch um diese Zeit
ir und sangen.
ı Fuß des Jägers Schnur.
h, wo ist Freiheit?
ir den Jäger nur.
h, wo ist Freiheit?

iger, Jägerlein
· goldnes Bauer.
noch um diese Zeit
durch die Auen.
peise, Trank und Haus.
h, wo ist Freiheit?
: ists im Walde drauß.
h, wo ist Freiheit?

## *Vogelfang*

Ein Vogel mit gefleckten Schwingen
macht mir Verdruß.
Denn er ging nicht in meine Schlingen,
der Pfiffikus.

Da dacht ich: Wart, dir will ichs zeigen!
Du Spitzbub du!
Ich spielte lustig auf der Geige
und sang dazu.

Und was den Schlingen nicht gelungen,
gelang nun fein:
Mit einem Liedchen, hübsch gesungen,
fing ich ihn ein!

*Griechisch*

# Die Jäger

## *Seehund und Jäger*

Seehund lag auf schwarzem Stein.
Schwarz wie Kohle ganz
waren Bart und Schwanz.
Doch ein Mann lag stumm auf Lauer.

Als der Jäger schlich heran,
hat er Lärm gemacht.
Seehund ist erwacht.
Freundlich schützt das Meer die Seinen.

Seehund schlüpft ins Meer hinein.
Als der Jäger das sah,
stand er zornig da.
Seehund, lebe lang und glücklich!

*Isländisch*

## *Auf, auf zum fröhlichen Jagen*

Auf, auf zum fröhlichen Jagen,
auf in die grüne Heid!
Es fängt schon an zu tagen,
es ist die schönste Zeit.
Die Vögel in den Wäldern
sind schon vom Schlaf erwacht
und haben in den Feldern
das Morgenlied vollbracht.

Frühmorgens, als der Jäger
im grünen Wald ankam,
da sah er mit Vergnügen
das schöne Wildbret an.
Die Gamslein, Paar um Paare,
sie kommen von weit her,
die Rehe und das Hirschlein,
das schöne Wildbret schwer.

Das edle Jägerleben
vergnüget meine Brust,
dem Wilde nachzustreben,
ist meine größte Lust.
Wir laden unsre Büchsen
mit Pulver und mit Blei.
Wir führn das schönste Leben.
Im Walde sind wir frei.

*Deutsch aus Kärnten*

## · *Jagd*

r Rosse, hügelüber,
rbei an goldnem Korn!
fliegt die Jagd vorüber,
ı tönt des Jägers Horn.
· Plan und rote Heide
s freien Jägers Reich.
len Hunden! Keine Freude
: der Lust des Jagens gleich!

s auf dem grünen Rasen
ach alter Jägerart
inmal Signal geblasen,
ehts heimwärts, dichtgeschart.
d Jubel, Gläserklingen,
nd Lachen, bis es tagt,
: alten Glocken singen:
long dung, es leb die Jagd!

## *Dachsjagd*

Ist ein Schnee gefallen,
weicher, weißer Winterschnee,
Winterschnee, weißer Schnee.

Wilde Jäger kommen,
jagen nun den schwarzen Dachs,
wilde Jagd, schwarzer Dachs.

Sieben Dachse liegen
schwarz im weißen Winterschnee,
schwarzer Dachs, weißer Schnee.

*Russisch*

## *An den Gott der Jagd*

Bringe deine goldnen Tiere,
Wälderkönig Kuizpana,
Häuptling mit dem Ziegenbarte,
bringe deine Silbertiere
in die Wälder, reich an Nahrung!
Lasse deine blauen Fäden
wehen und die kleinen Tiere
und die großen Tiere alle,
ob mit Hufen oder Krallen,
ob mit Pelzen oder Fellen,
von der Ödmark niedersteigen!
Und wenn du sie dort nicht findest,
geh ins sonnenlose Schneeland,
suche sie im höchsten Norden
und wo Lapplands Grenzen sind!

*Finnisch*

# Postillon-, Fuhrmann- und Reiterlieder

# Fuhrmann und Postillon

*Ein alter Posthalter*

Ein alter
Posthalter
von siebenzig Jahren,
der wollte gerne
ins Himmelreich fahren.
Die Schimmel,
die Schimmel,
die waren so keck
und warfen
den alten
Posthalter
in' Dreck.

*Deutsch*

*Fuhrmann und Rößlein*

Es wollt ein Fuhrmann fahren
mit seinem Wagen stolz,
holla, holla, hopsassa,
mit seinem Wagen stolz.

Es wollt ein Rößlein springen
durchs frische grüne Holz,
holla, holla, hopsassa,
durchs frische grüne Holz.

Der Fuhrmann sagte: Hüah,
nun fahr mich in die Stadt!
Holla, holla, hopsassa,
nun fahr mich in die Stadt!

Das Rößlein lief zum Holze,
und, hei, da brach ein Rad.
Holla, holla, hopsassa,
und, hei, da brach ein Rad.

Der eine sagte: Hüah!
Der andre sagte: Hei!
Und sind sich zwei nicht einig,
geschieht so mancherlei!
Holla, holla, hopsassa,
geschieht so mancherlei!

*Deutsch*

## *Schneckenpost*

Ich fahr, ich fahr,
ich fahr mit der Post,
fahr mit der Schneckenpost,
die mich kein Kreuzer kost.
Ich fahr, ich fahr,
ich fahr mit der Post.

Ich fahr, ich fahr,
ich fahr mit der Post,
fahre im Schneckentrab,
dann bricht kein Rad mir ab.
Ich fahr, ich fahr,
ich fahr mit der Post.

*Deutsch aus Österreich*

## *Der traurige Postillon*

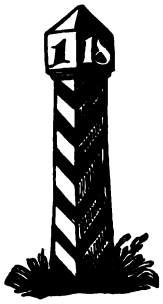
Seht ihr dort die Trojka jagen?
Lauscht ihr dem entfernten Ton?
Auf dem Posthorn hört man klagen
einen jungen Postillon.

Kahl die Felder an den Seiten.
Still der Wald, durch den er zieht.
Und zwölf Hufe nur begleiten,
tripp und trapp, sein Trauerlied:

Hüa, Brauner! Hüa, Schimmel!
Trommelt, Hufe, hoch und hohl!
Mädchen, lebewohl für immer!
Moskau, Heimat, lebewohl!

Härter greift er in die Zügel.
Schärfer wird der Pferdetrab.
Noch ein letzter Blick vom Hügel,
und dann gehts ins Tal hinab.

*Russisch*



## *Zwei Wägelchen*

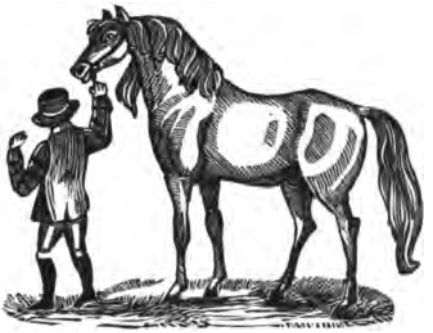
Ein Wägelchen auf dem Sandweg fuhr,
der Mond schien hell auf die Wagenspur,
das Pferdchen lief im Zaume.
Es suchte allein den Weg im Wald,
der Fuhrmann lag im Traume.
Kommt bald nach Hause,
kommt bald, kommt bald!
Kommt bald nach Hause,
kommt bald!

Ein anderes Wägelchen fuhr durchs Tal,
die Nacht war dunkel, der Weg war schmal.
Das Pferd, als hätt es Flügel,
lief hurtig durch den finstern Wald.
Der Fuhrmann hielt die Zügel.
Kommt bald nach Hause,
kommt bald, kommt bald!
Kommt bald nach Hause,
kommt bald!

Ein Wägelchen feiert Wiederkehr,
das andre hat keinen Fuhrmann mehr,
er wird wohl nicht mehr leben.
Er liegt wohl auf dem Weg im Wald,
vielleicht auch wohl daneben.
Kommt nimmer nach Haus,
ist kalt, ist kalt,
liegt einsam im Wald,
im Wald.

*Holländisch*

# Reiterglück



*Herr Rowas*

Herr Rowas ist aufgebrochen.
Glück sei mit ihm!
Nachts ist Herr Rowas aufgebrochen.
Glück sei mit ihm!

Bei Nacht ist er fortgeritten.
Glück sei mit ihm!
Golden die Stern am Himmel strahlen.
Glück sei mit ihm!

Sein Pferd läuft auf Silberhufen.
Glück sei mit ihm!
Gold sind an jedem Huf die Nägel.
Glück sei mit ihm!

*Griechisch*

*Reiterliedchen*

Reit ich Galopp und Trab,
wirft mich kein Rößlein ab.
Mag das Rößlein bocken,
ich bleib oben hocken.
Reite immer wieder
hügelauf und -nieder.

Reit ich ins Tal hinab,
halt ich mein Roß in Trab.
Doch im flachen Tale
darf's zum ersten Male,
ohne sich zu zieren,
einfach galloppieren!

Reit ich zum Tal hinaus,
hinter dem letzten Haus,
darf mein Rößlein grasen
auf dem grünen Rasen.
Wer so fein gelaufen,
muß sich auch verschnaufen!

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Läute, kleine Schelle*

Läute, kleine Schelle,
läut im Sommerabendwind.
Trabe, Rößlein, schnelle,
weil wir beide müde sind.
Trabe, laufe, sause!
Flieg dem Winde gleich!
Haben ja zuhause
Lager, warm und weich.
Mußten Bett und Kissen
lange, lange missen.
Durch den Himmel hin,
Himmel hin
zuckt des Nordlichts Schein.
Soll uns, Schimmelchen,
Schimmelchen,
Heimkehrgrüßen sein.

Läute, kleine Schelle,
läut im Sommerabendwind.
Trabe, Rößlein, schnelle,
weil wir beide müde sind.
Sieh die Morgenröte!
Schritt, mein Rößlein, Schritt!
Alle Wälder lächeln,
und wir lächeln mit.
Haben Wald und Höhen
lange nicht gesehen.
Auf dem Wiesengrund,
Wiesengrund
liegt ein Sonnenstrahl.
Kommen wiederum,
wiederum
heim ins alte Tal.

*Schwedisch*

## *Hopp, mein Schimmel*

Hopp, mein Schimmel, Schimmel, hopp
reit, o reite im Galopp!
Will, ja, will in Tal und Höhn
meine Rosa suchen gehn.

Hopp, mein Schimmel, tummle dich!
Rosa wartet doch auf mich.
Schau, ein Rabe nistet schon
oben in der Nußbaumkron.

*Ungarisch*

*Der Weg nach Texas*

Ich sing euch ein Lied,
das nicht lustig sein kann,
von Mühsal und Trübsal
und wie es begann.
Ich ließ meine Eltern und Freunde zuhaus
und zog durch Gebirge und Wüsten hinaus.

Ich kreuzte den wilden
Missouri und dann
gings aufwärts und abwärts.
Da warn wir zehn Mann.
Ich hab oft am Abend die Jagd mitgemacht.
Wir schossen Gazellen und Büffel bei Nacht.

Wir zogen drei Wochen
und haben das Zelt
mal hierhin, mal dorthin
auf Hügel gestellt.
Wir legten die Decken auf schattigen Grund.
Und Pferde und Esel, die grasten ringsum.

Doch einst, als wir ruhten,
Ertönte ein Schrei:
Die Sioux-Indianer,
die stürmten herbei.
Ich nahm meine Flinte und tat manchen Schuß.
Wir stritten und ritten und siegten am Schluß.

Dann ritten wir weiter
und hatten dabei
viel Mühsal und Trübsal
und Schlachtengeschrei.
Wir ritten und ritten. Der Weg war nicht leicht.
Doch endlich, ja endlich war Texas erreicht!

*Amerikanisch*

# Reiter und Mädchen

## *Mädchen und Kavalier*

Holt ein Mädchen dort und hier
Wasser für die Herde,
kommt gewiß ein Kavalier
auf geschmücktem Pferde.
Mädchen, tränk mein müdes Pferd,
hab mit ihm Erbarmen!
Hat mein Pferd sich sattgetrunken,
werd ich dich umarmen.

Sucht ein Reiter irgendwann
Wasser für den Schimmel,
kommt gewiß ein Mädchen an,
so aus heitrem Himmel.
Spende Wasser, Kavalier,
deinem Pferd, dem blassen.
Wie du mich bezahlen willst,
das bleibt dir überlassen!

*Ungarisch*

## *Darjuschka und der Reiter*

Morgens frühe ging Darjuschka
auf den Flur,
klopft beim Vater, ihn zu wecken,
an die Tür.
Hali lili lili lili,
an die Tür.

Väterchen, es scheint die Sonne,
blick hinaus!
Iwan reitet auf dem Rappen
vor dem Haus.
Hali lili lili lili,
vor dem Haus.

Ist er nicht ein stolzer Reiter,
Vater, sprich?
Ja, mein Kind, im Sattel hält er
prächtig sich!
Hali lili lili lili,
prächtig sich!

Vater, darf ich mit ihm reiten,
wenn ich bitt?
Jagt ihr nicht zu weit vondannen,
dann reit mit!
Hali lili lili lili,
dann reit mit!

*Russisch*

## *Magd und Reiter*

Ich ging, das Gras zu schneiden,
in meinen Garten grün.
Da sprach ein flinker Reiter,
ich möchte stillestehn.

Ich sprach: Ich darf nicht ruhen,
weil ich doch mähen muß.
Ich hätte mit der Mutter
sonst Ärger und Verdruß!

Er sprach: Dann nimm den Faden
und bind ihn um die Zeh,
und sag daheim, die Sichel,
die hätt getan dir weh!

Mein Herr, das tu ich niemals!
Denn lügen mag ich nicht.
Die Wahrheit, die verborgen,
kommt einmal doch ans Licht!

*Schwedisch*

## *Warnung*

Pflanze nicht wieder
Geißblatt und Flieder!
Du hast kein Glück, Janina!
Alle die Beete,
die ich einst säte,
sah ich nicht blühn, Janina!

Wenn die Bojaren
kommen gefahren,
ist es zu spät, Janina!
Stiefel zertreten
das, was wir säten.
Stiefel sind stark, Janina!

*Polnisch*

## *Hej, Husar!*

Brauchst dem Pferd kein Korn zu mähen,
hej, Husar!
Brauchst nicht auf das Feld zu gehen,
hej, Husar!
Rosa bringt dir Korn und Mais
bündelweise, bündelweis.

Bin ein Reiter, liebe Mutter,
bin Husar!
Sattle meinen Schimmel, Mutter,
als Husar!
Reite einst im Schimmeltrab
den Himmel ab, den Himmel ab.

***Ungarisch***

## *Pferde und Rosen*

Sag mir, was machst du auf der Weide?
Sag, was machst du auf der Pferdeweide?

Hast du verloren auf der Weide,
hast du verloren meine Pferde beide?

Nein, deine Pferde ruhen zwischen
jenen wunderschönen Rosenbüschen.

Dort liegt die Stute mit dem Fohlen.
Will dir von dort eine Rose holen.

***Bulgarisch***

*Kamrad Schandor*

Reitest du ins Feld,
reit auch ich dazu.
Niemand auf der Welt
ist so kühn wie du!
Hei, das wird ein Weinfest geben
wie noch nie zuvor!
Taler und Wein,
lustig solls sein,
hej, Kamrad Schandor!

Blut und Mut, Kamrad,
ist so wenig wert.
Kreuzer jeden Tag
und ein müdes Pferd.
Hast nicht Zeit mehr, 's auszugeben
wie so oft zuvor.
Blut und Wein,
Sterben muß sein,
o Kamrad Schandor!

Wein ist rot, Kamrad,
und das Blut ist warm.
Ich reit fort, Kamrad.
Horch, es bläst Alarm!
Hej, das wird ein Friede werden
wie noch nie zuvor!
Schlafe drum ein!
Friede wird sein,
mein Kamrad Schandor!

*Ungarisch*

## *Olaf*

Olaf, der ritt den Berg entlang,
hin und her, kreuz und quer,
kamen drei Elfen den Weg daher.
Wie Feuer kams daher.
Sanfte Lüfte glitten
an den Felswänden her.

Sprach eine Elfe: Zieh mit uns,
hin und her, kreuz und quer,
dann ist das Leben dir nie mehr schwer.
Doch Olaf sagte nein.
Nun muß Olaf sterben
und im Totenreich sein.

Olaf, der ritt so bleich nach Haus,
hin und her, kreuz und quer.
Mutter, ach, Mutter, ich kann nicht mehr.
Die Mutter deckt ihn zu.
Heilge Mutter Maria,
nun gib ihm die Ruh!

*Isländisch*

## *Reiters Morgenlied*

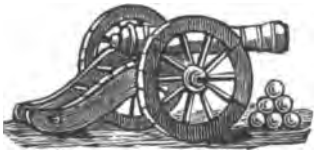
Morgenrot, Morgenrot,
leuchtest mir zu frühem Tod.
Bald wird die Trompete blasen,
dann muß ich mein Leben lassen,
ich und mancher Kamerad.

Kaum gedacht, kaum gedacht,
wird der Lust ein End gemacht.
Gestern noch auf stolzen Rossen,
heute durch die Brust geschossen,
morgen in das kühle Grab.

Ach wie bald, ach wie bald
schwindet Schönheit und Gestalt!
Prahlst du gleich mit deinen Wangen,
die wie Milch und Purpur prangen:
Ach, die Rosen welken all.

Darum still, darum still
füg ich mich, wie Gott es will.
Drum so will ich wacker streiten;
und sollt ich den Tod erleiden,
stirbt ein braver Reitersmann.

*Deutsch, nach der Fassung*
*von Wilhelm Hauff*



## *Drei Schwestern*

Armer Gesell, du mußt reiten.
Deine drei Schwestern, sie weinen.
Weinen, weinen,
alle drei weinen.

Eine muß stattlich dich kleiden,
eine muß satteln dein Roß dir,
satteln, satteln,
satteln dein Roß dir.

Aber die dritte der Schwestern,
die dir das Tor hat geöffnet,
weint nun, weint nun,
weint nun am Tore.

Als nun ein Jahr ist vergangen,
da kommt das Rößlein nach Hause,
ohne, ohne,
ohne den Reiter.

Armer Geselle, ein Jahr lang
weinte die erste der Schwestern,
weinte, weinte,
klagte und weinte.

Zwei Jahre weinte die zweite,
aber die jüngste der Schwestern
weint nun, weint nun,
weint nun noch immer.

*Litauisch*

*Reitertod*

Auf das Schlachtfeld zog der Sohn,
und die Mutter weinte.
Doch im Fenster brennt ein Licht,
wo die Schwestern wachen.

Wirbelt Staub am Wege auf,
donnert nachts die Brücke,
stürzen alle aus dem Haus.
Ob der Bruder heimkommt?

Doch der Bruder kommt nicht heim.
Kinder tragen Kreuze.
Und der Rabe krächzt bei Tag
und bei Nacht die Eule.

Eines Morgens wirbelt Staub
auf der Straße. Alle
hören Bügel klirren und
dann ein Pferdewiehern.

Ohne Reiter kommt das Pferd.
Pferd, wo ist der Bruder?
Hinter Feld, Wald, Berg und Meer
hat man ihn erschlagen.

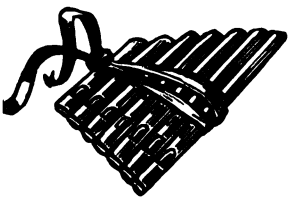
Aber wer bedeckt ihn dort?
Und wer wird ihn waschen?
Wer singt ihm das Totenlied?
Wer wird bei ihm weinen?

Sommer deckt mit Tau ihn zu
und der Herbst mit Nebel.
Winter deckt ihn zu mit Schnee,
Frühling mit den Blumen.

Lerche singt sein Totenlied,
und an jedem Morgen
werden Blumen, gelb und rot,
leise um ihn weinen.

*Polnisch*

Hirten- und Schäfer-lieder



*Die Hirtenflöte*

Hirte, laß die Lämmlein tanzen,
Lämmlein schwarz und Lämmlein weiß.
Fröhlich tanzen sie im Kreis
nach der Hirtenflötenweis.
Hirte, laß die Lämmlein tanzen,
Lämmlein schwarz und Lämmlein weiß.

Hirte, laß die Wolken wandern,
Wolken grau und Wolken weiß.
Sieh, sie wandern leicht und leis
nach der Hirtenflötenweis.
Hirte, laß die Wolken wandern,
Wolken grau und Wolken weiß.

Hirte, laß die Flöte tönen,
Flöte braun und Flöte weiß,
daß ihr Echo, fern und leis,
töne durch den Erdenkreis.
Hirte, laß die Flöte tönen,
Flöte braun und Flöte weiß.

*Bretonisch*

## *Die Weidenflöte*

Schnitt mir die Flöte aus der Weide,
schnitt sie aus dem Holz der Weide.
So hell, so munter,
rauf und runter,
spielt meine kleine
Hirtenflöte aus der Weide.

Horch, meine Flöte tönt am Abend,
tönt durch diesen Sommerabend.
So klar, so leise
tönt die Weise
von meiner kleinen
Hirtenflöte durch den Abend.

All meine Kühe mit den Glocken
soll die kleine Flöte locken.
Sie kommen alle
bei dem Schalle,
denn meine kleine
Hirtenflöte tönt wie Glocken.

*Finnisch*

## *O schlafe nicht so lange!*

Die Schafe in der Ferne,
die Kühe in der Näh,
(O schlafe nicht so lange!)
sie weiden im Klee,
weiden im Gras,
weiden im Klee.
(O schlafe nicht so lange!)
Sie weiden im Klee.

Die Vögel in den Nestern,
die Fischlein in dem Bach
(O schlafe nicht so lange!)
sind alle schon wach!
Vögel im Nest,
Fischlein im Bach
(O schlafe nicht so lange!)
sind alle schon wach.

Der Tag ist nicht zum Schlafen,
zum Schlafen ist die Nacht.
(O schlafe nicht so lange!)
Der Tag ist erwacht.
Schlaf nicht bei Tag!
Schlaf bei der Nacht!
(O schlafe nicht so lange!)
Der Tag ist erwacht!

*Schottisch*

## *Der Hüterbub*

Tula lula, Lämmlein ihr
auf der grünen Weide,
muß nun heim ins Nachtquartier
durch die weite Heide.
Krieg dort Käse auf den Tisch,
denn die Butter, gelb und frisch,
hab ich niemals gegessen.

Tula lula, folgt mir nach,
meine Lämmlein alle!
Habt ein Bett und habt ein Dach
in dem warmen Stalle.
Leg mich dort im Stall zu euch,
denn ein Bettlein, warm und weich,
hab ich niemals besessen.

Tula lula, gute Nacht
allen kleinen Schafen!
Hab zum Stall euch hingebracht,
und nun müßt ihr schlafen.
Lauscht dem Wind, der draußen singt,
denn der Wind, der Träume bringt,
hat mich niemals vergessen!

*Schwedisch*

## *Lockruf für Ziegen*

Ziege schwarz, Ziege hell,
Ziegenböcklein, Zottelfell,
Rosa, Dokka,
Nykla, Sokka,
Dickeuter, Buntfleck,
Brauner Scheck,
folgt dem Spielmann auf die Weide!

Ziege groß, Ziege klein,
Spitzbart, Meckrer, Hinkebein,
Rosa, Dokka,
Nykla, Sokka,
Dickschädel, Breitmund,
Vagabund,
folgt dem Spielmann auf die Weide!

Ziege jung, Ziege alt,
Satansbraten, Stoßebald,
Rosa, Dokka,
Nykla, Sokka,
Dünnbeiner, Dickbauch,
alter Gauch,
folgt dem Spielmann auf die Weide!

*Norwegisch*

## *Hab den Teufel heut gesehn*

Hab den Teufel heut gesehn,
saß auf braunem Pferde,
trug den schwarzen Hirtenhut,
trieb zum Berg die Herde.

Trieb die Schafe vor sich her,
saß auf braunem Pferde.
Hin zum Abgrund führte er
mit dem Hund die Herde.

's ist der Teufel! rief ich aus.
Sitzt auf braunem Pferde!
Alle Schafe brachen aus.
Rette dich, arme Herde!

*Isländisch*

## *Holla, Kühe*

Holla, Kühe! Holla, Küh!
Lock ich sie, so kommen sie.
Weit aus den Wäldern mit Bu-hu-hu,
über die Felder mit Bu-hu-hu.

Holla, Kühe! Holla, Küh!
Lock ich sie, so kommen sie.
Weit aus der Heide mit Bu-hu-hu,
über die Weide mit Bu-hu-hu.

Holla, Kühe! Holla Küh!
Lock ich sie, so kommen sie!
Ziehen nun alle mit Bu-hu-hu
heimwärts zum Stalle mit Bu-hu-hu.

Holla, Kühe! Holla, Küh!
Lock ich sie, so kommen sie.
Schlafen und schnaufen nun, bu-hu-hu,
bei ihren Raufen mit Bu-hu-hu.

*Schwedisch*

## *Aussichten*

Ich bin noch klein.
Ich hüt allein
die Küken in der Au.
Die Küken werden Hühner sein.
Doch ich werd eine Frau!

*Slowenisch*

## *Margarete – Annegrete*

Margarete, wohin so schnelle?
Hole das Wasser von der Quelle!
Sag, für wen denn, Margarete?
Für die Ziege Annegrete!
Darf ich mit dir gehn?
Darf ich mit dir gehn?
Ja, das darfst du gerne!

Margarete, warum so munter?
Hole das Stroh vom Dach herunter!
Sag, für wen denn, Margarete?
Für die Ziege Annegrete!
Darf ich mit dir gehn?
Darf ich mit dir gehn?
Ja, das darfst du gerne!

Margarete, warum so heiter?
Hole das Heu und dann nichts weiter!
Sag, für wen denn, Margarete?
Für die Ziege Annegrete!
Kommst du dann mit mir?
Kommst du dann mit mir?
Ja, das tu ich gerne!

*Schwedisch*

## *Hirtin von Götaland*

Hirtin von Götaland, schlüpf in die Schühlein,
nimm dann den Schemel und melke die Kühlein.
Melk erst Damelin,
melk dann Fagelin.
Klung – so tönt die Glocke.

Hirtin von Götaland, molkest sie beide,
laß nun die Kühlein hinaus auf die Weide.
Laß erst Damelin,
laß dann Fagelin.
Klung – so tönt die Glocke.

Hirtin von Götaland, ließest sie springen,
mußt nun die Kühlein ins Weideland bringen.
Bring erst Damelin,
bring dann Fagelin.
Klung – so tönt die Glocke.

*Schwedisch*

## *Es regnet, regnet, Hirtin*

Es regnet, regnet, Hirtin,
treibe die Schafe fort.
Hörst du den Donner, Hirtin?
O Hirtin, bleib nicht dort!
Überall auf dem Laube
tröpfelt es dim, dom, dim.
So mach dich aus dem Staube.
Hirtin, der Blitz ist schlimm!

O laufe, laufe, Hirtin,
siehst du das rote Dach?
Folge mir dahin, Hirtin,
o Hirtin, folg mir nach!
Will dir das Häuschen zeigen.
Dort wirst du sicher sein.
Das Häuschen ist mein eigen.
Lade ins Haus dich ein.

Grüß Gott, grüß Gott, Frau Mutter,
Grüß Gott, mein Schwesterlein!
Bring euch die Hirtin, Mutter.
Ich lud ins Haus sie ein.
Führt nun die Schaf zum Stalle,
richtet das Abendbrot
und bringt dann für uns alle
Birnen und Äpfel rot!

*Französisch*

# Lustig ist die Schäferei

## *Hirtenweisheit*

Auf, mein Hirte, blas ins Horn;
denn ein Lämmlein ging verlorn!
Bauer, streck ja nur die Beine,
Lämmlein schläft in seiner Scheune.

Schwalbe sät und erntet nie.
Gott, der Herr, ernähret sie.
Also geht es mit dem Hirten,
den der Bauer muß bewirten!

*Ungarisch*

## *Der lustige Schäfer*

Schläfst du, Schäfer, dummer Wicht?
Ach, das weiß ich selber nicht!

Kamen Wölfe von den Höhn?
Nein, ich hab sie nicht gesehn!

Stahlen sie der Schäfchen eins?
Jedenfalls sie brachten keins!

Liefst du hinter ihnen her?
Ach, ich sah sie lang nicht mehr!

Als der Hirt die Flöte nimmt,
ist er wieder frohgestimmt!

*Ungarisch*

*Auf der Höhe des Tages*

Hierher!
Kommt an das Meer!
Folgt der Schaf- und Lämmerspur!
Singt ein muntres Schäferlied!
Kommt und folgt mir! Auf zur Schur!

Donald Lamont, komm hierher!
Kitty Campbell und Pat Maclair,
Molly, komm, und andre mehr!
Wir scheren die Schafe am Morgen.

Bringt die Wolle her zu mir!
Eßt den Kuchen und trinkt das Bier!
Macht auch noch ein Tänzchen hier!
Zieht heim auf der Höhe des Tages!

Hierher!
Kommt an das Meer!
Folgt der Schaf- und Lämmerspur!
Singt ein muntres Schäferlied!
Kommt und folgt mir! Auf zur Schur!

*Gälisch*

*Die lustige Schäferei*

Schäfer, sag, wo willst du weiden?
Drauß im Feld auf grüner Heiden!
Drauß im Feld auf grüner Heiden
müssen lustige Schäfer weiden.
Und ich sag, es bleibt dabei:
Lustig ist die Schäferei!

Schäfer, sag, wo willst du schlafen?
Drauß im Feld bei meinen Schafen!
Drauß im Feld bei ihren Schafen
müssen lustige Schäfer schlafen.
Und ich sag, es bleibt dabei:
Lustig ist die Schäferei!

*Deutsch*

## *Der glückliche Hirte*

Ihr Hirten, kommt gegangen
und blast den Dudelsack!
Ich sing euch ein Geheimnis,
doch daß ihrs niemand sagt!
Ich nenne den nur glücklich,
der so zufrieden singt
wie der Hirte, der zum Stalle
seine Kühe bringt!

Es hats doch niemand schöner,
nicht König, noch Baron,
als der Hirte mit dem Dudelsack!
Doch, ach, wer weiß das schon?
Ich nenne den nur glücklich,
der so zufrieden singt
wie der Hirte, der zum Stalle
seine Kühe bringt!

Am schönsten ist auf Erden
das Hochland, wo ich bin!
Hier weide ich die Kühe,
zufrieden ist mein Sinn!
Ich nenne den nur glücklich,
der so zufrieden singt
wie der Hirte, der zum Stalle
seine Kühe bringt!

*Schottisch*

## *Der Bauer und die Burschen*

Holla, Burschen, kommt und sagt,
wer für mich die Ziegen jagt?
Deine Ziegen jagten wir,
gäb es keine Wölfe hier!

Holla, Burschen, kommt und sprecht,
wer mir dienen will als Knecht?
Jeder diente gerne dir,
gäb es keine Bäurin hier!

Holla, Burschen, kommt und redt,
wer für mich ins Städtchen geht?
Jeder geht für dich zur Stadt,
die so hübsche Mädchen hat!

*Tschechisch aus Mähren*

## *Die Geißen*

Auf den Bergesalmen
zwischen grünen Halmen
läuten mit den Glöckchen
Geiß und Ziegenböckchen.
Und die Geißen springen,
und die Glöckchen klingen:
Klinge linge linge linge
lang lang lang!
Hörnerköpfe,
Bärte und Schöpfe,
gelb oder schwarz
oder weiß oder grau,
Hängebacken,
zottige Nacken,
listig und lustig
und schnell und schlau.

Munter springen alle
Geißen aus dem Stalle,
springen oder flitzen,
Geißbock an der Spitze,
hüpfen immer kecker.
Hört ihr das Gemecker?
Mäcke mäcke mäcke mäcke
mäh mäh mäh!
Leis und linde
säuseln die Winde,
und auf den Gipfeln,
da schimmert der Schnee.
Auf den glatten
Hängen und Matten
blühende Blumen
und roter Klee.

*Norwegisch*

## *Auf jenem Berge dort*

Auf jenem Berge dort
wolln wir den Schäfer sehn.
Jedoch er zog schon fort.
Wir müssen höher gehn.
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Blaß wird das Tageslicht.
Wir alle rufen ihn.
Jedoch er hört uns nicht.
Wir müssen höherziehn.
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Ach, man muß hoch hinauf,
eh man den Schäfer findt!
Er zog zur Alm hinauf,
wo gute Kräuter sind.
Oh! Oh! Oh!

*Italienisch*

## *Der unkluge Hirte*

Meine weißen
Zottelgeißen
trieb ich aus bei Schnee.
Sie erfroren
ihre Ohren,
denn der Frost tut weh.

Ach, ich friere,
liebe Tiere.
Mir ist bitterkalt.
Hej, jetzt fluch ich.
Hej, was such ich
auch im Winterwald?

*Polnisch*

## *Lumpenpelz – guter Pelz*

Lumpig ist der Pelz, Gevatter,
Löcher hat er, Läuse hat er!
Lumpenpelz, Lausepelz!
Heja, huja, alt und schäbig!
Nichts für die Herren, die behäbig!
Lumpenpelz, Lausepelz!

Rundlich ist mein Pelz, Gevatter!
Ärmel hat er, Kragen hat er!
Guter Pelz, teurer Pelz!
Heja, huja, und vor allem
ist sein Schmuck aus Ziegenkrallen!
Guter Pelz, teurer Pelz!

*Ungarisch*

## *Pelz bleibt Pelz*

Hat ein Pelz nicht Saum noch Kragen:
Ei, ein Pelz, der bleibt ein Pelz!
Hej, der bleibt ein,
joj, der bleibt ein,
ei, ein Pelz, der bleibt ein Pelz!

Mag man auch verkehrt ihn tragen:
Ei, ein Pelz, der bleibt ein Pelz!
Hej, der bleibt ein,
joj, der bleibt ein,
ei, ein Pelz, der bleibt ein Pelz!

Regnen mag es, schneien, hageln:
Ei, ein Pelz, der bleibt ein Pelz!
Hej, der bleibt ein,
joj, der bleibt ein,
ei, ein Pelz, der bleibt ein Pelz!

*Ungarisch*

## *Woran erkennt man Schweinehirten?*

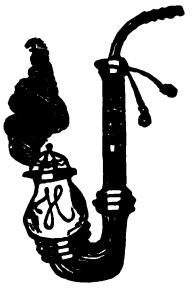
Man erkennt den Schweinehirt
an dem Gang, dem raschen,
an dem Schuh, der zugeschnürt,
und an der Hirtentasche.

Man erkennt den Schweinehirt
an der feinen Gangart,
auch an dem mit Schweinefett
gut eingeschmierten Schnauzbart.

Man erkennt den Schweinehirt
an der großen Flasche,
die oft rausgezogen wird
aus seiner Hirtentasche.

*Ungarisch*

## *Cowboy-Lied*

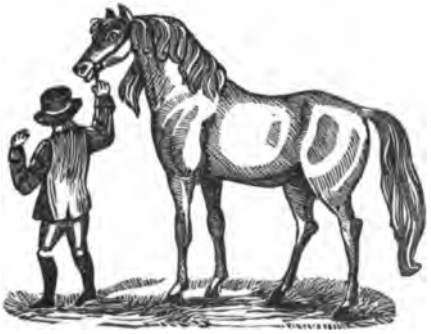


Und spendet ihr mir, boys,
die Pfeife voll Tabak,
dann will ich euch erzählen
von dem Buffallo-Pfad,
von dem tiji, juppi, jippi, je,
jippi je,
von dem tiji, juppi, jippi, je!

Des Morgens in der Früh,
wenn dunkel die Prärie,
dann hörte man von ferne schon
mein: Ji, juppi, je!
Hörte tiji, juppi, jippi, je,
jippi je,
hörte tiji, juppi, jippi, je!

Im Sattel saß ich, hopp.
Ich ritt in scharfem Trab.
Ich war der beste Cowboy
auf dem Buffallo-Pfad.
Ich war tiji, juppi, jippi, je,
jippi je,
ich war tiji, juppi, jippi, je.

Ich saß vor Tau und Tag
im Sattel, altgewohnt,
und wenn ich endlich schlafen ging,
dann schien schon der Mond.
Er war tiji, juppi, jippi, je,
jippi je,
er war tiji, juppi, jippi, je!



Komm ich ins Paradies
dereinst nach Gottes Rat,
dann sag ich, ich war Cowboy
auf dem Buffallo-Pfad.
Ich war tiji, juppi, jippi, je,
jippi je,
ich war tiji, juppi, jippi, je!

*Amerikanisch*

## *Schlaflied für Büffel*

Steht still, ihr Büffel, steht still, meine Küh!
Seid gewandert, gezogen wohl durch die Prärie.
Wenn oben am Himmel die Sternbilder stehn,
dann sollen Büffel nicht weiden gehn.
Bleibt stehn, meine Büffel, bleibt stehn!
Hijo, hijo, hijo!

O sagt, ihr Büffel, wann wird in der Nacht
eurem Schweifen und Streifen ein Ende gemacht?
Mein Pferd kann nicht weiter, und müd ist mein Sinn.
Muß euch hüten, weil ich ein Cowboy bin.
Legt euch hin, meine Büffel, legt euch hin!
Hijo, hijo, hijo!

Da steht ihr, Büffel, verteilt in der Rund.
Doch nun legt euch und streckt euch wohl hin auf den Grund.
Schnarcht kräftig, ihr Büffel! Ich halte die Wacht,
bis morgen früh die Prärie erwacht.
Gut Nacht, meine Büffel, gut Nacht!
Hijo, hijo, hijo!

*Amerikanisch*

# Lieder vom Spinnen und Weben

*Das geschenkte Spinnrad*

Ich bring ein Spinnrad, Spinnrad, Spinnrad,
daß meine Bella was zum Spinnen hat.
La lera lilo lerilo,
la lerilo la lerilo,
la!

Mit meinem Spinnrad, Spinnrad, Spinnrad
spinnt meine Bella mir ein warmes Wams.

Bei diesem Spinnrad, Spinnrad, Spinnrad
weiß meine Bella, was sie an mir hat.

Mit ihrem Spinnrad, Spinnrad, Spinnrad
nehm ich die Bella später auch zur Frau.
La lera lilo lerilo,
la lerilo la lerilo,
la!

*Italienisch*

## *Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter*

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter,
ich kauf dir ein Paar Schuh.
Jaja, meine liebe Mutter,
auch Schnallen dazu!
Kann wahrlich nicht spinnen
von wegen meinem Finger,
meine Finger tun weh!

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter,
ich kauf dir ein Paar Strümpf.
Jaja, meine liebe Mutter,
schön Zwicklein darin!
Kann wahrlich nicht spinnen
von wegen meinem Finger,
meine Finger tun weh!

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter,
ich kauf dir einen Mann.
Jaja, meine liebe Mutter,
das steht mir wohl an!
Kann wahrlich gut spinnen!
Von all meinen Fingern
tut keiner mir weh!

*Deutsch*

## *Klöppellied*

Klippel klippel klöppel,
fliegen unsre Klöppel,
einmal links herum,
einmal rechts herum.
Weiblein kommen fragen:
Wer soll die Spitzen tragen?
Das liebste Kind,
das Königskind,
das liebste Kind im Land.

Leise, leise, leise!
Die Gedanken reisen
einmal links herum,
einmal rechts herum.
Sagt, wohin die leisen
Gedankenschiffe reisen?
Zum liebsten Kind,
zum Königskind,
zum liebsten Kind im Land.

Trippel trippel trippel,
Kinder gehn wie Klöppel,
einmal links herum,
einmal rechts herum.
Arme und Elende,
wer reicht euch seine Hände?
Das liebste Kind,
das Königskind,
das liebste Kind im Land.

*Flämisch*

## *Spinnerin, ho!*

Spinnerin, ho!
Lausch dem Lied!
Hejo ho, laßt uns singen!
Spinnerin, ho!
Lausch dem Lied!

Dreh dich mit uns, Spinnerin!
Die Fädchen, Mädchen, lass am Spinnrad!

Sterne scheinen auf das Haus,
und Hände warten aufs Willkommen.

Feuer brennt, der Kessel singt.
Das Rädchen, Mädchen, steht nun stille.

Abend wirds. Erzählt und singt!
Wir singen, springen rund ums Spinnrad!

*Gälisch*

## *Die traurige Spinnerin*

Einst drehte mein Spinnrad sich munter im Kreis,
am Morgen, am Abend zu fröhlicher Weis.
Jetzt dreht es sich traurig und langsam und schwer.
Mein Liebster, mein Liebster zog fort mit dem Heer.
Er zog mit Herrn Arthur nach Frankreich hinein.
O Liebster, mein Liebster, wo magst du jetzt sein?
Einst wurde beim Spinnen gescherzt und gelacht.
Nun sitz ich alleine und spinn bei der Nacht.

Einst schnurrte das Spinnrad, wir sangen dazu.
Ich saß an dem Rädchen, am Fenster warst du.
Nun hörst du in Frankreich Soldatengesang
und Trommeln und Pfeifen und kriegrischen Klang!
O hör, was die Liebste am Spinnrade spricht:
Herr Arthur in Frankreich behütet dich nicht!
Ach, Liebster, mein Liebster, ach, wärst du doch hier!
Dann säng ich und spräng ich und lachte mit dir!

*Irisch*

*Lied einer Weberin*

Mit nickety nick,
mit Kett und mit Schuß,
gehts vor und zurück,
wies Schifflein muß!

Hin und her und her und hin:
Wann kommst du zur Insel, Herr Frühling?

Gestern nacht am Inselstrand,
da hab ich gewartet vergeblich.

Gras und Schwalben rufen schon:
Wann kommst du zur Insel, Herr Frühling?

Gräser, sprießt! Und Schwalben, fliegt!
Dann zwingt ihr herbei seine Ankunft!

Hin und her und her und hin:
Ach, komm doch zur Insel, Herr Frühling!

Mit nickety nick,
mit Kett und mit Schuß,
gehts vor und zurück,
wies Schifflein muß!

*Gälisch*

## *Vier Weber*

Vier Weber, die gingen zum Buttermarkt hin;
sie wollten die Kehle sich schmieren.
Doch hatten sie wenig im Beutelchen drin;
drum kauften ein Pfund sie zu vieren.
Dreckspule, ecke, becke, witsch watsch,
ticke tacke, Weberschifflein, pitsch patsch!

Doch waren sie leider nicht pfiffig und schlau.
(So geht es den Webern zuweilen.)
Drum baten die Weber die Buttermarkt-Frau,
die Butter durch vier zu teilen!
Dreckspule, ecke, becke, witsch watsch,
ticke tacke, Weberschifflein, pitsch patsch!

Ich will sie wohl teilen, so sprach sie geschwind.
Ich bin eine Dame von Ehren
und weiß ja genau, wer die Weberchen sind:
Die Weber sind keine Mijnheeren!
Dreckspule, ecke, becke, witsch watsch,
ticke tacke, Weberschifflein, pitsch patsch!

Die Weberchen können Mijnheeren nicht sein;
sie haben nicht Güter noch Erben.
Und kriecht eine Maus in ihr Schränkchen hinein,
dann muß sie vor Hunger dort sterben!
Dreckspule, ecke, becke, witsch watsch,
ticke tacke, Weberschifflein, pitsch patsch!

*Holländisch*

## *Weberlied*

Die Fabrikanten zu Dideldum,
die meinen es gut, mein Sohn.
Sie drehen dein Tuch erst um um
und geben fast keinen Lohn.

Der Weber hockt auf der Ofenbank
und wartet auf seinen Lohn.
Er hält die beiden Hände hoch
und springt mit dem Gelde davon.

Und wenn er vor sein Haus hinkommt,
dann zählt er dort sein Geld.
Da kommt ein Lufthauch, fast ein Nichts,
und streuts ihm in die Welt.

*Schweizerdeutsch*

## *Die Leineweber*

Die Leineweber haben eine saubere Zunft,
harum di dscharum di schrumm schrumm schrumm!
Mittfasten halten sie Zusammenkunft,
harum di dscharum di schrumm schrumm schrumm!
Aschegraue, dunkelblaue schrumm schrumm schrumm,
mir ein Viertel, dir ein Viertel schrumm schrumm schrumm!
Fein oder grob,
gegesse wern se doch
mit der Jule, mit der Spule, mit der schrumm schrumm schrumm!

Die Leineweber nehmen keinen Lehrjungen an,
der nicht sechs Wochen lang fasten kann.

Die Leineweber schlachten alle Jahr zwei Schwein,
das eine ist gestohlen, das andre ist nicht sein.

Die Leineweber haben ein Schifflein klein,
da setzen sie die Wanzen und die Flöhe hinein.

Die Leineweber haben alle Jahr zwei Kind,
das eine, das tut schielen, das andre, das ist blind.

Die Leineweber machen eine saubere Musik,
harum di dscharum di schrumm schrumm schrumm!
Wie wenn zwölf Müllerwagen fahren über die Brück,
harum di dscharum di schrumm schrumm schrumm!
Aschegraue, dunkelblaue schrumm schrumm schrumm,
mir ein Viertel, dir ein Viertel schrumm schrumm schrumm!
Fein oder grob,
gegesse wern se doch
mit der Jule, mit der Spule, mit der schrumm schrumm schrumm!

*Deutsch*

## *Schiffchen auf dem blauen Meer*

Schiffchen auf dem blauen Meer,
alle Bäume ringsumher
flüstern dir zu: Fahr gut! Fahr schön!
Fahre, solange die Winde wehn!

Schiffchen auf dem blauen Meer,
alle Vögel ringsumher
zwitschern dir zu: Fahr gut! Fahr schön!
Fahre, solange die Winde wehn!

*Slowenisch*

## *Die kleinen Schiffe*

Die Schifflein da, Mama,
die Schifflein da,
haben die Füße?
Natürlich, lieber Sohn!
Wie kämen sie sonst wohl
so schnell davon?
Und bist du erst ein Mann,
so wirst du damit fahren.
Mit Schiffen fährst du dann,
so weit man fahren kann.

Die Schifflein da, Mama,
die Schifflein da,
können die denken?
Natürlich, lieber Sohn!
Sie wolln ja für die Fahrt
auch Geld und Lohn!
Und hast du einen Bart,
dann wirst du selber reisen
und heißt nach Seemannsart:
Kaptän auf großer Fahrt!

Die Schifflein da, Mama,
die Schifflein da,
können die essen?
Natürlich, lieber Sohn!
Sie haben Proviant
geladen schon!
Und bin ich groß, Mama,
dann will ich damit fahren!
Und komm ich heim, naja,
umarm ich dich, Mama.

*Französisch*

*Warum, warum weint der Lasse?*

Warum, warum weint der Lasse?
Ach, sein kleines Boot ist fort.
Mach dir doch keine Sorgen,
denn dein Boot ist im Schilf verborgen,
voll mit blauen Forellen!

Wohin, wohin läuft der Lasse?
Ach, er sucht sein kleines Boot.
Laß dich vom Schilf nicht schrecken,
denn das Boot wirst du bald entdecken,
voll mit blauen Forellen.

Warum, warum lacht der Lasse?
Oh, sein kleines Boot ist da!
War nur im Schilf verschwunden,
und nun hat er es dort gefunden,
voll mit blauen Forellen.

*Schwedisch*

*Schlaflied für einen Fischerbuben*

Schlafe, mein Bübchen,
die Mutter sitzt im Stübchen,
der Vater auf dem Meer
holt die Netze, voll und schwer.

Überm Ölbaum steht der Mond,
weiß, wo unser Bübchen wohnt.

Summt dort ganz leise
auf seiner Himmelsreise.

Er hütet deinen Traum
über dem Olivenbaum.

Und in der Frühe
melkt Mutter dann die Kühe.

Schürt sie im Herd die Glut,
dann ist das Bübchen ausgeruht.

Schlafe, mein Bübchen,
die Mutter sitzt im Stübchen,
der Vater auf dem Meer
holt die Netze, voll und schwer.

*Italienisch*

## *Hej, Fischer*

Hej, Herr Fischer, sag, wohin,
wohin steht dein Fischersinn?
Fahr nach Török ganz allein,
denn dort sollen Fische sein!

Hej, Herr Fischer, sag mir, was
fängst du da im kühlen Naß?
Fang den Barsch da ganz allein
mit dem Fischernetze ein!

Hej, Herr Fischer, sag, was ißt
denn ein Barsch, der hungrig ist?
Barsche essen, klein und groß,
Petersilienwurzeln bloß!

*Ungarisch*

## *Dinge, donge, dunge*

Dinge, donge, dunge,
schlafe, kleiner Junge!
Auf dem Meer im Abendrot
fährt ein kleines Segelboot.

Dinge, donge, dunge,
schlafe, kleiner Junge!
Gott behütet jedes Kind
und das Boot im Meereswind.

Dinge, donge, dunge,
schlafe, kleiner Junge!
Bist du groß und nicht mehr klein,
wirst du ein Matrose sein!

*Istrisch*

*Die Flößer*

Frei und froh wie die Wasservögel
sind die kühnen Flößer;
sie stehen auf dem schwankenden Floß
und tragen die langen Stiefel.
Sie haben lederne festgeschnürte
Riemen an den Füßen;
du hörst sie auf dem treibenden Floß
so froh wie die Vögel singen.

Stolz und reich wie die großen Herren
sind die kühnen Flößer;
sie haben eine goldene Uhr,
die tragen sie in der Tasche;
und fünffach klunkert an jeder Uhr
die schwere goldne Kette.
Sie stehn drum auf dem treibenden Floß
so stolz wie die großen Herren.

*Finnisch*

## *Trotzlied*

Lache über die Gefahren in der Welt,
trotz dem Regen und den Hagelschauern.
Fahre weiter, wie es mir gefällt,
will, wenn ich aufbreche, niemals trauern.

Denk nicht nach, wohin die Welle mich verschlägt,
hab ein Segelboot, und das ist meines.
Mir ists gleich, solang das Meer mich trägt,
ob ich ein Land finde oder keines!

*Isländisch*

## *Der Segelschiffer*

Segelschiffer, fahr hierher,
segle übers dunkle Meer!
Hej, hej, fahr hierher,
segle übers dunkle Meer!

Weiß nicht, wie ich segeln soll;
schwarz die Nacht und unruhvoll!
Hej, hej, unruhvoll,
weiß nicht, wie ich segeln soll!

Fahr hierher, ich hab ein Licht;
irrst dich dann beim Segeln nicht!
Hej, hej, hab ein Licht;
irrst dich drum beim Segeln nicht!

*Polnisch*

## *Und so gingen wir auf die See*

Und so gingen wir auf die See,
und so gingen wir auf die bunte See,
ja, die bibela bunte See.
Und was taten wir auf der See?

Und dort fanden wir einen Maul,
und dort fanden wir einen Maulwurf faul,
der war bibela bunt und faul.
Und was taten wir mit dem Maul?

Und wir streiften ihm ab das Fell,
und wir streiften ihm ab das bunte Fell,
ja, das bibela bunte Fell.
Und was taten wir mit dem Fell?

Und wir machten ein Portemonnaie,
und wir machten ein buntes Portemonnaie,
ja, ein bibela Portemonnaie.
Und was nützte das Portemonnaie?

Und wir kauften uns eine Kuh,
und wir kauften uns eine bunte Kuh,
eine bibela bunte Kuh.
Und was taten wir mit der Kuh?

Und wir melken sie jeden Tag,
und wir melken sie jeden bunten Tag,
jeden bibela bunten Tag.
Und wir melken sie jeden Tag.

*Flämisch*

## *Es fährt ein Mann auf See*

Es fährt ein Mann auf See,
es fährt ein Mann auf der Muschelsee.
O du ram plan plan,
o du Muschelmann,
ade, fahr wohl, ade!
Ade, fahr wohl, ade!

Nun fischt der Mann auf See,
nun fischt der Mann auf der Muschelsee.
O du ram plan plan,
o du Muschelmann,
ade, fahr wohl, ade!
Ade, fahr wohl, ade!

Nun kocht der Mann auf See,
nun kocht der Mann auf der Muschelsee.
O du ram plan plan,
o du Muschelmann,
ade, fahr wohl, ade!
Ade, fahr wohl, ade!

Nun frißt der Mann auf See,
nun frißt der Mann auf der Muschelsee.
O du ram plan plan,
o du Muschelmann,
ade, fahr wohl, ade!
Ade, fahr wohl, ade!

*Holländisch*

## *Aus Silber war die See*

Einst fuhr ich auf die See, See, See,
einst fuhr ich auf die See.
Aus Silber wars in Luv und Lee,
falladaria, Luv und Lee,
aus Silber war die See.

Ein Uhu saß und spann, spann, spann,
ein Uhu saß und spann.
Am Spinnrad war viel Silber dran,
falladaria, Silber dran,
viel Silber war daran.

Als ich das Ufer sah, sah, sah,
als ich das Ufer sah,
da krähten Hähne: Kikrika,
falladaria, kikrika,
der helle Tag war da!

*Flämisch*

## *Haltet den Kurs auf Siglönes*

Haltet den Kurs auf Siglönes!
Kalt von Osten weht es.
Haltet das Steuerruder fest!
Haltet den Kurs auf Siglönes!

Dort unterm Berg liegt Siglönes.
Hoch vom Berge tönt es.
Glückliche Heimkehr! flötet es.
Dort unterm Berg liegt Siglönes.

Stoßt auf den Strand von Siglönes!
Seid willkommen! klingt es.
Heut gibts ein frohes Heimkehrfest.
Stoßt auf den Strand von Siglönes!

*Isländisch*

# Shanties

## *Anker auf*

Anker auf, hurrah, jolley,
Anker auf, hurrah, jolley,
Anker auf, hurrah, jolley,
Anker auf, hurrah!

*Friesisch*
*von der Insel Helgoland*

## *Männer mit Bärten*

Alle, die wollen zum Kapern fahren,
müssen Männer mit Bärten sein.
Piet, Corneel und auch der Jan,
die haben Bärte, die haben Bärte.
Piet, Corneel und auch der Jan,
die haben Bärte mit Locken dran.

Alle die mutigen Seepiraten
müssen Männer mit Bärten sein.
Jan, Corneel und auch der Piet,
die haben Bärte, die haben Bärte.
Jan, Corneel und auch der Piet,
die haben Bärte wie ein Bandit.

Alle, die Seeräuber heißen wollen,
müssen Männer mit Bärten sein.
Jan und Piet und Cornelius,
die haben Bärte, die haben Bärte.
Jan und Piet und Cornelius,
die haben Bärte, und damit Schluß!

*Holländisch*

## *Der besoffene Seemann*

Was tun wir mitn besoffenen Seemann?
Was tun wir mitn besoffenen Seemann
früh an nüchtern Morgen?
Ahoi, kiek an: Die Sonne!
Ahoi, kiek an: Die Sonne!
Früh an nüchtern Morgen!

Schmeißt ihn in'n Beiboot, dann wird er nüchtern!
Schmeißt ihn in'n Beiboot, dann wird er nüchtern
früh an nüchtern Morgen!
Ahoi, kiek an: Die Sonne!
Ahoi, kiek an: Die Sonne!
Früh an nüchtern Morgen.

Zurrt ihn mitn Schweißfuß vorn an Bug fest!
Zurrt ihn mitn Schweißfuß vorn an Bug fest
früh an nüchtern Morgen!
Ahoi, kiek an: Die Sonne!
Ahoi, kiek an: Die Sonne!
Früh an nüchtern Morgen.

Die Schotten auf, daß das Wasser gluckert!
Die Schotten auf, daß das Wasser gluckert
früh an nüchtern Morgen!
Ahoi, kiek an: Die Sonne!
Ahoi, kiek an: Die Sonne!
Früh an nüchtern Morgen.

Nun nix wie her mit der Wasserspritze!
Nun nix wie her mit der Wasserspritze
früh an nüchtern Morgen!
Ahoi, kiek an: Die Sonne!
Ahoi, kiek an: Die Sonne!
Früh an nüchtern Morgen!

*Amerikanisch*

*Der Windjammer*

Ohee, Spaß muß beim Segeln sein!
Ohoo, Spaß muß im Sturme sein!
Ohei, Spaß muß bei Flaute sein!
Lustiger ist dann die Heimfahrt!

Mögen die Knochen seit Wochen voll Nässe sein,
mögen die Wangen seit langem voll Blässe sein:
Irgendwo steckt unter Deck noch ein Fäßchen Wein!
Stoßen wir an auf die Heimfahrt!

Morgen frißt niemand den Grießpapp, den faden, mehr!
Morgen frißt niemand das Fleisch mit den Maden mehr!
Morgen heißts: Speck und die knusprigen Fladen her!
Das ist der Gruß bei der Heimfahrt!

Wenn so ein Seemann an Land ist und Pause macht,
wenn beim Erzählen der Sohn große Augen macht,
dann sagt der Seemann zum Seewind: Nun brause sacht!
Seemann braucht Schlaf in der Heimat!

Ohee, Spaß muß beim Segeln sein!
Ohoo, Spaß muß im Sturme sein!
Ohei, Spaß muß bei Flaute sein!
Lustiger ist dann die Heimfahrt!

*Gälisch*

## *Der lustige Fischer*

Ein lustiger Fischer,
der fuhr aus von Pimbeco,
Makrelen zu fangen und Scholle und Dorsch.
Doch kaum verließ er Pimbeco,
da bliesen alle Winde so.
Sein kleines Boot ging wibbel, wabbel,
und er ging über Bord.
Singe twinki-dudel-dum,
ob grad, ob krumm,
twinki-dudel-dum,
daß es tönt ringsherum.

Er paddelte, schwaddelte
im Wasser, das salzig war.
Er brüllte um Hilfe, doch niemand war da.
Er sank hinab zum Meeresgrund,
da sah er Fische, bunt und rund.
Er rief noch: Twinki-didel-dudel!
Dann schloß er seinen Mund.
Singe twinki-dudel-dum,
ob grad, ob krumm,
twinki-dudel-dum,
daß es tönt ringsherum.

Nun hütet der Fischer
im Meere bei Pimbeco
die lustigen Fische, Makrele und Dorsch.
Und lauscht man nachts in Pimbeco,
dann lachen alle Fische froh.
Sie singen: Twinki-didel-dudel,
hei, twinki-dudel-do!
Singe twinki-dudel-dum,
ob grad, ob krumm,
twinki-dudel-dum,
daß es tönt ringsherum.

*Amerikanisch*

## *Die Welt, boys, die ist mal so!*

Die Welt, boys,
die ist mal so!
Doch brecht ihr euch ein Bein, boys:
Ich laß euch nicht allein, boys!
Ich mach euch Ei und Schinken, boys!
Denn ich, boys,
ich bin nicht so!

Schon jung fuhr ich aufs Meer.
Ich roch den Wind von vorn.
Ich ging als Kind von Glasgow fort
und reiste nach Kap Horn.

Heut bin ich alt und lahm.
Ich kann vor Gicht kaum gehn.
Doch dien ich heute immer noch
demselben Kapitän.

Und bin ich mal an Land,
als Faulpelz von Natur,
dann schlaf ich und frag manchmal nur:
Madam, was ist die Uhr?

Ja, die Welt, boys,
die ist mal so!
Doch brecht ihr euch ein Bein, boys:
Ich laß euch nicht allein, boys!
Ich mach euch Ei mit Schinken, boys!
Denn ich, boys,
ich bin nicht so!

*Gälisch*

## *Heimkehr nach Mingulay*

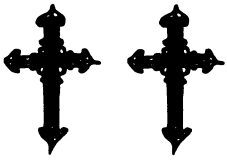
Hoa hei, boys!
Dreht nun bei, boys!
Hißt die Segel!
Es geht nun heim, boys.
Hoa hei, boys!
Dreht nun bei, boys!
Laßt uns heimfahrn nach Mingulay.

Uns ists gleich, wie wild die See ist;
denn was schert uns Wind und Wetter?
Weil die Heimat in der Näh ist,
laßt uns heimfahrn nach Mingulay!

Boys, da glänzt der weiße Sand schon.
Mädchen winken uns willkommen.
Boys, wir stoßen auf den Strand schon,
eh die Nacht kommt in Mingulay!

Hoa hei, boys!
Dreht nun bei, boys!
Hißt die Segel!
Es geht nun heim, boys!
Hoa hei, boys!
Dreht nun bei, boys!
Laßt uns heimfahrn nach Mingulay.

*Gälisch*



### *Trauer um einen Helden*

Trauert nun in Morven,
Männer, Frauen, Kinder!
Turas Mauern sind verwaist,
er ging fort für immer.

Eng ist deine Wohnung,
kalt und schwarz die Bettstatt,
tief dein Schlaf, wie Meere sind,
stolzer Sohn von Semo!

Mächtig wie ein Felsen
stand er in der Brandung.
Zeigt sein Schwert uns noch einmal,
das lebendig funkelt!

Hovan, hovan, hovan,
hovan, hovan, hovan,
hovan, hovan, hovan, ho!

*Gälisch*

### *Fern ertönt ein Trauersang*

Fern ertönt ein Trauersang,
tönt flußauf und -ab,
tönt das ganze Ufer lang
über Gregors Grab:
  Hovan, hovan, hovaneerie,
  hovan, hovan, oh!
  Hovan, hovan, hovaneerie,
  hovan, hovan, oh!

Fort der Winter ungestüm.
Grün ist nun die Au.
Ruhen will ich neben ihm
unter Veilchen blau.

Fern ertönt ein Trauersang,
tönt flußauf und -ab,
tönt das ganze Ufer lang
über Gregors Grab.
  Hovan, hovan, hovaneerie,
  hovan, hovan, oh!
  Hovan, hovan, hovaneerie,
  hovan, hovan, oh!

*Gälisch*

## *Wie fremd ist das Meer!*

Ach, wie fremd, so fremd ist das weite Meer,
ach, wie fremd ist der Seemöwenschrei!
Lustig tönt Gesang übers Wasser her,
doch mein Herz, es ist nicht dabei.
Es fliegt bei Nacht,
wenn der Mond nur wacht,
und es fliegt unterm Glanze der Sonn
zu der Lämmerschar,
deren Hirt ich war,
und zum Mädchen von Sliewnamon.

Ach, die Welt ist groß und so wunderbar,
und das Schiff trägt mich überall hin.
Doch mein Herz, es ist bei der Lämmerschar,
deren Hirt ich gewesen bin.
Ich sah Shanghai
und die Haifischbai,
und ich war in der Stadt Lissabon.
Doch mein Herz fliegt weit
voller Traurigkeit
zu dem Mädchen von Sliewnamon.

*Irisch*

## *Grablied für einen König*

Leise tönt unser Lied
für das Boot, das dort zieht.
Einen König, den trägt es nach Haus.
Gleite fort durch das Meer,
und dann ruh, guter Herr,
auf der Insel Ijona dich aus.

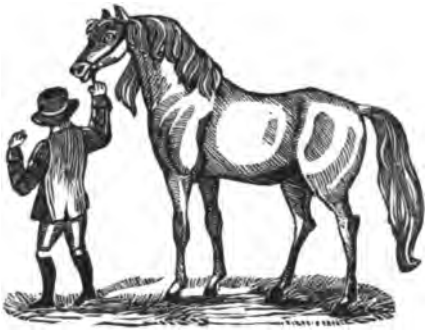
Leise nahst du dich nun,
bei den Vätern zu ruhn,
fern dem Tag und den Strahlen des Lichts.
Doch dich wecken einmal
in dem steinernen Saal
die Trompeten des Jüngsten Gerichts.

Leise tönt unser Lied
für das Boot, das dort zieht.
Einen König, den trägt es nach Haus.
Gleite fort durch das Meer,
und dann ruh, guter Herr,
auf der Insel Ijona dich aus.

*Gälisch*

# Lieder vom Dorfe

# Säen und Mähen



## *Pflug, Saat und Brot*

Pflug, du mußt lange Furchen ziehn,
tief ins Feld lange Furchen ziehn.

Saat, du mußt nun den Frost bestehn,
harten Frost mußt du überstehn.

Halm, wachs auf, setze Körner an,
setze goldne Körner an.

Liebes Brot, mach die Menschen satt,
daß ein jeder zu essen hat.

*Litauisch*

## *Großer Lado*

Habe den Wald gerodet,
den grünen Wald, großer Lado,
habe gerodet den Wald.

Habe das Feld gepflügt,
das gerodete Feld, großer Lado,
habe gepflügt das Feld.

Habe mit Rossen gepflügt,
mit Rossen so stark, großer Lado,
habe mit Rossen gepflügt.

Habe die Hirse gesät,
die Hirse ins Feld, großer Lado,
habe die Hirse gesät.

Wo einst Wald war, steht nun
die Hirse in Saat, großer Lado,
steht nun die Hirse in Saat.

*Russisch*

## *Basilikum*

Draußen auf dem Felde
säten wir Basilikum,
Silikum.

Mädchen sollen backen
Brot uns mit Basilikum,
Silikum.

Alle Brote schmecken
würzig mit Basilikum,
Silikum.

Hocherhobnen Hauptes
geht man durch Basilikum,
Silikum.

Darum sän wir heute
auf dem Feld Basilikum,
Silikum.

*Bulgarisch*

## *Da Wind waht*

Da Wind waht, da Wind waht
üba d'Ackalan gean,
da Wind waht, da Hahn kraht,
da Hadn werd schean.
Tiridi rihuljo,
da Hadn werd schean.

Da Wind waht, da Wind waht,
und 's Wetterle kimmt.
Da bitt i Gott Vata,
daß er 'n Hadn net nimmt,
tiridi rihuljo,
daß er 'n Hadn net nimmt.

Gott Vata hats ghört, und
da Wind hat si draht.
Hiaz han i mei Hadn,
hiaz bin i schean staad,
tiridi rihuljo,
hiaz bin i schean staad.

Hiaz han i mei Hadn
im Stadalan drin.
Hiaz dank i Gott Vata,
wia glückli i bin,
tiridi rihuljo,
wia glückli i bin!

*Deutsch aus Kärnten*

*De Wind, de wait*

De Wind, de wait,
de Hohn, de krait,
de Sand fungt an to waihen,
wo wullt du Weiten maihen?

*Niederdeutsch*

*Der böhmische Wind*

Ich hab mir mein Weizen am Berg gesät,
Berg gesät,
hat mirn der böhmische Wind verweht,
Wind verweht,
hat mirn der böhmische Wind verweht.

Böhmischer Wind, ich bitt dich schön,
bitt dich schön,
lass mir mein Weizen am Berge stehn,
Berge stehn,
lass mir mein Weizen am Berge stehn.

Der Apfel ist sauer, ich mag ihn nicht,
mag ihn nicht,
's Mädel ist falsch, ich trau ihr nicht,
trau ihr nicht,
's Mädel ist falsch, ich trau ihr nicht.

Wenn ich kein Geld im Beutel hab,
Beutel hab,
geh ich ins Holz, schneid Reiser ab,
Reiser ab,
geh ich ins Holz, schneid Reiser ab.

Geh ich nach Haus, mach Besen draus,
Besen draus,
krieg ich bald wieder Geld ins Haus,
Geld ins Haus,
krieg ich bald wieder Geld ins Haus.

Wenn ich die Besen gebunden hab,
bunden hab,
geh ich die Straßen wohl auf und ab,
auf und ab.
Leute, wer kauft mir Besen ab?

*Deutsch*

## *Der faule John*

John pflanzte sein Korn
im Frühjahr schon.
Doch im Juli wars voll
von Nessel und Mohn.
Ein Frost, der kam
sehr früh im Jahr,
so daß das Korn
verdorben war.

Er ging an den Zaun,
auf das Kornfeld zu schaun.
Aber Unkraut und Gras
standen hoch wie nur was.
So hoch, daß man
kaum schneiden kann.
Da fing der John
zu seufzen an.

Das war Johnnies Sang,
und der war nicht lang,
weil ein fauler Mann
schlecht singen kann.
Er kriegt, schau schau,
auch keine Frau,
denn John ist faul
und auch nicht schlau!

*Amerikanisch*

## *Säen und Mähen*

All die Hirse, die ich säte,
werde ich nicht mähen.
Und mein Mädchen, das ich liebte,
laß ich einfach stehen.
Säte,
ernte nicht!
Liebte, aber will sie nicht!
Säte immer,
mähte nimmer,
liebte, aber will sie nicht!

Als wir beide auf der Heide
saßen bei der Mühle,
zeigte sie zu meiner Freude
zärtliche Gefühle.
Meine
Rosmarein,
meinen Ring, so klein und fein,
trug das Mädchen
hier im Städtchen.
Dennoch muß geschieden sein!

Als die Glocken früh am Morgen
durch die Felder klangen,
bin ich ohne alle Sorgen
durch den Wald gegangen.
Ach, ich
Armer sah,
was im grünen Wald geschah.
Will jetzt keine!
Nehm nicht eine,
auch nicht meine Anjuschka!

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Fein sachte*

Wie hat denn der Bauer
den Hafer gesät?
Fein sachte, fein sachte,
so hat er gesät!

Wie hat denn der Bauer
den Hafer gemäht?
Fein sachte, fein sachte,
so hat er gemäht!

Wie hat denn der Bauer
gedroschen das Korn?
Fein sachte, fein sachte,
so drosch er das Korn!

Wie hat denn der Bauer
versoffen das Geld?
Fein sachte, fein sachte
versoff er das Geld.

*Ungarisch*
*auf eine deutsche Volksweise*

## *Heute sät die Großmama*

Heute sät die Großmama,
sät auf kahlem Berge.
Tim tiri
tiriri
uhuhu,
sät auf kahlem Berge.

Wenn du Glück hast, Großmama,
wird dort etwas wachsen.
Tim tiri
tiriri
uhuhu,
wird dort etwas wachsen!

Holt mir, sagt die Großmama,
Burschen aus drei Dörfern!
Tim tiri
tiriri
uhuhu,
Burschen aus drei Dörfern.

Wächst dann was, sagt Großmama,
koch ich für sie Suppe!
Tim tiri
tiriri
uhuhu,
koch ich für sie Suppe.

*Bulgarisch*

## *Der faule Frantischek*

Weizen, Weizen, Weizenkorn,
sag, wer wird dich mähen?
Meine Sense ist verlorn,
muß sie suchen gehen.

Franzel, Franzel, Frantischek,
suchst nur faule Stunden!
Deine Sense ist nicht weg.
Haben sie gefunden.

Weizen, Weizen, Weizenkorn,
sag, wer wird dich binden?
Unsre Mägde sind verlorn,
wo werd ich sie finden?

Franzel, Franzel, Frantischek,
suchst nur faule Stunden!
Schau, wir Mägde sind nicht weg,
hast uns schon gefunden!

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Das Wasserfeld*

Janitschko, sprich:
Muß denn das sein?
Muß denn der Pflug
ins Wasser hinein?

Hab keine Wahl:
Was soll ich tun?
Gestern noch Feld –
Wasser ists nun!

*Tschechisch aus Mähren*

*Warum sind die Bauern so schön?*

Warum sind denn die Bauern, die Bauern,
warum sind sie so schön und so froh?
Sie dreschen das Korn und verkaufen das Stroh.
Darum sind wohl die Bauern, die Bauern,
darum sind sie so schön und so froh!

Warum sind denn die Bauern, die Bauern,
warum sind denn die Bauern so reich?
Sie verkaufen die Milch und die Butter zugleich.
Darum sind wohl die Bauern, die Bauern,
darum sind wohl die Bauern so reich!

Warum trinken die Bauern, die Bauern,
warum trinken die Bauern den Wein?
Sie füttern das Kalb und verkaufen das Schwein.
Darum trinken die Bauern, die Bauern,
darum trinken die Bauern den Wein!

*Holländisch*

*Was ein richtiger Bauersmann ist*

Was ein zünftiger Bauersmann ist,
der ist ein Herr!
Hat aus Gold eine Kette schwer,
hält den Stock wie ein großer Herr.
Eine Rose vom Pfingstrosenstock
trägt er am Rock.

Joi, wie dumm so ein Bauersmann ist,
stellt euch das vor:
Fährt er aus zum Getreideschnitt,
nimmt er zwei seiner Uhren mit,
hält sie links, hält sie rechts an das Ohr.
Joi, welch ein Tor!

Wer ein richtiger Bauersmann ist,
ist dumm und reich!
Wenn er noch soviel Uhren trägt,
weiß er nie, was die Stunde schlägt.
So ein Kerl, der ist dumm, aber reich.
Doch ihm ists gleich!

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

*Der zerfahrene Bauer*

Es wird Frühling, her die Pflugschar,
weil das Wetter lange gut war!
Aber leider – 's ist zum Grausen –
liegt der Pflug in Pflugenhausen!

In Beilngries, da ist das Beil schon
eine lange, lange Weil schon.
Und das Rad ist in Radipfel,
und die Peitsche hängt im Wipfel.

Und die Egge ist in Eggstein,
und die Säge ist in Säghain
und der Gaul in Obergaulbach
und die Magd in Unterfaulbach.

In die Batschka zog der Knecht fort,
in das Banat zog die Frau fort,
und das Geld für die drei Kälber,
das verlor ich Armer selber.

*Ungarisch*

*Die Zwiebelbauern*

Alle, alle Zwiebelbauern
tragen Zwiebeln, Tag für Tag.
Was sie nicht im Dorf verkaufen,
tragen sie hinein nach Prag.

Alle, alle Zwiebelbauern
brauchen Kunden, Tag für Tag.
Gibts im Dorfe keine Kunden,
gibt es Kunden nur in Prag.

Alle, alle Zwiebelbauern
brauchen Kronen, Tag für Tag.
Gibts im Dorfe keine Kronen,
gibt es Kronen nur in Prag.

Alle, alle Zwiebelbauern
rufen darum Tag für Tag:
Zwar im Dorfe ists am schönsten,
aber hochgelobt sei Prag!

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Das Bäuerlein*

Ein Bäuerlein kam aus Schweizerland,
das hatt einen Esel an seiner Hand.
Laberdi, laberda, laberdonia,
das hatt einen Esel an seiner Hand.
Cäcilia!

Der Esel trug ein Tüchlein fein,
das brachte der Bauer zum Schneiderlein.
Laberdi, laberda, laberdonia,
das brachte der Bauer zum Schneiderlein.
Cäcilia!

## *Debreziner Truthahnbraten*

Wer da will den Truthahn kaufen,
muß nach Debrezin hinlaufen.
Debreziner Truthahnbraten
ist noch jedem gut geraten!

Kaufen Sie, ergebner Diener,
einen fetten Debreziner!
Debreziner Truthahnbraten
ist noch jedem gut geraten!

Kaufen Sie die fetten, guten
Debreziner Truthahn-Puten!
Debreziner Putenbraten
ist noch jedem gut geraten!

*Ungarisch*

Das Schneiderlein hat in einer Nacht
einen prächtigen Kittel daraus gemacht.
Laberdi, laberda, laberdonia,
einen prächtigen Kittel daraus gemacht.
Cäcilia!

Doch als das Bäuerlein kam nach Haus,
da lachte man es im Kittel aus.
Laberdi, laberda, laberdonia,
da lachte man es im Kittel aus.
Cäcilia!

Es hatte das törichte Schneiderlein
den Kittel geschneidert im Mondenschein.
Laberdi, laberda, laberdonia,
den Kittel geschneidert im Mondenschein.
Cäcilia!

Da ist der Bauer zum Schneider gehetzt
und hat ihn auf die Ziege gesetzt.
Laberdi, laberda, laberdonia,
und hat ihn auf die Ziege gesetzt.
Cäcilia!

Dann sagte das Bäuerlein: Schneiderlein, reit!
Und jagte ihn fort in die Ewigkeit!
Laberdi, laberda, laberdonia,
und jagte ihn fort in die Ewigkeit!
Cäcilia!

*Holländisch*

## *Mademoiselle, Ihr Diener!*

Durch die Stadt zieht der Bauer,
Schritt für Schritt,
Haus für Haus,
doch der Weg wird ihm nicht sauer,
heiter ruft er aus:
Mademoiselle, Ihr Diener!
Ich verkaufe Hühner!
Weiß und schwarz,
schwarz und weiß,
und vier Mark, das ist der Preis!

Doch der Wind kam gezogen,
und er pfiff
wie noch nie.
Und die Hühnerchen entflogen,
und der Bauer schrie:
Mademoiselle, Ihr Diener!
Wo sind meine Hühner?
Weiß und schwarz,
schwarz und weiß,
die ich zog mit Müh und Fleiß?

Brave Leut sind gekommen,
ach, war das
eine Freud:
Was der Brausewind genommen,
schenkten ihm die Leut!
Liebe Leut, Ihr Diener!
Ich hab keine Hühner.
Schwarze nicht,
weiße nicht,
schenkt mir was, mir armem Wicht!

Jedermann gibt dem Bauer,
und dem Mann,
und dem Mann
wird der Heimweg nun nicht sauer,
und so ruft er dann:
Liebe Leut, Ihr Diener!
Hab zwar keine Hühner,
doch, Ihr Leut,
allezeit
preist euch meine Dankbarkeit!

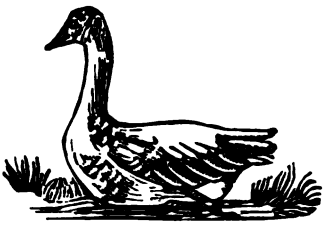
*Französisch*

*Bauernkirmes*

Da stehn die Bauern
in Feiertagszier.
Das Heu und das Korn ist im Schober.
Ein jeder führt
seine Bäurin zum Bier,
und das Bier macht den Bauern Pläsier.
Der Besen hängt zum Fenster raus,
und überall macht man Musik im Haus:
Auf Töpfen und Pfannen,
auf Gläsern und Kannen,
und niemand macht sich was draus.
Auf Schüssel und Kessel
und Heringsfaß,
auf Tassen und Tellern
klingt dies und das.
Auf Trommeln: Teromm!
Dom domme dom dom.
Mit Messerchen, Löffelchen,
ticke tick tang.
Und so geht es den lieben Tag lang.

*Flämisch*

# Allerlei Ärger



## *Herr und Frau Pantoffel*

Mijnheer und Frau Pantoffel,
die mußten früh aufstehn,
um mit den frischen Eiern
schon früh zum Markt zu gehn.

Sie warn just halberwege
von ihrem Hause weg,
da platzten alle Eier,
und die Butter fiel in den Dreck.

*Holländisch*

## *Die arme Magd*

Gänse, schnattert nicht so laut
durch den Wald, den grünen!
Kommt ein armes Kind vorbei.
Armes Kind muß dienen.

Weine, Mädchen, weine nicht!
Hör doch auf zu klagen!
Gott, der Herr, vergißt dich nicht
unter deinen Plagen.

Weinen muß ich immerzu,
daß sich Gott erbarme!
Vater tot und Mutter tot.
Dienen muß ich Arme.

Gibt man mir zwei Scheiben Brot,
sind sie dünn wie Blätter.
Eß ich sie, dann ruft man aus:
Vielfraß, Donnerwetter!

Hinter einer Kammertür
muß mein Brot ich essen.
Mit den Tränen bitterlich
würz ich jeden Bissen.

*Polnisch*

## *Der Speckdieb*

Wer hat in der Hütte unsern Speck geklaut,
Speck geklaut?
Seht euch mal den Martin an, wie dumm der schaut!

Martin aber schwört beim heilgen Nepomuk,
Nepomuk,
daß er sich den Speck nicht einmal angeguckt!

Martin sagt, er nahm sich nur ein winzig Stück,
winzig Stück.
Schließlich blieb am Balken ja der Strick zurück!

*Tschechisch aus Mähren*

## *Der Schweinedieb*

Simon wollte Schweine klauen,
ohne sich recht umzuschauen.
Man bestraft den Räuber dämlich:
Zwei Gewehre schossen nämlich.

Ach, um Simon weint nicht einer.
Um sein Schicksal schert sich keiner.
Sarg: Sein Mantel voller Staub.
Leichentuch: Das Buchenlaub.

*Ungarisch*

## *Die unzufriedene Magd*

War eine Magd
beim Förster, die grollte,
weil sie dort graues
Brot essen sollte,
heideldum teide,
Brot essen sollte,
heideldum teide,
heideldum bumm!

Hinter dem Herde
saß sie und schmollte,
weil sie nicht länger
hierbleiben wollte,
heideldum teide,
hierbleiben wollte,
heideldum teide,
heideldum bumm!

Wills bei der alten
Herrschaft versuchen;
denn dort bekam ich
immer nur Kuchen,
heideldum teide,
immer nur Kuchen,
heideldum teide,
heideldum bumm!

Kuchen und Wein,
man ließ sich nicht lumpen.
Hier muß ich Wasser
selber mir pumpen,
heideldum teide,
selber mir pumpen,
heideldum teide,
heideldum bumm!

*Tschechisch aus Mähren*

*Die Mühle an der Donau*

An der Donau mahlt die Mühle
alle Qualen, die ich fühle.
Ejeha!
Alle Schmerzen, alle Qualen
soll die Mühle mir zermahlen.
Ejeha!

***Ungarisch***

*Mahle, Müller*

Grün und gelb und weiß ist die Ernte.
Trag sie in die Mühl, die entfernte.

Mahle, Müller, mahl meine Gerste!
Ernte dieses Jahr als der erste.

Mahle, Müller, mahl meinen Weizen!
Will dann mit dem Lohn auch nicht geizen.

Mahle, Müller, mahl meinen Roggen!
Schenke dir dann gern ein Paar Socken.

Grün und gelb und weiß war die Ernte.
Trug sie in die Mühl, die entfernte.

***Bulgarisch***

## *Wer in Banjalek sein Korn will mahln*

Wer in Banjalek sein Korn will mahln,
der muß des Müllers Wein bezahln.
Und die Mühle, sie,
diga, diga, di,
dreht sich rundherum,
diga, diga, dum.

Wer in Banjalek sein Korn will mahln,
der muß des Müllers Hut bezahln.
Und die Mühle, sie,
diga, diga, di,
dreht sich rundherum,
diga, diga, dum.

Wer in Banjalek sein Korn will mahln,
der muß des Müllers Schuh bezahln.
Und die Mühle, sie,
diga, diga, di,
dreht sich rundherum,
diga, diga, dum.

Wer in Banjalek sein Korn will mahln,
der muß des Müllers Rock bezahln.
Und die Mühle, sie,
diga, diga, di,
dreht sich rundherum,
diga, diga, dum.

*Bretonisch*

## *Sieben Kreuzer*

Sieben Kreuzer hatte ich,
alle nur für mich.

Trug sie in des Müllers Haus,
alle gab ich aus.

Ließ mir weißen Weizen mahln.
Alles konnt ich zahln.

Brachte dann nach Haus das Mehl.
Alle warn fidel.

Brezen buk ich, braun und klein,
alle knusperfein.

Meine Kinder, o du Schreck,
fraßen alle weg,
fraßen alle, alle, alle, alle,
alle, alle weg!

*Ungarisch*

## *Herr Müller und Frau Müllerin*

Herr Müller und Frau Müllerin,
der Lohn ist mir zu klein.
Ich mag bei eurer Mühle
kein Müllerbursche sein!

Herr Müller und Frau Müllerin,
die Kost ist mir zu schlecht.
Ich bin bei euch geworden
so dünn schon wie ein Hecht!

Herr Müller und Frau Müllerin,
ich hab schon einen Platz.
Und eine schöne Dirne
kriegt wieder einen Schatz!

*Deutsch aus Österreich*

*Lied vom Holze*

Vor dem Tore wiegt sich
sanft ein grünes Fichtenholz,
ei ljuli ljuli,
sanft ein grünes Fichtenholz.

Auf der hölzern Brücke
ging ein schönes Mädchenpaar,
ei ljuli ljuli,
ging ein schönes Mädchenpaar.

Waren beide Schwestern,
Fichtenfackeln trugen sie,
ei ljuli ljuli,
Fichtenfackeln trugen sie.

*Russisch*

*Baum und Wind*

Winde, sie sausen,
Stürme, sie brausen,
Apfelbaumzweige
müssen sich neigen,
werden gerüttelt,
werden geschüttelt,
schone den Baum, du
blasender Wind!

Schone die Äste
und ihre Gäste:
Äpfel mit Streifen
hängen und reifen,
Falken, sie wohnen
hoch in den Kronen,
Drachen, sie hausen
unten am Grund.

Drachen, sie speien
Feuer zu dreien.
Lodernde Flamme
züngelt am Stamme.

Schließt eure Rachen,
feurige Drachen,
sonst ziehn die Falken
auf und davon!

*Kroatisch*

## *Die Bäume*

Die Bäume, die Bäume,
sie wiegen sich im Wind;
sie wiegen leise hin und her,
die kleinen Blätter rascheln sehr;
die Bäume, die Bäume,
sie wiegen sich im Wind.

Die Bäume, die Bäume,
sie beugen sich im Wind;
sie beugen sich mit Kron und Ast,
sie beugen sich zum Grunde fast;
die Bäume, die Bäume,
sie beugen sich im Wind.

Die Bäume, die Bäume,
sie strecken sich im Wind;
sie schwanken, doch sie brechen nicht!
Sie strecken sich ins Sonnenlicht;
die Bäume, die Bäume,
sie strecken sich im Wind.

Die Bäume, die Bäume,
sie säuseln unterm Wind;
sie singen uns ein Wiegenlied,
wenn hoch der Mond am Himmel zieht;
die Bäume, die Bäume,
sie säuseln unterm Wind.

Die Bäume, die Bäume,
sie träumen unterm Wind;
sie träumen von der Frühlingszeit
und haben schon den Saft bereit.
Die Bäume, die Bäume,
sie träumen unterm Wind.

***Holländisch***

## *Opas Garten*

Einen Garten hat mein Opapa,
er zieht dicke Rüben.
Tralara!

Einen Esel hat mein Opapa,
und der trägt zum Markt die Rüben.
Tralara!

Doch Zigeuner haben Opapa
auf dem Wege überfallen.
Tralara!

Fort der Esel! Nun sitzt Opapa
da mit seinen Rüben allen.
Tralara!

*Spanisch*

## *Baum und Laube*

Tief neigt der Baum sich
hernieder zur Erde.
Wju wju, wju wju, lilju.

Unter den Zweigen
ists dunkel und lauschig.
Wju wju, wju wju, lilju.

Liegt eine Laube
im Schatten der Zweige.
Wju wju, wju wju, lilju.

Schau, in der Laube,
da tanzen die Mädchen.
Wju wju, wju wju, lilju.

*Russisch*

## *Das Blumenfest*

Tulipänchen, Tulipan,
Pfeffernelke, Rittersporn,
bunte Tücher voll Salbei
tragen wir zum Fest herbei.

Rosmarien, Rosmarin,
Akelei und Mohn und Klee,
Veilchen, Tulpen, Rosenstrauß
sollen schmücken Hof und Haus.

Königskerze, Frauenschuh,
Wicke und Calendula,
heute ist in Haus und Hag
Blumenfest und Feiertag!

*Ungarisch*

## *Eine alte Frau*

Eine alte Frau begießt
den, den, den, den,
den kleinen Garten.

Doch da sticht sie in ein Ohr
die, die, die, die,
die freche Mücke.

Wär sie nicht so sorglos, dann
hätt, hätt, hätt, hätt,
hätt sie den Stich nicht!

Wasch das Ohr, spricht Doktor Mohr,
mit, mit, mit, mit,
mit Medizino!

Doch sie tuts umsonst: Der Schmerz
will, will, will, will,
will nicht verschwinden!

*Spanisch*

## *Der Apfelbaum*

Im Garten stand mein Apfelbaum,
den pflegte ich aufs beste
und dachte oft – o süßer Traum –
an früchteschwere Äste.

Die Blätter blinkten in der Höh
im Frühlingssonnenlichte.
Ich sah die Blüten, weiß wie Schnee,
und dann die roten Früchte.

Doch als ich mir vom Apfelbaum
die Früchte wollte holen,
da waren sie – o falscher Traum –
gestohlen, ja, gestohlen!

*Griechisch*

## *Mein Garten*

Hab in meinem kleinen Garten
Kräuter, Blumen, all die zarten:
Majoran, Thymian,
Maulebeerchen, Faulebeerchen,
Bauernröschen, Frauenmöschen.
Köstlich sind die Namen.
Hab die Ehr, ihr Damen!

Singt der Frühling leis im Garten,
sind die Knospen voll Erwarten:
Majoran, Thymian,
Maulebeerchen, Faulebeerchen,
Bauernröschen, Frauenmöschen.
Köstlich sind die Namen.
Hab die Ehr, ihr Damen!

Aber erst im Sommergarten
blühn die Blumen, all die zarten:
Majoran, Thymian,
Maulebeerchen, Faulebeerchen,
Bauernröschen, Frauenmöschen.
Köstlich sind die Namen.
Hab die Ehr, ihr Damen!

Kommt der Sommer, meine Damen,
ruf ich alle leis bei Namen:
Majoran, Thymian,
Maulebeerchen, Faulebeerchen,
Bauernröschen, Frauenmöschen.
Köstlich sind die Namen.
Hab die Ehr, ihr Damen!

*Ungarisch*

## *Meine schöne Blumenwiese*

Lobt der Landmann seinen Grund,
lobt der Jäger seinen Hund,
lobt der Hirtenbub die grünen Paradiese,
lobe ich bei Tag und Nacht,
was mir größre Freude macht:
Meine Wiese, meine wunderschöne Wiese!
Löwenzahn, Maßliebchen,
Klee und Fingerhütchen
blühen auf der wunderschönen Wiese!

Lobt der Fischer seinen Strand,
lobt der Schneider sein Gewand,
lobt der Gärtner seinen Kohl und sein Gemüse,
lobe ich bei Tag und Nacht,
was mir größre Freude macht:
Meine Wiese, meine wunderschöne Wiese!
Löwenzahn, Maßliebchen,
Klee und Fingerhütchen
blühen auf der wunderschönen Wiese!

Lobt der König seinen Thron,
lobt der Vater seinen Sohn,
lobt der Bursche seine Lene oder Liese,
lobe ich bei Tag und Nacht,
was mir größre Freude macht:
Meine Wiese, meine wunderschöne Wiese!
Löwenzahn, Maßliebchen,
Klee und Fingerhütchen
blühen auf der wunderschönen Wiese!

*Irisch*

# Lieder von Zuhaus

*In der goldenen Heimat*

In meiner goldenen Heimat ist es schön.
Mein silbernes Gehöftchen hat vier Zäune.
Hier wächst ein Kind wie Brommelbeeren auf
und leicht wie trockenes Heu in luftiger Scheune.

Nach Schwefel duftet das entfernte Feld.
Nach Kümmel riecht das Dorf in jeder Ecke.
Die Wege säumt ein Stachelbeergesträuch.
Und ringsherum die Hagebuttenhecke.

Wir wohnen etwas unterhalb des Dorfs.
Dort fließt ein Flüßchen, und es treibt ein Rädchen.
Im silbernen Gehöftchen wachsen auf
freundliche Buben und sittsame Mädchen.

*Estnisch*

## *Das Turmglockenspiel von Dünkirchen*

Ein Kalemander Rock,
ein weißer Überwurf.
Und weißt du, wo ich wohne?
Wohl in Sankt-Gillis-Dorf.
Aus Leinewand die Bluse,
ein Rock aus Rohr und Ried,
die Bratpfann auf dem Kopfe.
Da lacht doch, wer das sieht!

*Flämisch*

## *Sand und Gold*

Sandig ist der Weinberg
hier bei uns zuhaus,
doch mit goldnen Knöpfen
fährt man zu uns raus.

Unsre goldnen Füllen
holt man fort von hier
und kauft goldne Knöpfe
in der Stadt dafür.

*Ungarisch*

## *Sag uns, wo die Glockenblumen blühn*

Sag, wo,
sag uns, wo
wohl die Glockenblumen blühn?
Sie blühen auf den Matten,
wo Schottlands Herden ziehn,
wo im Grünen ertönen
die Hirtenmelodien.

Sag, wann,
sag uns, wann
wohl die Glockenblumen blühn?
Sie blühen auf den Matten,
wenn Schottlands Herden ziehn,
wenn im Grünen ertönen
die Hirtenmelodien.

Sag, wer,
sag uns, wer
macht die Glockenblumen blühn?
Der Sommer auf dem Hochland,
der macht die Matten grün,
der läßt auf den Matten
die Glockenblumen blühn!

*Schottisch*

## *Auf der Reise nach Toledo*

Kürzlich ging ich
wohl nach Toledo,
jedoch ich schnitt mich
am Finger.
Da bekam ich
von einem Mädchen
ein Tüchlein
und dankte.

Und dann gab sie
mir eine Schleife,
um meine Haare
zu binden.
Als ich fragte:
Wie kann ich danken?
Da sprach sie
vergnüglich:

Grüß Toledo!
Das soll dein Dank sein.
Grüß in Toledo
die Gassen!
In Toledo
auf allen Gassen
rief ich: Toledo,
ich grüß dich!

*Spanisch*

*Das wunderschöne Schloß*

Es steht ein Burgkastell
im Wiesental so holde,
kein edleres Juwel,
die Mauern sind von Golde.
Ein Palisandersaal,
getäfelt überall,
das Fundament Kristall.

Ein wunderschöner Fluß
umströmt das Schloß im Bogen.
Dort ist man allzeit froh
und jeder gut erzogen.
Ach, könnt ich tauchen ein
ins süße Wässerlein,
mein Herz würd mutig sein.

Die Brücke drüberher
wirft einen kühlen Schatten
und blitzt und funkelt sehr
von Gold und Silberplatten.
Saphire, ganze Reihn,
und Perlen groß und klein,
dazu Karfunkelstein.

Das große Schloßportal
ist würdig, daß mans preise!
Sein Glanz im Sonnenstrahl
ist wert die fernste Reise.
Wer sich ans Schloßtor wagt,
sieht funkeln, wenn es tagt,
Demanten und Smaragd.

Und an des Flusses Rand
blühn Tulpen und Violen,
auch Rosen allerhand
kann man vom Ufer holen.
Und beim Vorübergehn
sieht man auch Kräuter stehn
vorm Schlosse wunderschön.

*Flämisch*

*Wolgalied*

Fließe nicht über,
du wasserreiche Wolga,
schone die Ufer
und schone die Flur!

Denn auf den Fluren,
du wasserreiche Wolga,
grasen die Hirsche
mit goldnem Geweih.

Locke die Hirsche,
du wasserreiche Wolga,
abends ans Ufer
und tränke sie gut!

*Russisch*

*Unser Strom*

Nirgendwo
spiegelt Wasser so
wie in unserm Strom!
Sonn und Mond und alle Sterne
spiegeln sich im Wasser gerne.
Nirgendwo
spiegelt Wasser so
wie in unserm Strom.

Nirgendwo
leuchtet Wasser so
wie in unserm Strom!
Wels und Hechte schießen munter
in dem Leuchten auf und unter.
Nirgendwo
leuchtet Wasser so
wie in unserm Strom.

Nirgendwo
schimmert Wasser so
wie in unserm Strom!
Tier und Menschen lockt er immer
mit dem hellen Silberschimmer.
Nirgendwo
schimmert Wasser so
wie in unserm Strom.

*Ungarisch*

## *Blühendes, grünendes Eiland*

Segeln wir heim, klingt ein Lied übers Meer,
fröhliches Rufen vom Inselstrand her.
Schmücke dich, weil ich nach Haus wiederkehr,
blühendes, grünendes Eiland!

Schildert nur immer des Orients Pracht,
sprecht von Tahiti und tropischer Nacht:
Hier ist der Ort, wo das Auge mir lacht,
o blühendes, grünendes Eiland!

Zeigt mir kein größeres, schöneres Reich!
Hier will ich leben und sterben zugleich!
Hier kenn ich Bootshaus und Gatter und Teich,
o blühendes, grünendes Eiland!

Segeln wir heim, klingt ein Lied übers Meer,
fröhliches Rufen vom Inselstrand her.
Schmücke dich, weil ich nach Haus wiederkehr,
blühendes, grünendes Eiland!

*Gälisch*

## *Der Heilige Nepomuk*

Grad in der Mitte
der Moldau-Brücke
steht der heilige Nepomuk.
Still auf den Moldaustrom,
still auf den Moldaustrom
schauen nieder Burg und Dom.

Bitte für uns, du
heiliger Nepomuk!
Schütze Prag, die goldne Stadt!
Segne vom Moldaustrom,
segne vom Moldaustrom
Menschen, Häuser, Burg und Dom!

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Island, glückliches Land*

Island, glückliches Land,
du gute, du schneeweiße Mutter,
wo sind nun Freiheit und Ruhm?
Wo ist dein altes Heldentum?

*Isländisch*

*Rams Insel*

Und warst du noch nie
in Ballindry,
und warst du noch nie
in Aghalie,
dann hast du versäumt,
was Schönes zu sehn!
Doch glaub mir:
Rams Insel ist schöner als sie!

Mein Boot ist schon oft zur Insel geflogen,
hab selber schon oft die Insel durchzogen.
Dort träumt ich im Sommer manch glücklichen Traum
unterm grünenden hängenden Efeubaum.

Und warst du noch nie
in Ballindry,
und warst du noch nie
in Aghalie,
dann hast du versäumt,
was Schönes zu sehn!
Doch glaub mir:
Rams Insel ist schöner als sie!

Dort siehst du am Strand die Seerosse schäumen,
dort kannst du im Sand die Tage verträumen,
dort siehst du das Meer mit dem funkelnden Schaum
unterm hängenden grünenden Efeubaum.

*Irisch*

*Fliege, Vöglein*

Fliege, Vöglein, fliege,
auf dem Wind dich wiege.
Trag mir das Rosenband
heim in mein Ungarland.
Fliege, Vöglein, fliege!

Grüße, Vöglein, grüße
Berg und Wald und Flüsse.
Fragt mir die Heimat nach,
sag, daß mein Herz zerbrach!
Grüße, Vöglein, grüße!

Singe, Vöglein, singe!
Auf ins Blau dich schwinge.
Bist ja nicht schuld daran,
daß ich nicht froh sein kann!
Singe, Vöglein, singe!

*Ungarisch*

*Der verlorene Sohn*

Blüht der Klee auf Vaters Feld?
Ist schon die Wiese zum Mähen bestellt?
Singt die Lerche in der Höh?
Blüht schon der Klee?
Siehst du Lerchen schwirren?
Hörst du ihr helles Tirili?
Singt die Lerche in der Höh?
Blüht schon der Klee?
Dann zieh ich heim zum Vater,
dann kehr ich zum Vaterhaus zurück.
Singt die Lerche in der Höh?
Blüht schon der Klee?

Ja, der Klee auf Vaters Feld
ist nun schon hoch und zum Mähen bestellt!
Lerchensang erfüllt die Höh.
Rot blüht der Klee.
Lerchensang erfüllt die Höh.
Rot blüht der Klee.
Kehr heim! Der Vater wartet.
Er hält schon ein Kalb für dich bereit.
Lerchensang erfüllt die Höh.
Rot blüht der Klee.

Blüht der Klee auf Vaters Feld,
kehr ich heim aus der weiten wilden Welt.
Zwischen Klee und Lerchenglück
kehr ich zurück.
Seh schon die Lerchen schwirren.
Hör schon ihr helles Tirili.
Zwischen Klee und Lerchenglück
kehr ich zurück.
Ich sag: Grüß Gott, Herr Vater!
Ich ruf: Grüß Gott, mein Vaterhaus!
Zwischen Klee und Lerchenglück
kehr ich zurück.

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Übern Jordan*

Ich bin ein armer, fremder Wandrer
in dieser Welt voll Leid und Müh.
Doch ist nicht Not und ist nicht Trübsal
in jener Welt, in die ich zieh!
Ich zieh dorthin zu meinem Vater,
ich zieh von dort nie wieder aus,
ich zieh hinüber übern Jordan,
ich ziehe heim ins Vaterhaus.

*Amerikanisches Negerlied*

## *Wanderer und Wolke*

Schmal ist der Weg, der im Dunkel des Waldes
sicher ins Freie mich leitet.
Lausche beim Wandern dem Singen des Vogels,
der mich im Walde begleitet.

Über mir wandert die Wolke am Himmel,
welche nicht Haus und nicht Heim hat,
zieht so wie ich unterm Himmelszelt weiter.
Wandrer sind wir ohne Heimat.

*Finnisch*

## *Der Wanderer*

Ade, lebt wohl, muß wandern gehn!
Ade, lebt wohl, muß gehn!
Auf Wiedersehn, auf Wiedersehn,
und Gott geleit dich schön!

Grüß Gott, grüß Gott, du fremde Stadt!
Grüß Gott, du fremde Stadt!
Willkommen hier, willkommen hier!
Sitz nieder, Gast, und iß dich satt!

Wohin, wohin im fremden Wald?
Wohin im fremden Wald?
Nach Nord dich halt, nach Nord dich halt!
Dann findest du die Heimat bald!

Wohin, wohin bin ich gerannt?
Wohin bin ich gerannt?
Gott grüße dich, Gott grüße dich!
Du bist im Heimatland!

*Deutsch aus der Schweiz*

# Das Liederjahr

## *Das Sternenjahr*

Alle bunten Blumen pflanzte ich,
pflanzte ich.
Und Widder und Stier stehn über dem Berg.
Ei, Frühling ist geworden,
nach Hause gehn wir nicht.
Zu Ende ist das Dunkel,
gekommen ist das Licht.

Alle Birnenbäumchen schüttelt ich,
schüttelt ich.
Das Siebengestirn ist hinter dem Berg.
Ei, Sommer ist gewesen,
nach Hause wolln wir gehn.
Die dürren Blätter fallen.
Die grünen bleiben stehn.

Alle reifen Trauben pflückte ich,
pflückte ich.
Und Leier und Schwan stehn über dem Berg.
Ei, Herbst ist es geworden,
nach Hause gehn wir nun.
Die Äxte müssen schlagen.
Die Sicheln dürfen ruhn.

Allen Winterweizen säte ich,
säte ich.
Der Wassermann, der steht über dem Berg.
Ei, Winter ist geworden,
wir gehen nun nach Haus.
Denn freundlich ist es drinnen,
und bitter ist es drauß.

*Deutsch aus Siebenbürgen*

## *Der Nöck*

Tief im Meere zwischen Tang und Muscheln
wohnt der Nöck, der so selten singt.
All die kleinen Vogelfische tuscheln,
wenn sein Lied in die Stille klingt.
In der Neujahrsnacht singt er den Neujahrssang.
Leise zieht das Lied die blauen Ufer lang.
Lieber Nöck, sing ein gutes Jahr,
sing Glanz und Glück und Segen immerdar.

Lieber Nöck, wir hören dich so gerne,
weil dein Lied uns voll Hoffnung macht.
Alle Höhn und funkelhellen Sterne
singen mit in der blauen Nacht.
Singe weiter, Nöck, bis daß der Tag ergraut,
bis die Sonne hell auf grüne Hügel schaut.
Und der Nöck singt beim Sternenschein
sein altes Lied ins neue Jahr hinein.

*Schwedisch*

## *Lied des Blumenmädchens*

Kommt und kauft meinen jungen Efeu
und die Stechpalme, grün und frisch;
denn ich habe die schönsten Zweige
für das Fest und den Gabentisch!
Kommt und kauft, all ihr lieben Christenleut,
und erlöst mich von meiner Plag!
Denn dann wünsch ich euch frohe Weihnachtszeit
und viel Glück für den Neujahrstag!

Seht euch an meinen jungen Efeu;
er ist nirgends so frisch und schön!
Seht die Stechpalmen, die ich habe!
Habt ihr grünere je gesehn?
Kommt und kauft, all ihr lieben Christenleut,
und erlöst mich von meiner Plag!
Denn dann wünsch ich euch frohe Weihnachtszeit
und viel Glück für den Neujahrstag!

*Irisch*

## *Der Schneemann*

Nun brennt die Sonne so glühendheiß
auf dem Hange, auf dem Hange.
Nun rinnt dem Schneemann der kalte Schweiß
von der Wange, von der Wange.
Nun fängt der starke weiße Mann
zu tropfen und zu schmelzen an,
auf dem Hange, auf dem Hange.

O armer Schneemann, du bist so weiß
und so prächtig, und so prächtig!
Jedoch die Lüfte, so lind und leis,
die sind mächtig, die sind mächtig!
So mancher Vogel fragt schon bald:
Wo ist der Schneemann, weiß und kalt
und so prächtig, und so prächtig?

Dann schreit die Krähe, so laut sie kann:
Er ist gangen, er ist gangen!
Die Blumen sagen es jedermann:
Ist gegangen! Ist gegangen!
Dann fliegt die Schwalbe in die Welt,
und Krähen scharren auf dem Feld.
Er ist gangen, er ist gangen.

Bald ist der Schneemann für immer fort
von dem Hange, von dem Hange,
dann springt ein munteres Bächlein dort
unterm Hange, unterm Hange.
Und Blumen blühn am Bachesrand,
wo einst der weiße Schneemann stand
auf dem Hange, auf dem Hange.

*Norwegisch und Schwedisch*

## *Sag, kommst du bald?*

Zwitschernde Lerche, du bringst aus der Ferne
Grüße des Frühlings, wir hören sie gerne.
Wo ist im klirrenden Winter dein Aufenthalt?
Sag, kommst du bald?

Berganemone, wann öffnest du wieder
unter der Sonne die schlafenden Lider?
Seh ich euch wieder, ihr Blumen so mannigfalt?
Sagt, kommt ihr bald?

Winter singt Strophen vom Schnee und vom Eise.
Aber der Frühling singt schönere Weise.
Lied, das aus sonnigen Tagen herüberschallt,
sag, klingst du bald?

*Norwegisch*

## *Schein, Sonne, schein!*

Schein, Sonne, schein,
scheine doch bald,
denn dem kleinen Lamm im Garten
ist so kalt!

Schein, Sonne, schein,
schein im April,
weil das kleine Apfelbäumchen
blühen will!

## *Frühlingseinläuten*

Vernimm das frohe Vogellied,
das hoch und hell die Welt durchzieht.
Es gilt der Sonne warm und lieb,
die strahlenstark die Nacht vertrieb.
Das Frühjahrslicht erfüllt die Welt,
den Wald, das Feld, das Himmelszelt.
Die Glocke tönt ins Land hinein.
Sie läutet nun den Frühling ein.

Das ganze Land ist grün geschmückt.
Ein Blättermeer, wohin man blickt.
Nun lacht und freut sich jedermann,
weil man den Frühling riechen kann.
Ein Blumenmeer die Parkalleen,
wo Kinder schön mit Blumen gehn.
Die Glocke tönt ins Land hinein.
Sie läutet nun den Frühling ein.

***Flämisch***

Schein, Sonne, schein,
schenk uns dein Licht,
denn die bunte Primelwiese
blüht sonst nicht!

Schein, Sonne, schein,
schein auch auf mich.
Will dann auch den Tschardasch tanzen –
nur für dich!

***Ungarisch***

*Ostermontag*

Dieser zweite Festtag
ist der Ostermontag.
Ob ihr das wißt?
Gestern war der Sonntag.
Auferstand Herr Jesus,
strahlend im Licht.

Maria und Rebekka,
Barbara, Susanna,
Jungfrauen fromm,
steht aus eurem Bett auf
mit dem goldnen Bettknauf.
Schlaft nun nicht mehr!

Zwölf Paar Eier hab ich,
Eier, schön und farbig,
alle für euch!
Kommt ihr nicht, dann schimpf ich,
und mit Wasser spritz ich.
Hab ja genug!

Wasser ist im Fäßlein.
Mancher wird durchnäßt sein.
Das ist halt Brauch.
So ist es im alten
Latria gewesen.
So muß es sein.

Alles muß jetzt grün sein,
Blume, Gras und Obstbaum,
alles muß blühn.
Neues Grün soll da sein.
Und die jungen Vöglein
zwitschern im Nest.

Kröne, Gott, im Jenseits
jeden, der im Diesseits
fromm war und gut.
Einst wirst du die Guten
alle zu dir nehmen
ins ewige Licht.

*Ungarisch*

## *Alexejewitsch*

In den Garten, wo man Rosen bricht,
kam ein Knab mit Augen hell wie Licht.
Alexejewitsch, so meldet das Gedicht.

Ruhig glänzt des Knaben Angesicht,
während er zu seinen Locken spricht:
Schmiegt euch an und seid so spröde nicht!

Alle Locken voller Sonnenglanz
schmiegen sich ums Haupt in einem Kranz.
Alexejewitsch, nun tanz den Frühlingstanz!

*Russisch*

## *Schwalbenfrühling*

Die Schwalbe, die Schwalbe
ist wiedergekommen.
Sie bringt uns den Frühling
und freundliche Tage.

Weiß ist sie am Bauche,
schwarz ist sie am Rücken.
Ihr Häuser der Reichen,
nun spendet ihr Feigen!

Bringt Wein in der Schale,
bringt Mehl und bringt Käse,
bringt goldbraune Brötchen.
Dann freut sich die Schwalbe.

*Griechisch*

## *Hiaz kimmt der schön Fruajahr*

Hiaz kimmt der schön Fruajahr.
a lustige Zeit!
Wern Berg und Tal aper,
Bua, des is a Freid!
Da wachsn schöne Bleamal,
da wachst as Heu und Gras,
drum wann i an den Fruajahr denk,
da gfreunt mi fürbaß!

Hiaz kimmt der schön Fruajahr,
Bua, des is a Lebn!
Da singan die Vogerl,
tuant Nest baun danebn.
Und obn aufm Birgplatz,
da grudlt scho der Hahn,
er macht seine Gsetzl
und schnacklt, was er kann.

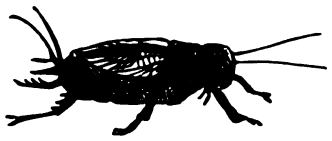
Im Fruajahr, da blüht scho
das Hoadach am Roan.
A lebfrischer Bua, der
bleibt da net dahoam.
Nimmts Büchserl auf d'Achsl,
an Steckn in d'Hand,
steigt aufi auf die Gamsberg
und umi nach der Wand.

*Österreichisch*

## *Ein Frühling ohne Raupen*

Kleiner Nußbaum, du bist fröhlich,
bist so fein und blütenselig.

Doch die Raupen, doch die Grillen
wolln bei dir den Hunger stillen.



Ach, ihr Hunger, übermächtig,
frißt dein Kleid, so fein und prächtig.

Nächstes Jahr, du darfst mirs glauben,
kommt ein Frühling ohne Raupen!

***Italienisch***

## *Almauftrieb*

Lebewohl, du Welt der Täler!
Lebewohl, du enges Haus!
In den Bergen lockt der Sommer
Tier- und Menschenvolk hinaus.
Eng die Stuben, dumpf die Ställe,
die der Winter hielt in Bann.
Auf den Bergen, auf den Almen,
da ist unser Kanaan!

Lebewohl, du kleine Hütte!
Dank dir für die warme Hut!
Heute fährt der Wind der Berge
ungestüm in unser Blut.
Hell wie Tage sind die Nächte,
und der Tau fällt, leicht und fein.
Auf die Blumen, auf die Gräser
legt er Perlen klar und rein.

***Norwegisch***

*Sommeransingen*

Hör, Frau Wirtin, höre:
Sommer steht vorm Tore!
Soll der Sommer fruchtbar sein,
tu was in den Korb hinein:
Grünenden Mai,
Kuchen und Ei,
Semmeln gib uns, Käse gib uns,
alles, was dir lieb ist, gib uns!
Gib uns mancherlei.
Was, das steht dir frei.

Schau, Frau Wirtin, schaue:
Sommer färbt die Aue!
Soll der Sommer fröhlich sein,
tu was in den Korb hinein:
Pfannkuchen rund,
Eier so bunt,
Wecken gib uns, Würste gib uns,
alles, was dir lieb ist, gib uns!
Gib uns mancherlei.
Was, das steht dir frei.

***Polnisch***

*Weinlese*

Ihr Faulen, hört,
erwacht aus euren Träumen!
Sie sind nicht wert,
den Festtag zu versäumen!
Ihr könnt es mir glauben:
Hühner und Tauben
gibt es zum roten Wein!
Kommt, niemand soll darben!
Froh und voll Farben
soll dieser Festtag sein.

Nach altem Brauch
die Zimbeln dunkel singen.
Bald werden auch
Harmonikas erklingen.
Schon höre ich spielen.
Trinkt von dem kühlen,
trinkt von dem jungen Wein!
Kommt, niemand soll darben!
Froh und voll Farben
soll dieser Festtag sein.

***Italienisch***

## *Wunder, Wunder*

Wunder, Wunder,
Leute, welch ein Wunder!
Plötzlich ist der Sommersee gefroren.
Plötzlich ist der Sommersee voll Eis.

Wo soll ich
die Bottiche nun spülen?
Wo kann ich nun tränken meine Rösser?
Ach, wo tränk ich meine Rösser nun?

Sonne, Sonne,
Leute, seht die Sonne!
Sonnenstrahlen spenden wieder Wasser,
Sonnenstrahlen schmelzen nun das Eis.

Auf zum See,
die Bottiche zu spülen!
Auf zum See, die Rösser dort zu tränken!
Alle Rösser führe ich zum See.

*Litauisch*

## *An eine Zitrone*

Bitte, weine nicht, Zitrone,
weil vorbei der Sommertraum!
Wenn man blühte, wenn man reifte,
fällt man – plim und plum – vom Baum!

*Griechisch*

## *Der Regen*

Warum der Regen wohl
herab vom Himmel fällt?
Warum nur steigt er nicht,
warum nur steigt er nicht,
warum nur steigt er nicht
hinauf zum Himmelszelt?

Schon rinnts zum Fenster rein.
Hilft denn kein Bitten? Ach,
wenn er so weiterfällt,
wenn er so weiterfällt,
wenn er so weiterfällt,
tropft er durchs Hüttendach!

*Polnisch*

## *Erntelied*

Kahl sind die Felder,
das Gras ist geschnitten,
kornreich der Speicher,
der Schober voll Heu,
Äpfel und Birnen
und Pflaumen und Quitten
füllen den Keller.
Die Mahd ist vorbei.
Doch in weiter Rund,
doch auf jedem Grund
blieb was liegen,
und das kriegen
Fink und Vagabund.

Schmückt nun die Scheune
mit Blumen und Blättern.
Wir haben Rosen
und Astern genug.
Tanzt und vergnügt euch!
Posaunen laßt schmettern.
Leert in der Scheune
den schäumenden Krug.
Kinder dieses Lands,
bindet Korn zum Kranz!
Alle unsre Ernten enden
mit Gesang und Tanz.

*Dänisch*
*nach Adolph Recke*

*Bootsmann und Wildgans*

Schon ist vorbei
der Michaelistag,
schon liegt mit Wolle
unser Boot am Strand.
Bootsmann und Wildgans,
fliegt nach Süden zu!
Fliegt nun hinunter ins Unterland!
Ins Unterland, ins Unterland!
Fliegt nun hinunter ins Unterland!

Horch, eine Glocke
ruft schon den Abschiedsgruß.
Schon stößt mit Wolle
unser Boot vom Strand.
Bootsmann und Wildgans,
fliegt nach Süden zu!
Fliegt nun hinunter ins Unterland!
Ins Unterland, ins Unterland!
Fliegt nun hinunter ins Unterland!

Schon faßt der Nord
wild unser Segel an,
Schon liegt weit hinten
unser Heimatland.
Bootsmann und Wildgans,
fliegt nach Süden zu!
Fliegt nun hinunter ins Unterland!
Ins Unterland, ins Unterland!
Fliegt nun hinunter ins Unterland!

*Irisch*

*Herbstlied*

Dunkler wird der Himmel schon,
der Herbst kommt angeschlichen.
Nachtwind braust wie Orgelton
in Bäumen und in Büschen.

Seen, blau und sommerhold,
die blitzen bald vom Eise.
Wiesen, die wir froh durchtollt,
bedeckt der Schnee bald leise.

Vögel auf der Winterreise
ziehen nun nach Süden.
Nur noch die Erinnrung weiß,
wie schön der Sommer blühte.

***Finnisch***

*Verschneit*

Es ist ein Schnee gefallen,
und es ist noch nicht Zeit.
Man wirft mich mit den Bällen,
der Weg ist mir verschneit.

Mein Haus hat keinen Giebel,
es ist mir worden alt.
Zerbrochen sind die Riegel,
mein Stüblein ist mir kalt.

Ach, Lieb, lass dich erbarmen,
daß ich so elend bin,
und schließ mich in die Arme!
So fährt der Winter dahin.

***Deutsch***

## *Der einsame Vogel*

Es saß auf kahlem Birkenbaum
ein Vöglein ganz in Schweigen.
Es träumte einen schlimmen Traum,
und Schnee lag auf den Zweigen.

Du Vöglein auf dem Birkenbaum,
sing deine alten Lieder.
Vergiß den bösen Wintertraum,
bald kommt die Sonne wieder.

Das Vöglein auf dem Birkenbaum,
es konnte gar nicht singen.
Es fror im leichten Federflaum,
und Reif lag auf den Schwingen.

Es saß auf kahlem Birkenbaum
ein Vöglein ganz in Schweigen.
Es träumte einen Blütentraum,
und Schnee lag auf den Zweigen.

*Norwegisch*

## *Schlafe wohl, du Weidenbaum*

Schlafe wohl, du Weidenbaum,
denn der Winter dauert.
Auf dem Feld am Waldessaum
steht der Frost und lauert.
Frühling ist noch weit, so weit,
und das Land ist tiefverschneit.
Schlaf im Flockenkleide,
Weide, müde Weide.

Sonne scheint schon mild und still
auf die weißen Räume.
Bald schon blüht, was blühen will:
Blumen, Büsch und Bäume.
Frag die Sonn, die freundlich lacht,
wann sie dich wohl grünen macht
in dem Festtagskleide,
Weide, kleine Weide!

*Schwedisch*

# Weihnachtslieder

## *Nun kommt bald das Dampfschiff*

Nun kommt bald das Dampfschiff aus Spanien an,
es bringt uns Sankt Niklaus, den heiligen Mann.
Da hoppelt sein Pferdchen nach Luv und nach Lee,
da flattern die Wimpel hoch über der See.

*Holländisch*

## *Nikolaus, du heilger Mann*

Nikolaus, du heilger Mann,
zieh die schönste Weste an,
fahr mit uns nach Amsterdam,
von Amsterdam nach Spanien,
kauf Äpfelchen von Oranien,
Birnen von dem Birnenbaum
und ein Säckchen Pflaumen!

Nikolaus, du heilger Mann,
zieh den schönsten Mantel an,
fahr mit uns nach Rotterdam,
von Rotterdam nach Westen,
kauf Äpfelchen von den besten,
Birnen von dem Birnenbaum
und ein Säckchen Pflaumen!

*Holländisch*

*Als der Herr Augustus*

Als der Herr Augustus
Römischer Kaiser war,
zählte Herr Augustus
seine Völkerschar.
Jeder mußte schnelle
wandern zu der Stelle,
zu des Hauses Schwelle,
wo zuhaus er war.

Josef mit Maria
zog aus Nazareth.
Ach, es fand sich niemand,
der ein Bettlein hätt.
Doch für gute Worte
gabs an einer Pforte
nah dem kleinen Orte
Bethlehem ein Bett.

Nur ein Stall im Felde
war der Aufenthalt.
Abendliche Winde
bliesen streng und kalt.
Aber hier im Kripplein
kam zur Welt ein Kindlein.
Goldne Sterne sind sein
Spielzeug mannigfalt.

*Französisch*

## *Sie ziehen durch das Städtchen*

Sie ziehen durch das Städtchen
bei Nacht und kaltem Wind
und suchen hier ein Bettchen
für Gottes eignes Kind.
Sie haben auf den Straßen
so manche Rast gemacht.
Nun ziehn sie durch die Gassen
und wandern durch die Nacht.

Josef
Marie, wir werden finden
ein Bett an diesem Ort.
Beim Silberschmied dort hinten:
Ein Gasthaus seh ich dort!

Maria
Das Gasthaus dort steht offen
für uns und jedermann.
Doch wag ich kaum zu hoffen,
daß ich dort ruhen kann.

Herr Wirt, ach habt die Güte,
und laßt uns freundlich ein.
Ich bin so matt und müde,
will auch bescheiden sein.

Wirt
Für Leute von Bedeutung
hab ich genügend Raum.
Doch Ihr paßt, gute Leute,
in dieses Gasthaus kaum.

Josef
Frau Wirtin, laßt Euch rühren!
Erbarmt Euch meiner Frau!
Sie fängt schon an zu frieren
im kühlen Abendtau.

Wirtin
Nein, Leute Eurer Sorte
laß ich nicht ein ins Haus.
Geht, sucht Euch eine Pforte
für arme Leute aus!

*Französisch*

## *Das Weihnachtsschiff*

Das Ufer lag im Sonnenschein,
im Sonnenschein, im Sonnenschein,
das Ufer lag im Sonnenschein
am Weihnachtstag in der Frühe.

Da kam ein Schiff von Süden her
wohl übers Meer, wohl übers Meer,
da kam ein Schiff von Süden her
am Weihnachtstag in der Frühe.

Wer kam mit diesem Schiff daher,
im Schiff daher, im Schiff daher?
Wer kam mit diesem Schiff daher?
Herr Joseph und Frau Maria!

Herr Joseph blies, Maria sang,
Maria sang, Maria sang,
Herr Joseph blies, Maria sang,
denn Christus wurde geboren!

*Englisch*

# Wohl zu der halben Nacht

## *Die Winterrose*

Es ist ein Ros entsprungen
aus einer Wurzel zart,
als uns die Alten sungen,
aus Jesse kam die Art.
Und hat ein Blümlein bracht
mitten im kalten Winter,
wohl zu der halben Nacht.

Das Röslein, das ich meine,
davon Jesaja sagt,
hat uns gebracht alleine
Marie, die reine Magd:
Aus Gottes ewgem Rat
hat sie ein Kind geboren,
wohl zu der halben Nacht.

*Deutsch*

## *Zwischen Ochs und Eselein*

Schau, zwischen Ochs und Eselein
ruht, ruht, ruht das Kindelein.
Tausend Seraphim,
sie umschweben ihn,
denn er stieg zur Welt
von dem Himmelszelt.

Schau, in dem Arm der reinen Magd
schläft, schläft, schläft er, bis es tagt!
Tausend Seraphim,
sie umschweben ihn,
denn er stieg zur Welt
von dem Himmelszelt.

Schau, zwischen Lilien und Rosen rot
ruht, ruht, ruht Gotts eigner Sohn.
Tausend Seraphim,
sie umschweben ihn,
denn er stieg zur Welt
von dem Himmelszelt.

*Französisch*

## *König des Himmels, dein Sohn*

König des Himmels, dein Sohn
liegt in der ärmlichen Krippe.
Sternenlicht ist seine Kron,
Stroh ist sein Bett und sein Thron.

König des Himmels, dein Kind
hüten Maria und Joseph.
Öchslein und Eselchen sind
Diener und Königsgesind.

König des Himmels, dein Sohn
soll uns erlösen von Sünde.
Tragen zur Krippe ihm schon
Kornblume, Rade und Mohn.

*Isländisch*

## *An den Ölbaum*

Säusle, du lieber Ölbaum!
Singe in Nacht und Wind!
Säusle, du lieber Ölbaum!
Singe vom Jesuskind!
  Du breitest überm Stalle
  die grünen Blätter alle.
Wachst über Frau Maria,
wachst überm Jesuskind.

Säusle, du lieber Ölbaum!
Singe ein Wiegenlied!
Säusle, du lieber Ölbaum!
Singe, was hier geschieht!
  Erzähl die Wunderdinge!
  Vom Himmelskönig singe!
Bring uns ein Halleluja!
Sing uns ein Jubellied!

*Italienisch*

## *Unter einem Lindenbaum*

Unter einem Lindenbaum,
hörst du, liebes Kind,
steht ein Stall im Flockenfall,
und es weht der Wind.

In dem Stalle, arm und klein,
hörst du, liebes Kind,
stehen um ein Kripplein fein
Esel, Pferd und Rind.

In dem Kripplein, weich und warm,
hörst du, liebes Kind,
liegt ein Knäblein wundersam,
wie man keines findt.

In der Hand des Knäbleins ruht,
hörst du, liebes Kind,
Mensch und Tier in guter Hut,
's ist das Christuskind.

*Serbisch*

## *Ei, du armes Kindel*

Ei, du armes Kindel,
hast nicht Kleid noch Windel,
hast kein Bettlein,
hast kein Süpplein,
frierst im kalten Kripplein.

Doch es bindt Maria
von dem Kopf ihr Tuch ab,
legt das Söhnlein
in das Tüchlein,
füllt mit Heu das Kripplein.

Keine Wiege hat sie,
Heu ins Kripplein tat sie,
daß es warm sei,
daß es weich sei,
und ein Liedlein singt sie!

*Polnisch*

## *Lied eines kleinen Schafhirten*

Jesuskind, zerrissen sind
dein Mantel und dein Schuh!
Brächte gern mein Mäntlein her,
habe aber keines mehr,
hab auch keine Stiefelchen,
ich bin ein armer Bub.
Würde mich von Herzen freun,
würde froh und glücklich sein,
lächelte das Jesuskind
ein einzig Mal mir zu.

*Ungarisch*

# Hirtenweihnacht

## *Aufforderung an die Hirten*

Bringt nun Widder, Lamm und Schaf
schnell ins Gatter und zum Schlaf.
Laßt die Schäferkarren stehn!
Macht euch auf nach Bethlehem!

Gottes Engel niederstieg,
Gottes Kind liegt in der Wieg.
Frau Maria wiegt es schon.
Hat nicht Windeln für den Sohn.

Hirten, bringt dem Kindelein
Rosen aus dem Rosenhain,
bis das Kindlein Jesus Christ
ganz in Rosen selig ist!

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

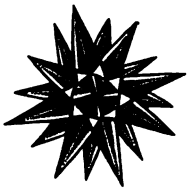
## *Hirtenmädchen sind wir dreie*

Hirtenmädchen sind wir dreie.
Als wir gingen an den Bach,
zogen schön in einer Reihe
unsre Schafe hinternach.

Kam ein Engel, und der strahlte
heller, als die Sterne sind.
Sang ein Lied, das weithin schallte,
sang vom Herrn und seinem Kind.

Wie das Lämmlein auf dem Rasen
sahen wir das Kindlein ruhn.
Hirte, laß die Schafe grasen!
Folg dem Menschenhirten nun!

*Französisch aus Belgien*



## *Hirtenreigen*

Heut ist Weihnachtsabend da.
Kommt, ihr Hirten fern und nah!
Hirt und Hirtin solln bewirten
nun den Hirten aller Hirten,
den Maria uns gebracht
in der kalten Winternacht.

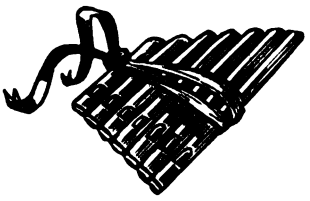
Mit Geschenken treten sie
hin vor Joseph und Marie.
Äpfel, Birnen und Rosinen
tragen manche unter ihnen.
Andre tragen Brot und Wein,
Wolle, Milch und Käs hinein.

Joseph dankt, Maria singt,
wenn ein Hirte Gaben bringt.
Und das Söhnlein von Marien
schaukelt Joseph auf den Knien.
Daß ein Kindlein Gottes kam,
dünkt Herrn Joseph wundersam.

*Französisch*

## *Eine Hirtin, jung und heiter*

Eine Hirtin, jung und heiter,
trieb des Morgens in der Früh
ihre Herde lustig weiter,
schwarze Ochsen, braune Küh.
Da vernahm sie in der Höhe
eine Stimme, engelsrein.
Und Musik von tausend Flöten
sang und spielte hell darein.



Hirtin, geh zu jenem Stalle,
klang es hell im Morgenwind.
Denn geboren für uns alle
wurde dort das Christuskind.
Sprach die Hirtin: Auf der Stelle
kann ich nicht zum Stalle gehn,
denn ich muß nach Peronnelle,
meiner Hirtenfreundin, sehn!

Sprach die Stimme: Laß sie warten!
Oder geht zum Stall zu zwein!
In den Paradiesesgarten
führt uns dieses Kindlein ein.
Was Herr Adam nach dem Falle
mit Frau Eva stumm verließ,
steht nun offen für uns alle:
Das verlorne Paradies!

Lief die Hirtin zu den andern
Hirtenmädchen übers Feld.
Und man sah sie fröhlich wandern
in den Stall zum Herrn der Welt.
Und sie knieten vor dem Stalle
bei der Jungfrau mit dem Kind.
Und mit frommem Jubelschalle
klang ihr Lied im Morgenwind.

*Französisch*

*Sag, Pierrot, wohin so schnelle?*

Sag, Pierrot, wohin so schnelle?
Wohin mußt du gehn?
Eile, eil auch du, Jeanette!
Laß die Lämmlein stehn!

Auf dem Stroh in jenem Stalle
liegt ein kleines Kind,
dessen Augen heller strahlen,
als die Sterne sind.

Ein besonders hübsches Häslein
brachte ihm Jaquot
und dazu ein junges Zicklein.
Früchte gab Jeannot.

Süßen Rahm in einem Töpfchen
brachte Pierre dem Kind.
Du nimm Blumen mit, mein Schätzchen,
die in Blüte sind!

*Französisch*

# Vogelweihnacht

*Die schönste Nacht auf Erden*

Und wenn durchs Dunkel bricht
das wunderbare Licht
der schönsten Nacht auf Erden,
dann singt der Vögel Chor
euch Jubellieder vor
mit Stimmen, honigsüßen.

Nun hebt sich in die Luft
der Adler auf und ruft:
Herr Jesus ist geboren,
damit er aus der Sünd
erlös das Menschenkind,
auf daß es fröhlich werde!

Nun singt die Nachtigall,
daß Weihnacht sei im Stall,
die freudevolle Weihnacht.
Horch, Stieglitz, Fink und Star,
sie singen wunderbar:
Lobt Gott, denn nun ist Weihnacht!

*Spanisch*

*Dort hinter Sichems Hügeln*

Dort hinter Sichems Hügeln,
der Mond ist da,
die Sternennacht ist klar,
dort rauscht mit tausend Flügeln
die Vogelschar.
Sie fliegt zum Stall von Bethlehem.

Der Hahn als Herr und König
singt Kikriki
mit Echomelodie
und spreizt sich gar nicht wenig
als Federvieh
hoch auf dem Stall von Bethlehem.

Es schickt beim Licht der Sterne
der Stieglitz sacht
drei Triller in die Nacht.
Der Sperling ruft von ferne.
Die Wachtel lacht
wohl für das Kind von Bethlehem.

Die Amsel pfeift so fröhlich.
Die Lerche schwingt
sich himmelwärts und singt.
Der Hänfling zwitschert selig.
Und alles klingt
wohl überm Stall von Bethlehem.

*Französisch*

## *Vogelweihnacht*

Der Kuckuck, der Kuckuck im Walde rief:
Kuckuck!
Er flog zu der Krippe, drin Jesus schlief.
Kuckuck!
Er neigte sich,
verbeugte sich,
er sprach zum Kind: Ich grüße dich!
Kuckuck!

Die Meise, die Meise im Baume sang:
Ziep-ziep!
Sie rief: Wie fein
ists Kindelein!
Da muß sich Mensch und Meise freun.
Ziep-ziep!

Die Taube, die Taube erhob die Stimm:
Rucku!
Sie flog zu der Krippe nach Bethlehem.
Rucku!
Sie rief: Gottlob,
daß Jesus Christ
wohl auf die Welt gekommen ist!
Rucku!

*Tschechisch aus Mähren*

# Dreierlei Weihnacht

*Weihnachtslied der Burschen*

Heilig ist die stille Nacht,
die uns Christus hat gebracht.
Hörnerklang,
Lobgesang
zieht das Dorf entlang.

Arm und Reiche werden froh,
beten an das Kind im Stroh.
Hörnerklang,
Lobgesang
zieht das Dorf entlang.

Kürbisleuchten tragen wir.
Jesuskind, dich loben wir.
Hörnerklang,
Lobgesang
zieht das Dorf entlang.

Singend bringt die Burschenschar
Gaben an der Krippe dar.
Hörnerklang,
Lobgesang
zieht das Dorf entlang.

Allen, die im Dunkel sind,
leuchtet nun das Licht vom Kind.
Hörnerklang,
Lobgesang
zieht das Dorf entlang!

*Rumänisch*

## *Stefan war ein Pferdeknecht*

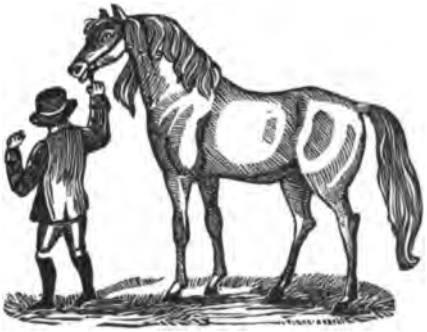
Stefan war ein Pferdeknecht,
halte dich gut, Fohlen klein!
Er tränkte die fünf Fohlen recht.
Steht ein Stern überm Stalle.
Liegt noch Dunkel auf der Welt,
auf der Welt,
die Sterne nur am Himmelszelt,
sie blinken!

Auf dem Fohlen, apfelgrau,
halte dich gut, Fohlen klein,
reit er dahin vor Tag und Tau.
Steht ein Stern überm Stalle.

Feuer ist in jedem Herd,
halte dich gut, Fohlen klein!
Am Julfest wird uns Grütz beschert.
Steht ein Stern überm Stalle.

Freude ist in jedem Haus,
halte dich gut, Fohlen klein!
Das Jullicht leuchtet weit hinaus.
Steht ein Stern überm Stalle.
Liegt noch Dunkel auf der Welt,
auf der Welt,
die Sterne nur am Himmelszelt,
sie blinken!

*Schwedisch*



## *Die Weihnachtszwerge*

Hört ihr das Klipp-Klapp?
Hört ihr das Tripp-Trapp?
Der Weihnachtsmann kommt mit den Zwergen!
Hei, tippe tappe, tippe tappe,
Kinder, habt ihr das vernommen?
Tippe tappe, tippe tappe,
Zwergenregimenter kommen:
Tip tap, tip tap.
Tip . . .
Tip . . .

Hört ihr es wispern?
Hört ihr es knispern?
Die Zwerge, sie bringen Geschenke!
Hei, tippe tappe, tippe tappe,
Kinder, habt ihr das vernommen?
Tippe tappe, tippe tappe,
Zwergenregimenter kommen:
Tip tap, tip tap.
Tip . . .
Tip . . .

Kinder, die nett sind,
die sehr adrett sind,
die kriegen die nettesten Gaben!
Hei, tippe tappe, tippe tappe,
Kinder, habt ihr das vernommen?
Tippe tappe, tippe tappe,
Zwergenregimenter kommen:
Tip tap, tip tap.
Tip . . .
Tip . . .

*Finnisch*

## *Kaspar, Melchior und Balthasar*

Wer zog aus von Afrika
mit dem König Kaspar?
Wer zog aus von Afrika?
Kaspar und der Melchior
und Balthasar!

Bethlehem, so hieß das Ziel
ihrer langen Reise.
Bethlehem, so hieß ihr Ziel.
Dorthin brachten alle drei
der Gaben viel.

Brachten einem Kindlein dar
Weihrauch, Gold und Myrrhe.
Brachten es dem Christkind dar,
Kaspar und der Melchior
und Balthasar!

*Französisch*

## *Wir sind drei Prinzen*

Wir sind drei Prinzen,
die in das Abendland
folgten dem Stern.
Unsre Provinzen
liegen im Morgenland,
dunkel und fern.
Christus, das Kind,
wollen wir ehrn.
Denn er ist der Herr der Herrn.
Christ ist geborn,
kündet der Stern.
Als er uns rief, da folgten wir gern.

Seht ihr das Blinken?
Seht ihr das Zeichen dort
am Firmament?
Seht ihr es winken,
daß man den heilgen Ort
sicher erkennt?
Heiliges Licht
funkelt und brennt
für das Kind am Firmament.
Leuchtet und glänzt,
funkelt und brennt,
daß man den Weg auch sicher erkennt.

Seht ihr die Menge?
Seht ihr die Hirtenschar?
Wer rief sie her?
Welch ein Gedränge!
Wem bringt man Gaben dar?
Ist es der Herr?
Ja, das ist er!
Das ist der Herr!
Laßt uns singen ihm zur Ehr!
Weihrauch und Gold,
Kleinode schwer
bringen wir ihm vom Morgenland her.

*Französisch*

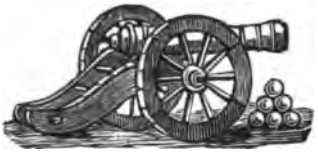
# Lieder von armen Leuten

# Arme Schlucker

*Patrioten*

Saira, Saira, Sairassa,
Geld ist besser als Assigna.
Assignaten sind Lumpengeld;
Patrioten ziehen ins Feld.
Ohne Strümpf und ohne Schuh
laufen sie der Heimat zu.

*Deutsch aus der Schweiz*



*Lied der hessischen Soldaten,*
*die von ihrem Landgrafen nach Amerika*
*verkauft wurden*

Juchheißa, nach Amerika!
Dir, Deutschland, gute Nacht!
Ihr Hessen, präsentierts Gewehr,
der Landgraf kommt zur Nacht.

Ade, Herr Landgraf Friederich,
du zahlst uns Schnaps und Bier!
Schießt Arme man und Bein uns ab,
so zahlt sie England dir.

Ihr lausigen Rebellen ihr,
gebt vor uns Hessen acht!
Juchheißa, nach Amerika!
Dir, Deutschland, gute Nacht!

*Deutsch*

*Die armen Soldaten*

Fort übers Meer sind Schwäne geflogen,
flogen fort, flogen fort.
Fort sind, weit fort Soldaten gezogen.
Zogen fort, zogen fort.

O unsre Brüder, o unsre Söhne!
Schreibt uns bald, schreibt uns bald!
Schreibt an die Mutter, schreibt an den Vater!
Schreibt uns bald, schreibt uns bald!

Wären wir endlich, schrieben die Söhne,
wieder frei, wieder frei!
Väter, verkauft vier Pferde und kauft uns
endlich frei, endlich frei!

Väter verkauften all ihre Pferde,
schwarz und rot, schwarz und rot.
Doch die Soldaten müssen marschieren.
Hüt euch Gott, hüt euch Gott!

*Polnisch*

## *Der kleine Tambour*

Maikäfer und Maikäferin,
die hatten einen Sohn,
der schlug die Trommel wunderschön
mit feinstem Takt und Ton.
Käferlein, kumm,
schlag die Trumm,
domm dede domm domm,
domm dede domm!

Und was im Land geschehen war,
das machte er bekannt,
er trommelte bei Feuersbrunst,
da kam das Volk gerannt.

Und kam einmal zum Kirmestanz
der Geiger nicht dazu,
dann lief das Volk zum Käferlein
und sagte: Spiele du!

Der Käfer mußte in den Krieg,
und schrecklich war die Schlacht.
Zum Glück hat da der General
an den Tambour gedacht:
Käferlein, kumm,
schlag die Trumm,
domm dede domm domm,
domm dede domm!

Und als die Trommel trommelte,
da gab es viel Geschrei:
Hurrah, Tambour, nun siegen wir!
Du kriegst der Orden drei!

Als er den letzten Zapfenstreich
auf seiner Trommel schlug,
da rief Sankt Peter: Komm herauf,
du trommeltest genug!
Käferlein, kumm,
schlag die Trumm,
domm dede domm domm,
domm dede domm!

*Luxemburgisch*

## *Ich weiß nit, wie mir ist*

Ich weiß nit, wie mir ist,
ich weiß nit, wie mir ist.
Ich bin nit krank, ich bin nit gsund,
ich bin blessiert und find kein Wund.
Ich weiß nit, wie mir ist.

Ich weiß nit, wie mir ist,
ich weiß nit, wie mir ist.
Ich reiset gern die Länder aus
und blieb gern in der Heimat zhaus.
Ich weiß nit, wie mir ist.

Ich weiß nit, wie mir ist,
ich weiß nit, wie mir ist.
Ich wach nit gern, ich schlaf nit gern,
möcht weltlich bleibn und geistlich wern.
Ich weiß nit, wie mir ist.

Ich weiß nit, wie mir ist,
ich weiß nit, wie mir ist.
Zuletzt hab ich ein Doktor gfragt,
der hat mirs ins Gesicht nei gsagt:
Ein Narr bist ganz gewiß!
Jetzt weiß ich, wie mir ist!

*Deutsch aus Bayern und Schwaben*

## *Armer Geburtstag*

Schöne neue Schuhe, Leute,
kriegt ich zum Geburtstag heute.
Einer ist ein bißchen schwächer,
hat nur sieben kleine Löcher!

Einen neuen Schirm, ihr Leute,
kriegt ich zum Geburtstag heute.
Ist die Seide auch zerrissen,
kann ich weiter nichts vermissen!

Einen neuen Hut, ihr Leute,
kriegt ich zum Geburtstag heute.
Fehlen ihm auch Band und Feder,
ist er doch geflickt mit Leder!

Viele neue Sachen, Leute,
kriegt ich zum Geburtstag heute.
Sind sie auch schon oft getragen,
werde ich doch danke sagen!

*Ungarisch*

## *Es war einmal*

Als ich noch ein Bauer war,
da hatt ich schöne Tiere:
Mäuse, die ich melken konnte,
und der Katzen viere.
Schlief im Bett aus Spinngewebe,
weil ich stark und groß war,
darum war die Bettmatratze
auch ein Schwanz aus Roßhaar.
Hojuch!

Als ich noch ein Jüngling war,
da hat man mich beneidet;
war in Stroh und Buntpapier
von Kopf bis Fuß gekleidet.
Meine Mütze, ganz aus Wolle,
hatte eine Feder.
Also sag jetzt: Nimmst du mich?
Ich bin nicht so wie jeder!
Hojuch!

*Polnisch*

## *Seltsame Geschenke*

Ich schenk dir was.
Was ist denn das?
Ein silbernes Wart-ein-Weilchen
und ein goldenes Nixchen
in einem niemalenen Büchschen.

*Deutsch*

## *Das Garnelenmädchen*

Da war ein Mädchen,
so rund und so gesund,
so rund und so gesund,
verkaufte Garnelen
zur Feierabendstund.
Garnelen, ihr Fraun!
Garnelen, ihr Herrn!
Die frischen Garnelen
verkaufe ich euch gern!

Weiter im Städtchen
Kabitjerbutjerdorp,
Kabitjerbutjerdorp,
verkaufte das Mädchen
Garnelen aus dem Korb.
Garnelen, ihr Fraun!
Garnelen, ihr Herrn!
Die frischen Garnelen
verkaufe ich euch gern!

Will sie verkaufen
zu dieser späten Frist,
zu dieser späten Frist,
dann muß sie wohl laufen,
bis Mitternacht ist.
Garnelen, ihr Fraun!
Garnelen, ihr Herrn!
Die frischen Garnelen
verkaufe ich euch gern!

*Holländisch*

## *Das Mädchen und der schwarze Fährmann*

Mich hat die Mutter
heute zum See geschickt,
Wasser zu holen,
Wasser zu holen.

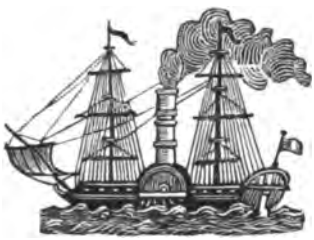
Kupferne Henkel,
Eimer aus Lindenholz
schöpfen das Wasser,
schöpfen das Wasser.

Doch wie ich schöpfe,
nähert ein Schwan sich mir,
trübt mir das Wasser,
trübt mir das Wasser.

Eh's wieder klar wird,
seh ich ein schwarzes Boot.
Schwarz ist der Fährmann,
schwarz ist der Fährmann.

Komm, sagt der Fährmann,
ans andre Ufer mit,
fort übers Wasser,
fort übers Wasser.

*Litauisch*



## *Schwefelhölzle*

Schwefelhölzle, Schwefelhölzle,
Schwefelhölzle muß ma ham,
daß ma alle Augeblick
a Feuerle mache kann.
Weible, seid mir nit so stolz,
kaufts von meine Schwefelholz!
Mädle, tut mir nur nit poche,
wenn ihr wollt a Süpple koche:
Schwefelhölzle muß ma ham,
Schwefelhölzle muß ma ham.

Wenn des Nachts der Donner kracht
und der Herr im Schloß erwacht,
laßt er gleich den Diener frage,
ob er kann a Licht anschlage:
Schwefelhölzle muß ma ham,
Schwefelhölzle muß ma ham.

Wenn des Nachts in stiller Ruh
unser Kühle macht muh muh,
muß die Gretel gleich aufstehe
und muß nach dem Kühle sehe:
Schwefelhölzle muß ma ham,
Schwefelhölzle muß ma ham.

Schwefelhölzle, Schwefelhölzle,
Schwefelhölzle muß ma ham,
daß ma alle Augeblick
a Feuerle mache kann.
Unser Hans, der dumme Tropf,
stoßt er sich a Loch in Kopf,
muß er gleich a Licht anzünde,
um sein Köpfle zu verbinde:
Schwefelhölzle muß ma ham,
Schwefelhölzle muß ma ham!

*Deutsch aus Schwaben*

*Der Scherenschleifer*

Kommt, Freunde in der Runde,
so Kind als Frau als Mann,
und hört bei mir die Kunde
vom Scherenschleifer an:
Verdien die Kost für Frau und Kind,
bin bloßgestellt in Schnee und Wind,
so lirum larum la.

Der Müller, der beim Mahlen
die Körner mahlt zu Mehl,
muß doppelt Bier bezahlen
für seine trockne Kehl.
Doch ich durch Fleiß und Tüchtigkeit
verdiene in Rechtschaffenheit,
so lirum larum la.

Der Schneider mit den Kleidern
kriegt sieben Mark am Tag,
und er muß öfter schneidern,
als er wohl schneidern mag.
Ich, Scherenschleifer, ich, auf Ehr,
verdien in einer Stunde mehr,
so lirum larum la.

Mein Weib, das schreit Victoria,
ich hab ein Weib wie keins,
sie findt die schönste Gloria
im wilden Schwung des Steins.
Die Kinder schleppen huckepack
den Scherenschleiferbettelsack,
so lirum larum la.

Ihr Freunde und ihr Gäste,
ein jeder Stand ist schön;
doch meiner ist der beste,
das habt ihr jetzt gesehn.
Und schlaf ich mal im freien Feld,
so zahl ich auch kein Herbergsgeld,
so lirum larum la.

*Holländisch*

## *Der arme Scherenschleifer*

Er dreht und dreht den Schleifstein,
der arme Scherenschleifer.
Er dreht und dreht und dreht ihn
für einen Pfennig nur.

Er zieht und zieht durchs Städtchen,
der arme Scherenschleifer.
Bringt Scheren her, ihr Mädchen,
damit er leben kann.

Nun schleift und schleift und schleift er,
der frohe Scherenschleifer.
Habt Dank, ihr lieben Mädchen!
Nun kauft er Brot und Wein.

*Italienisch*

## *Scherenschleiferlied*

Ich muß den Vater fragen,
ob er es haben mag,
daß ich mit meinem Wagen
darf fahren Tag um Tag,
darf fahren, darf fahren,
darf fahren Tag um Tag.

Ich fuhr mit meinem Wagen
allein durchs ganze Reich.
Ihr hört mich fröhlich sagen:
Die Scheren schleif ich euch!
Die Scheren, die Scheren,
die Scheren schleif ich euch!

Ich schleife alle Klingen
zu sehr zivilem Preis.
Ich bin der beste Schleifer.
Das sag ich, weil ichs weiß!
Das sag ich, das sag ich,
das sag ich, weil ichs weiß!

Der Schmied muß bei der Arbeit
so nah am Feuer stehn.
Doch ich kann bei der Arbeit
in Wind und Sonne gehn,
in Wind und, in Wind und,
in Wind und Sonne gehn!

*Flämisch*

## *Jahrestag der Schneider*

Und als die Schneider Jahrestag hatten,
da warn sie alle froh,
da aßen ihrer neunzig,
ja neun mal neunundneunzig,
an einem gebratenen Floh.

Und als sie nun gegessen hatten,
da waren sie voller Mut,
da tranken ihrer neunzig,
ja neun mal neunundneunzig,
aus einem Fingerhut.

Und als sie nun getrunken hatten,
begehrten sie einen Tanz,
da tanzten ihrer neunzig,
ja neun mal neunundneunzig,
auf einem Kartenblatt.

Und als sie nun getanzet hatten,
da gingen sie zur Ruh,
da schliefen ihrer neunzig,
ja neun mal neunundneunzig,
auf einem Halmen Stroh.

Und als sie nun im Schlafe waren,
da knispelt eine Maus,
da schlüpften ihrer neunzig,
ja neun mal neunundneunzig,
zum Schlüsselloch hinaus.

*Deutsch*

## *Bäcka Bäcka*

Bäcka Bäcka,
Bäcka Bäcka,
Brezerlbäcka, Baunzerlbäcka,
Bäcka Bäcka,
Bäcka Bäcka,
Brezerl-und-Baunzerl-und-Weckerl-Bäcka!
Ja kss kss, hoi kss kss,
zreißt ma mei Jankerl net,
ja kss kss, hoi kss kss,
dalkata Bua!

Schneida Schneida,
Schneida Schneida,
Hoserlschneida, Röckerlschneida,
Schneida Schneida,
Schneida Schneida,
Hoserl-und-Röckerl-und-Fleckerl-Schneida!
Ja kss kss, hoi kss kss,
zreißt ma mei Jankerl net,
ja kss kss, hoi kss kss,
dalkata Bua!

Maura Maura,
Maura Maura,
Ziaglmaura, Stoanamaura,
Maura Maura,
Maura Maura,
Ziagl-und-Stoana-und-Gmalter-Patza!
Ja kss kss, hoi kss kss,
zreißt ma mei Jankerl net,
ja kss kss, hoi kss kss,
dalkata Bua!

Schuasta Schuasta,
Schuasta Schuasta,
Stieflschuasta, Patschnschuasta,
Schuasta Schuasta,
Schuasta Schuasta,
Stiefl-und-Patschn-und-Schlapfn-Schuasta!
Ja kss kss, hoi kss kss,
zreißt ma mei Jankerl net,
ja kss kss, hoi kss kss,
dalkata Bua!

*Österreichisch*

*Dalkata Bua*

Du, du dalkata Jagersbua,
i, i werd dirs auszahln!
I, i brich dir dein Hahnle ab,
daß du neama kannst knalln.

Du, du dalkata Müllersbua,
i, i werd dirs auszahln!
I, i ziag dir dein Wasserl ab,
daß du neama kannst mahln.

Du, du dalkata Schreibersbua,
i, i werd dirs austreibn!
I, i sauf dir dein Tintn aus,
daß du neama kannst schreibn.

*Österreichisch*

## *Schmiedelied*

Will ins Schmiedefeuer nun
diesen Zentner Eisen tun.
Meine Armut werd ich los
mit dem Hammer, schwer und groß.
Stund um Stunde schlag ich zu.
Schwarze Hände, keine Ruh.

Nun ins Feuer noch einmal
diesen Zentner Eisenstahl!
Söhnlein, Söhnlein, lieber Sohn,
Brot für morgen schaff ich schon.
Kätzchen schläft im warmen Eck.
Söhnchen, geh vom Feuer weg!

*Polnisch*

## *Die Jahre bei der Eisenbahn*

Im ersten Jahr bei der Eisenbahn,
da zog ich dicke Hosen an,
filimiori iridei,
zu legen die Geleise.

Im zweiten Jahr bei der Eisenbahn,
da kam ein hübsches Mädchen an,
filimiori iridei,
wir legten die Geleise.

Im dritten Jahr bei der Eisenbahn
sind wir getraut als Frau und Mann,
filimiori iridei,
ich legte die Geleise.

Im vierten Jahr bei der Eisenbahn,
da kam bei uns ein Büblein an,
filimiori iridei,
zu legen die Geleise.

Im fünften Jahr bei der Eisenbahn,
da wuchs der Bub schon flink heran,
filimiori iridei,
zu legen die Geleise!

*Amerikanisch*

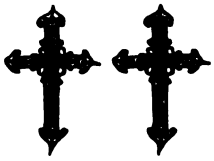
## *Die Axt*

Werde nicht ins Wäldchen gehen,
gehe nicht zum grünen Wald.
Denn der Förster nimmt die Axt mir,
die so hell und lustig schallt.
Sie ist wert zwei goldne Gulden.
Einen Taler kost der Schaft.
Sag, was nützt mir ohne Axt wohl
mein Talent und meine Kraft?

Wirst ja doch ins Wäldchen gehen!
Gehst ja doch zum grünen Wald!
Kommt der Förster dir entgegen,
schlage weiter, daß es schallt.
Dieser Wald gehört uns allen.
Hör auf mich, ich bin kein Lamm:
Holst du Zweige, holst du Äste,
stiehlt der Förster einen Stamm!

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Gereimte Grabsprüche*



Es ist nicht weit
zur Ewigkeit.
Um acht ging Martin fort,
um neun Uhr war er dort.

Einst hab ich gsungen weit und breit:
Zillertal, du bist mei Freid!
Dann tat ich einen Stolperer
und fiel herab vom Olperer.
Jetzt sing ich in der Englein Chor.
Bahnbeamter Thomas Moor.

Einst führte er die Jugend
zu Gottesfurcht und Tugend,
versohlte auch den Hintern
den ungezognen Kindern
und zog daraus mit Not
sein kärglich Stückchen Brot.

*Deutsch aus Westfalen*

Hier unter diesem Leichenstein
ging dieser Mann zur Prüfung ein.
O lieber Gott, nimm ihn beim Ohr,
wirf ihm dein'n Gnadenknochen vor,
und zieh den Sündenlümmel
in deinen Gnadenhimmel. Amen.

*Deutsch, Marterln aus Bayern*

Hier liegt der Hauptmann Isengrimm
und wog fünfhundert Pfund.
Sonst weiß man nichts von ihm.

*Deutsch nach L.A. Haßler*

# Fahrendes Volk

## *Vagabundenlied*

Wald und Feld durchtrabe ich,
keinen Kreuzer habe ich,
trag in der Fremde
ein geflicktes Hemde.

Schaut euch meine Hose an:
Dreizehn Flicken hab ich dran.
Schlaf unter Weiden,
wart auf bessre Zeiten.

Wandre so von Ort zu Ort,
gestern, heut und immerfort.
Wandern und Ruhen,
Löcher in den Schuhen.

*Ungarisch*

## *Fahr dahin*

Schwankende Reben
hängen an Stäben,
schwanken hin,
schwanken her.
Arme Gesellen
schlafen in Ställen,
Bauch ist leer,
Herz ist schwer.

Aus leeren Taschen
Zwiebeln zu naschen,
macht nicht satt,
macht nur matt.
Einsame Leute,
wo eßt ihr heute?
Karg das Brot,
groß die Not.

Auf einem Wagen
hock ich seit Tagen.
Achs und Rad
meine Statt.
Hab, liebe Mutter,
Brot nicht noch Butter.
Schwer mein Sinn,
fahr dahin.

*Ungarisch*

*In Mutters Stübele*

In Mutters Stübele,
da geht der hm hm hm,
in Mutters Stübele,
da geht der Wind.

Muß fast verfrierele
vor lauter hm hm hm,
muß fast verfrierele
vor lauter Wind.

Wir wolln jetzt betteln gehn,
es sind uns hm hm hm,
wir wolln jetzt betteln gehn,
es sind uns zwei.

Du nimmst den Bettelsack
und ich den hm hm hm,
du nimmst den Bettelsack
und ich den Korb.

Du stehst vors Lädele
und ich vor hm hm hm,
du stehst vors Lädele
und ich vor Tür.

Du kriegst a Weckele
und ich a hm hm hm,
du kriegst a Weckele
und ich a Birn.

Du steckst die Butter ein
und ich den hm hm hm,
du steckst die Butter ein
und ich den Speck.

Du sagst, vergelts euch Gott!
Und ich sag hm hm hm,
du sagst, vergelts euch Gott,
und ich sag Dank.

*Deutsch aus Schwaben*

## *Der Rummelpott*

Wirf mir, das vergilt dir Gott,
etwas in den Rummelpott!
Vandeliere vandelare,
vandeliere liromla.
Dank, ihr Leut, vergelt es Gott!

Scheue Arbeit nicht noch Müh,
hab gemolken sieben Küh.
Vandeliere vandelare,
vandeliere liromla.
Werft was in den Rummelpott!

Trage einen langen Bart,
Gott hat mich vor Not bewahrt.
Vandeliere, vandelare,
vandeliere liromla.
Dank, ihr Leut, vergelt es Gott!

*Holländisch*

## *Wandre nun ins ferne Land*

In dem Walde sitzt ein Vogel,
wollt, es wär die Nachtigall!
Nachtigall,
süßer Schall,
zieh nun fort von Dorf und Tal.

In dem Tal, da fließt ein Wasser,
wollt, es wäre kühler Wein!
Kühler Wein,
sollt es sein!
Zieh nun in die Welt hinein.

An dem Ufer springt ein Böcklein,
wollt, es wär ein schönes Roß!
Schönes Roß,
stolz und groß,
wandern, wandern ist mein Los.

In dem Wasser schwimmt ein Fischlein,
wollt, es wär ein flinker Kahn!
Flinker Kahn
mit einer Fahn,
wandre nun ins ferne Land.

*Deutsch*

*Lied des Berliner Guckkastenmannes*

Raritäte sein ßu ßehn,
schöne Raritäte
soll ick aufmarschiere ßehn
in die gruße Städte!
Offißir und Musketier,
schwarz Ußar und Grenadier:
Lauter schöne Leute!

Raritäte sein ßu ßehn:
Allßuschöne Sacken,
wie die Leut auf Köpfe gehn
und sick lustick maken.
Jung und alt und groß und kle,
schön geputzte Mannerle:
Präcktik anßuschaue!

Raritäte sein ßu ßehn,
auk das Paradiesel:
Eva, Adam drinne gehn,
munter wie die Wiesel.
Und die Engel mit der Schwert,
wie er ihne laufe lehrt:
Ist gar schön ßu ßehe!

Auk die Arke Noah soll
sick hier präsentiere:
Kribli wibli, alles voll
von vierfüßke Tiere!
Paar und Paar marschier sick ein,
auk ßulest noch auf zwei Bein:
Die Familie Noah!

Auk die Riese Goliath
mit der Spieße, leider!
Und die kleine David at
nix als eine Schleuder!
Kuriös Possierlichkeit!
Kommt ßu mir, ihr liebe Leut:
Sollt in Kaste kucke!

*Deutsch*

## *Der Wunderdoktor*

Der berühmte Wunderdoktor heiß ich,
bin geschickt, bin kräftig, bin auch fleißig.
Ich kuriere ohne Schmerz und Träne,
sowas war bis heute noch nicht da.
An der Hafenmole zieh ich Zähne.
Tralla rilli rera,
tralla rilli ra.

Meine Kunst, ihr Leute, die versteh ich,
und zu allen, die mich rufen, geh ich.
Wenn ich meine Wundersalbe hole,
heil ich Mumps und Gicht und Podagra,
heile jeden auf der Hafenmole.
Tralla rilli rera,
tralla rilli ra.

Meine Künste setzen in Erstaunen,
wo ich gehe, höre ich ein Raunen.
Für fünf Pfennig lindre ich die Qualen,
dennoch gehn die Leute fort von da.
Meine Preise kann kein Mensch bezahlen.
Tralla rilli rera,
tralla rilli ra.

*Italienisch*

## *Gipsfigüri*

Gipsfigüri, Gipsfigüri,
Gipsfigüri vorzuführi!

Das Berühren
der Figüren
mit den Pfoten
ist verboten!

Gipsfigüri, Gipsfigüri,
Gipsfigüri vorzuführi!

*Deutsch, Parodie*
*auf die Ausrufe italienischer*
*Gipsfigurenverkäufer*

## *Der Ölträger Hiasl*

Grüaß Gott, alle Diandln und Weiber,
der Ölträger Hiasl is da!
Er hat guete Wurzn und Kraiter,
kafts eahm an Melissengeist a!
So fein und so gscheit is kan Dokter,
daß er enkri Schmerzn glei kennt;
i schau enk nur an und weiß alles,
drum kemant zu mir alle grennt.

Hat ane was Liegends im Magn,
kan a af kan Tanz neama gean,
sie sollt um an Hiasl nachfragn,
der tuat alle Handl vastean.
Kafts Balsam und Wurzn und Kraiter,
kafts mi no zu guater Zeit aus!
Sunst nimm i mei Kraxn afn Bruggl,
geh lusti ins Zillertal aus.

Kimm her nur, du stoanalte Zachtl,
hast eh scho kan Zahn mehr im Maul.
I hätt a guats Öl in da Schachtl,
geh, sei nur zan Schmierbm net z'faul!
I tua dir ja treuli vasprechn,
i bin gar an ehrlana Mann.
Neie Zähn werst du krieagn wia a Rechn,
das han i scho mehran getan.

*Österreichisch*

## *Kost siisch fast niix*

Aus der Frankreisch kommen iisch.
Schenner iist als Deitschland siisch.
Hab iisch fiir allen Leit
wuunderscheen Modekleid.
Kost siisch fast nix!

Hab iisch Mässer, Naddel, Schär.
Iist siisch alles nitzliisch sähr.
Kennen Sie schtriiken mit,
kennen Sie fliicken mit
Hose fiir Mann!

Habben iisch Tabak fiir Schnupf.
Macht siisch leicht Verschtand und Kupf.
Iist Mädersin, der heilt,
wenn siisch Mensch langerweilt.
Braucht nix Doktör!

Puder fiir der Dam von Haus
iist siisch grau wie Schwans von Maus.
Gut iist fiir Haarfrisüür.
Gleischfalls fiir dem Figüür.
Komm Sie probier!

Schnürgesenkel fiir der Schuh
gäbben iisch umsonst dersu.
Nuutzen Geläggenheit!
Kaufen, geährten Leit!
Kost siisch fast niix!

*Luxemburgisch*

# Lieder von Herren, Prinzen, Königen und Kaisern

## *Feine Herren*

Ach, was feine Herren machen:
Tanzen, trinken, brüllen, lachen.
Sie zerbrechen hundert Sachen
in dem Städtchen Mallow.
Große Stöcke tragen sie,
Wirt und Kellner jagen sie,
manche Tür zerschlagen sie
in dem Städtchen Mallow.

Ach, was feine Herren treiben:
Sie zerschlagen Fensterscheiben,
und sie wollen ewig bleiben
in dem Städtchen Mallow.
Waschen mit dem roten Wein
ihre Herren-Pfoten rein.
Ach, das müßt verboten sein
in dem Städtchen Mallow!

*Irisch*

## *Unser Herr, der Baronet*

Unser Herr, der Baronet,
steigt ins Bett mit einem Schemel.
Unser Herr, der Baronet,
steigt mit Schemel nachts ins Bett.
Hat die gnädge Frau dem Alten
seinen Schemel festgehalten,
kommt der alte gnädge Herr
fein ins Bett.
Was will er mehr?

Unser Herr, der Baronet,
hat vom Schneider teure Kleider.
Unser Herr, der Baronet,
hält sich Haar und Bart adrett.
Weil die gnädge Frau ihn leitet,
päppelt und durchs Haus begleitet,
ist der alte gnädge Herr
fein heraus.
Was will er mehr?

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Schachlied*

Der Turm, da steht er
mit einem Wärter.
Man wird ihn bald zerstörn!

Der Turm, da steht er
mit einem Wärter.
Man wird ihn nicht zerstörn!

Auf goldnem Throne,
da sitzt der Bourbone,
dort werd ich mich beschwern.

Geh hin zum König,
er wird sich wenig
um deine Klage schern.

Herr Fürst und König,
vorm Throne knie ich,
um deine Macht zu ehrn.

Gewährt, Herr Hauptmann,
gewährt, Herr Oberst,
sei jederlei Begehrn!

Ich bitt um Pagen,
nur einen Pagen,
ich will den Turm zerstörn!

Nimm hin den Pagen,
den einen Pagen,
der wird den Turm zerstörn!

*Spanisch und Französisch*

## *Prinz Charlie*

Ein Vogel flog mir vor die Tür
und sang so süß und traurig.
Der Kehrreim war
so sonderbar:
Ich bange um Prinz Charlie!
Auch mich macht bang
der traurige Gesang.
Was ist mit mir? Was hab ich?
Ich nehme meine Mütze ab:
Ich bange um Prinz Charlie!

O Vogel sprich, ist das ein Lied
für feine Vogelstimmen?
Wer lehrte dich den Kehrreim wohl
vom bösen Lied, vom schlimmen?
Der Vogel spricht:
Dies Lied, ich lernt es nicht!
Sein Kehrreim ist die Wahrheit.
Ich hab gesehn,
was heut geschehn!
Ich bange um Prinz Charlie!

O Vogel sprich, was sahst du denn?
Ich sah, daß er in Not war!
Ich sah den fremden schwarzen Mann!
Ich sah den Rock, der rot war!
O schlimmer Ort!
Aus Schottland flieg ich fort!
Der Vogel flog von dannen.
Von ferne klang
sein leiser Sang:
Ich bange um Prinz Charlie!

*Schottisch*

*Der arme König*

Die Musikanten spielen,
das Volk im Tale tollt.
Die Tische glänzen wie Silber,
die Decken wie von Gold.

Der Wein blitzt in den Bechern,
ein Mädchen tanzt so schön.
Der König möcht mit dem Mädchen
so gern im Tanz sich drehn.

Könnt steigen ich vom Pferde,
ich träte vor sie hin!
Doch ich muß weiterreiten,
weil ich ein König bin.

*Griechisch*

*König Jan*

König Jan
war ein herzensguter Mann
und so munter und frisch wie zwei.
Er befahl
nach dem Mahl
seine Pfeife in den Saal
und dazu seiner Fiedler drei.
Und ein jeder Fiedler
brachte seine Fiedel,
und der König hat die Fiedel auch dabei.
Didel dei, didel dei,
also spielten alle drei.
Es gibt nichts, was man
vergleichen kann
mit Herrn Jan und seinen Fiedlern drei!

*Englisch*

## *König Karl*

König Karl, der geht am Ufer,
o lieber Gott,
auf und ab am Donauufer,
o lieber Gott!

Kopf und Krone traurig wiegt er,
o lieber Gott!
Wo sind alle meine Krieger,
o lieber Gott?

*Ungarisch*

## *König Arthurs Diener*

Der König Arthur warf
drei Diener aus dem Haus.
Er sagte: Wer nicht singen will,
den werf ich stracks hinaus!

Ein Diener, der nicht singt,
ist meistenteils gemein.
Und wer mir das nicht glauben will,
der siehts an diesen drein.

Der erste war ein Knecht,
der zweite war ein Schmied,
der dritte war ein Weberlein
mit finsterem Gemüt.

Der Knecht, der stahl das Korn,
der Schmied stahl rotes Gold,
der Weber stahl ein Purpurtuch,
das der König haben sollt.

Der Knecht im Teich ertrank,
der Schmied, der hängt sich auf,
den Weber samt dem Purpurtuch,
den las der Teufel auf.

Und König Arthur sprach,
gestützt aufs große Schwert:
Ein Diener, der nicht singen will,
ist meistensteils nichts wert!

*Schottisch*

## *Der König von Sachsen*

Der König von Sachsen
hat es selber gesagt,
daß die hübschen jungen Burschen
müssen werden Soldat.

Die Starken und Strammen,
die sucht er sich aus,
und die Krummen und Lahmen
schickt er wieder nach Haus.

Ihr Mädchen von Sachsen,
wie wirds euch ergehn,
wenn ihr müßt mit den Krummen
und Lahmen ausgehn?

Friedrich August von Sachsen
hat es selber gesagt,
die ganze alte Bande
wird im Herbst hinausgejagt.

Die Großen und Reichen
haben Schuh anzuziehn,
und die eisgraue Reserve
wickelt Stroh um die Zehn.

*Deutsch aus Leipzig*

## *Der König von Frankreich*

Der König von Frankreich
und viertausend Krieger sein,
die zogen ihre Schwerter
und steckten sie wieder ein.

Der König von Frankreich
mit zwanzigtausend Mann,
der stieg herab vom Hügel
und stieg nicht wieder hinan.

Der König von Spanien,
mit zwanzigtausend mehr,
erstieg den Berg, den der Franzos
erstiegen hatte vorher.

*Englisch*

## *Napolium*

Kennt ihr den Napolium?
Ay-yah, ay-yah!
Er schlug viel Schlachten, grad und krumm.
Fürchterbar!

Als Napolium Moskau nahm,
ay-yah, ay-yah,
da fing die Stadt zu brennen an.
Fürchterbar!

Als man ihn nach Elba schickt,
ay-yah, ay-yah,
da kam Napolium bald zurück.
Fürchterbar!

Als er kam nach Waterloo,
ay-yah, ay-yah,
verlor er Kron und auch den Thron.
Fürchterbar!

Übers Wasser mußt er da.
Ay-yah, ay-yah,
die Insel hieß Sankt Helena.
Fürchterbar!

*Amerikanisch*

## *Napoleon in Moskau*

Kaiser der Napoleon
ist nach Rußland zogen,
hat sogar die große Stadt
Moskau eingenommen.

Ein französcher Offizier
sprach: Mer sin verlore,
alli unsri schönschti Mann
sind im Schnee verfrore!

Grenadier und Voltigeur
steigen auf die Schanze,
spießen sie und morden sie
mit ihrer scharfen Lanze.

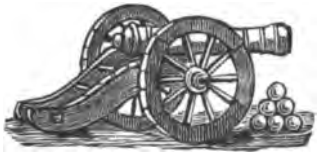
Auch man wird von Gott gestraft,
wie es steht geschrieben:
Kaiser der Napoleon
mußte unterliegen.

*Deutsch aus dem Elsaß*

## *Das Kutschkelied*

Was kraucht dort in dem Busch herum?
Vallerie juchhe!
Ich glaub, es ist Napolium.
Vallerie juchhe!
Was hat er rumzukrauchen dort?
Vallerie juchheirassa!
Drauf, Kameraden, jagt ihn fort!
Vallerie juchhe!

Dort haben sich im offnen Feld,
vallerie juchhe,
noch rote Hosen aufgestellt,
vallerie juchhe!
Was haben sie da rumzustehn?
Vallerie juchheirassa!
Drauflos, die müssen wir bestehn!
Vallerie juche!



Mit den Kanonen und Mamselln,
vallerie juchhe,
da knalln sie, daß die Ohren gelln!
Vallerie juchhe!
Was haben sie da rumzuknalln?
Vallerie juchheirassa!
Drauf, Kameraden, bis sie falln!
Vallerie juchhe!

Napolium, Napolium,
vallerie juchhe,
mit deiner Sache geht es krumm,
vallerie juchhe!
Mit Gott drauflos, dann ists vorbei,
vallerie juchheirassa,
mit seiner ganzen Kaiserei!
Vallerie juchhe!

*Deutsch, angeblich*
*von dem Füsilier August Kutschke,*
*in Wirklichkeit*
*von Hermann Alexander Pistonius*

# Räuber- und Rebellenlieder

## *Der schwarze Stefan*

Schwarzer Acker macht den Weizen grüner,
schwarze Wälder machen Räuber kühner.
Leb im Wald nach alter Räuberweise,
Tschardaschwirtin gibt mir Trank und Speise.

Schwarzer Stefan ist mein Räubername,
fürcht mich nicht vorm bellenden Gendarme.
Gegen mehr als zwanzig Polizisten
kämpfte ich mit allen Räuberlisten.

Weht von Szeged scharfe Luft herüber,
schlagen meine Pulse wie im Fieber.
Kommt heran, ihr Polizistenhunde!
Stefan singt noch in der letzten Stunde!

*Ungarisch*

## *Warnung vor dem Galgen*

Janik, ei Janik,
glaube nur ja nicht,
glaube nur ja nicht, du wärst ein Rebell!
Kennst ja im Walde
keinen der Pfade,
keinen der Pfade von Räubergeselln!

Kennst nur die Wege,
kennst nur die Stege,
wo all die hübschen Mädchen hingehn.
Nur diese Wege,
nur diese Stege
hab ich dich schlendern und wandern gesehn.

Janik, ei Janik,
mach dich nicht wichtig!
Lasse das Rebellieren doch sein!
Denn unterm Galgen,
denn unterm Galgen
ist Rebellieren gar nicht mehr fein!

Beim Bürgermeister
hat man schon lange,
hat man schon lange den Galgen gericht!
Schau, deine Kleine
würd um dich weinen!
Zum Rebellieren taugst du auch nicht!

*Slowakisch*

## *Zwischen den Hügeln grün*

Zwischen den Hügeln grün,
wo die Linden blühn,
liegt er, Genossen!
Denn sie erschossen
statt eines Rehbocks ihn!

Zwischen den Hügeln grün,
als man erschossen ihn,
trug man zum Grabe
eilig als Gabe
ihm noch ein Grabkreuz hin.

Zwischen den Hügeln grün
schwarze Kreuze blühn.
Hier liegt der Janko,
Janitschek, Janko.
Ermordet hat man ihn.

*Slowakisch*

## *I bin da boarisch Hiasl*

I bin da boarisch Hiasl,
kan Jager is imstand,
der mir mei Feder und Gamsbart
vom Huat herunter nahm.

Im Augsburger Wald,
wo mei Stutzerl knallt,
da schiaßn mir brav Gamsn,
brav Gamsn weit und breit.

Der Scherg mit seim Stock,
der Hund mit seim Strick,
in Kirta kinans kemma:
Oba fanga teans uns nit.

Der Schergenveitl
mit seim krausen Kopf,
der hat uns ja verratn wolln.
Is selber a nix nutz.

*Deutsch aus Bayern*
*(Matthias Klostermaier, genannt Hiasl, war der berühmteste Wilddieb Bayerns. In Kirta kinans kemma: Zur Kirchweih können's kommen)*

# Spielmanns- und Musikantenlieder

## *Der Spielmann im Himmel*

Ein Spielmann ist aus Franken kommen,
den hat der Tod beim Schopf genommen.
Sankt Peter eilt zur Himmelstür
und schob den Eisenriegel für.
Sankt Peter fragt die alten Weib:
Was soll geschehn mit seinem Leib?
Das soll, das muß mit ihm geschehen:
Er soll zum Ti Ta Teufel gehen!
Rosen im Tal,
Mädel im Saal,
schönste Rosemarei!

Die alten Mannsleut huben an:
Er hat uns nie ein Guts getan.
Er weihte nie ein heilig Licht
und sprach kein Paternoster nicht.
Der Spielmann tat ein langen Schritt:
Mein Fiedel, ja, die greinte nit,
mein Fiedel singt auf ihre Weis
den ganzen Tag ihr Kyrieleis.
Rosen im Tal,
Mädel im Saal,
schönste Rosemarei!

Die Mädchen sagten: Heiliger Christ,
er wußte nie, was Liebe ist!
Er küßte uns und ließ uns stehn,
es durfte keine mit ihm gehn!
Der Spielmann tat ein Schluchzerlein:
Die schönste Maid, sie narrte mein!
Ohn Herzen kann man doch nicht lieben,
meins ist bei ihr, bei ihr geblieben.
Rosen im Tal,
Mädel im Saal,
schönste Rosemarei!

Da kamen tausend Kinderlein:
Sankt Peter, laß den Spielmann ein!
Er fiedelt uns manch Rosenband,
der Spielmann ist uns wohlbekannt!
Da sprach der Herr: Ihm sei verziehn,
die Kinder han Gefalln an ihm.
Sankt Peter, hurtig aufgetan,
die Kinder wolln ein Tänzlein han!
Rosen im Tal,
Mädel im Saal,
schönste Rosemarei!

*Deutsch*

*Liaba Herrgott im Himmi*

Liaba Herrgott im Himmi,
hab an oanzige Bitt:
Wann d'Buam und Deandln singa,
Liaba Herrgott, sing mit!

*Deutsch aus Bayern*

## *Der Glockenspielmann*

Die Fahnen knattern schon im Sturm.
Nun, Glockenspielmann, spiele!
Nun, Spielmann, steig auf den Glockenturm!
Schick aus dein Lied in Wind und Sturm!
Nun, Glockenspielmann, spiele!
Dann klingen die Glocken hoch über der Stadt:
Kirchweihgeläut, wie kein Ort es sonst hat.
Dann klingen die Glocken laut und lang:
Tinge linge tinge lang,
tinge tinge tang!

Und kommt der Prinzentag heran,
dann, Glockenspielmann, spiele!
Dann stimm die fürstliche Hymne an.
Dann zeig, was so ein Spielmann kann.
Dann, Glockenspielmann, spiele!
Dann klingen die Glocken hoch über der Stadt,
weil heute der König Geburstag hat.
Behüte den Fürsten, o Herr, noch lang!
Tinge linge tinge lang,
tinge tinge tang!

*Flämisch*

*Das Wunderhorn*

Ein Knab auf schnellem Roß
sprengt auf der Kaisrin Schloß;
das Roß zur Erd sich neigt,
der Knab sich zierlich beugt.

Wie lieblich, artig, schön
die Frauen sich ansehn;
ein Horn trug seine Hand,
daran vier goldne Band.

Gar mancher schöne Stein,
gelegt ins Gold hinein,
viel Perlen und Rubin
die Augen auf sich ziehn.

Das Horn vom Elefant,
so groß man keinen fand,
so schön man keinen fing
und oben dran ein Ring,

wie Silber blinken kann;
und hundert Glocken dran,
vom feinsten Gold gemacht,
aus tiefem Meer gebracht.

Von einer Meerfee Hand
der Kaiserin gesandt
zu ihrer Reinheit Preis,
dieweil sie schön und weis'.

Der schöne Knab sagt auch:
Dies ist des Horns Gebrauch:
Ein Druck von Eurem Finger,
ein Druck von Eurem Finger,

und diese Glocken all,
sie geben schönen Schall
wie nie ein Harfenklang
und keiner Frauen Sang.

Kein Vogel obenher,
die Jungfrau nicht im Meer
nie sowas geben an!
Fort sprengt der Knab bergan.

Ließ in der Kaisrin Hand
das Horn, so weltbekannt;
ein Druck von ihrem Finger:
O süßes hell Geklinge!

*Deutsch*

*Klaus mit der Fiedel*

Ging das Kläuschen
aus dem Häuschen,
wollte Linsen dreschen.
Mußte leider
wieder heimgehn,
hat den Stock vergessen!
Ei Klaus, dummer Klaus,
mußt zurück ins Haus.
Streich deine Fiedel fein,
spiel uns ein Liedelein,
streich deine Fiedel fein,
spiel uns ein Lied!

Ging das Kläuschen
aus dem Häuschen,
wollte Kühe melken.
Mußte leider
wieder heimgehn,
hat den Topf vergessen.
Ei Klaus, dummer Klaus,
mußt zurück ins Haus.
Streich deine Fiedel fein,
spiel uns ein Liedelein,
streich deine Fiedel fein,
spiel uns ein Lied!

Nun blieb Kläuschen
stets im Häuschen,
spielte seine Fiedel.
Bei dem Schalle
kamen alle,
lauschten seinem Liedel.
Ei Klaus, netter Klaus,
laß uns rein ins Haus!
Streich deine Fiedel fein,
spiel uns ein Liedelein,
streich deine Fiedel fein,
spiel uns ein Lied!

*Slowakisch*

## *Der Pfeifer von Dundee*

Der Pfeifer mit dem Dudelsack,
dem Dudelsack, dem Dudelsack,
der Pfeifer mit dem Dudelsack,
der kam in unsre Stadt.
Er spielte uns zum Tanze auf,
bald hoch, bald tief, mit Trillerlauf.
Doch ließ er noch zum Schabernack
zwei Schnaufer aus dem Sack.
So lustig blies der Schlingel nie
die Melodie, die Melodie,
so lustig blies der Schlingel nie,
der Pfeifer von Dundee!

Er spielte dies, er spielte das,
so irgendwie und irgendwas,
er spielte dies und spielte das
und ohne Unterlaß.

Der Pfeifer mit dem Dudelsack,
dem Dudelsack, dem Dudelsack,
der hat uns großen Spaß gemacht.
Er blies die ganze Nacht.
Er spielte uns zum Tanze auf,
bald hoch, bald tief, mit Trillerlauf.
Doch ließ er noch zum Schabernack
zwei Schnaufer aus dem Sack.
So lustig blies der Schlingel nie
die Melodie, die Melodie,
so lustig blies der Schlingel nie,
der Pfeifer von Dundee!

*Schottisch*

*Vetter Spielmann*

Vetter, Vetter, Vetterlein,
willst du unser Spielmann sein?
Spiel uns was, tritt ein!
Auf der Tenne tanzt man fein.
Spiele, Vetter, spiele,
auf der Tenne spiele!
Sag nicht nein,
du sollst unser Spielmann sein!

Vetter, Vetter, Vetterlein,
willst du unser Flöter sein?
Spiel uns was, tritt ein!
Auf der Tenne tanzt man fein.
Flöte, Vetter, flöte,
spiele auf der Flöte!
Sag nicht nein,
du sollst unser Flöter sein!

Vetter, Vetter, Vetterlein,
willst du unser Brummbaß sein?
Spiel uns was, tritt ein!
Auf der Tenne tanzt man fein.
Brumme, Vetter, brumme,
auf dem Brummbaß brumme!
Sag nicht nein,
du sollst unser Brummbaß sein!

*Französisch*

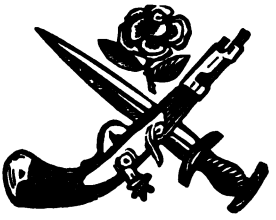
*Tom, der Pfeifer*

Tom war eines Pfeifers Sohn.
Er konnt als Knabe pfeifen schon.
Doch spielte er zu jeder Zeit
nur: Übers Gebirg und weit, so weit,
über die Berge und weit, so weit,
der Wind wird blasen in Ewigkeit!

Wenn der Tom das Spiel begann,
dann kamen alle Kinder an.
Und alle lauschten lange Zeit
dem: Übers Gebirg und weit, so weit,
über die Berge und weit, so weit,
der Wind wird blasen in Ewigkeit!

Tom ist eines Pfeifers Sohn.
Er pfeift sein ganzes Leben schon.
Doch spielte er die ganze Zeit
nur: Übers Gebirg und weit, so weit,
über die Berge und weit, so weit,
der Wind wird blasen in Ewigkeit!

*Englisch*



*Bei dem Meister Andreas*

Bei dem Meister,
Andreas heißt er,
kaufte ich ein Glöcklein ein.
Bimm Bimmelimm,
feine Glocke,
bimmelimm bimm,
ein Kling-Glöckelein.

Bei dem Meister,
Andreas heißt er,
kaufte ich ein Trommelfell.
Dumm rummeldumm,
feine Trommel,
rummeldumm bumm,
ich kauft eine Trumm.

Bei dem Meister
Andreas kauft ich
eine Baßguitarre ein.
Klung klungelung,
Baßguitarre,
klungelung klung,
die schlag ich mit Schwung.

Bei dem Meister
Andreas kauft ich
eine Knallpistole ein.
Päng tängteräng,
Knallpistole,
tängteräng päng,
mit Ledergehäng.

Bei dem Meister
Andreas kauft ich
Glock, Pistol, Guitarr und Trumm,
bimm rummeldumm,
kaufte alles,
klungelung päng,
ich kauft eine Meng.

*Italienisch*

## *Woher kommen Lieder?*

Lieder, wo
kommt ihr her?
Lieder, ach,
sagt uns das!
Kommt ihr vom
Himmel her?
Wuchset ihr
auf wie Gras?

Kommen vom
Himmel nicht,
wuchsen wie
Gräser nicht.
Burschen und
Mädchen, die
fanden uns
irgendwie.

*Slowakisch*

## *Lob der Musik*

Hört ihr das? Hört ihr das?
Brummel dumm
brummel dummel dumm.
Hört ihr das? Hört ihr das?
Tief brummt der Baß.
Hoch darüber die Geige singt,
auf und nieder der Bogen springt.
Hört ihr das? Hört ihr das?
Tief brummt der Baß.

Merkt ihr was? Merkt ihr was?
Holla und
hopsassassassa.
Merkt ihr was? Merkt ihr was?
Musik macht Spaß.
Klarinetten und Fiedelton,
alles wiegt sich im Takte schon.
Merkt ihr was? Merkt ihr was?
Musik macht Spaß!

Wißt ihr was? Wißt ihr was?
Hei fidel
didel didel dum.
Wißt ihr was? Wißt ihr was?
Hebt nun das Glas.
Vivat hoch die Musik, ihr Leut!
Sie soll leben für allezeit!
Wißt ihr was? Wißt ihr was?
Hebt nun das Glas.

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

# Tanzlieder

## *Aufforderung zum Tanz*

Komm heraus
hinters Haus,
tanze mit uns mit!
Frantischek und Matschenka,
beide sind schon lange da.
Komm heraus
hinters Haus,
tanzen wir zu dritt!

Komm heraus
hinters Haus,
dann sind wir zu drein.
Frantischek und Matschenka
stehn zum Tanze fertig da.
Komm heraus
hinters Haus,
tanze Ringelreihn!

Ich komm naus
hinters Haus,
tanz im Zweierschritt!
Frantischek und Matschenka
sind ja schon zum Tanzen da.
Ich komm naus
hinters Haus,
tanze mit euch mit!

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Lieber Franz*

Lieber Franz, komm rein,
heute solls lustig sein,
heut wolln wir tanzen!
Lieber Franz, komm rein
mit allen Fränzelchen, groß und klein.
Hier darf ein jeder vom Weine zechen,
ohne darum ein Säufer zu sein;
hier darf ein jeder vom Kuchen brechen,
ohne darum ein Dieb zu sein.

Lieber Franz, komm rein,
heute solls lustig sein,
heut wolln wir tanzen!
Lieber Franz, komm rein,
mit allen Fränzelchen, groß und klein.
Hier darf ein jeder ein Tänzchen wagen,
ohne darum ein Stutzer zu sein;
hier darf ein jeder die Pauke schlagen,
ohne darum ein Großmaul zu sein.

*Holländisch*

## *Die zerrissnen Stiefel*

Mutter, liebe Mutter,
hast dus schon gesehen?
Hab zerrißne Stiefel,
wer wird sie mir nähen?

Janosch, lieber Janosch,
hab es schon gesehen,
werde deine Stiefel
heute abend nähen!

Würdest du sie, Mutter,
auf der Stelle nähen,
könnt ich heute abend
schon zum Tanze gehen!

Janosch, lieber Janosch,
näh sie augenblicklich.
Tanzen mit zerrissnen
Stiefeln wär nicht schicklich!

*Ungarisch*

*Djurkas neues Wams*

Garn her oder Zwirn
und das Nadelbuch!
Nähe für den Djurka nun
ein Wams aus bestem Tuch!

Bunt ist Djurkas Wams,
herrlich anzuschaun!
Seine kleinen Bubenwangen
leuchten rot und braun.

Tanze, Djurka, tanz!
Tanz im neuen Wams!
Tanze einen feinen kleinen
Buben-Jubel-Tanz!

*Ungarisch*

*Butzemann*

Es tanzt ein Bi Ba Butzemann
in unserm Haus herum,
di dum,
er rüttelt sich,
er schüttelt sich,
er wirft sein Säckchen hinter sich.
Es tanzt ein Bi Ba Butzemann
in unserm Haus herum.

*Deutsch*

## *Kohlpflanzen*

Pflanzt ihr wohl
wie wir den Kohl
in Rabatten oder Beeten?
Pflanzt ihr wohl
wie wir den Kohl
in la France und in Tirol?

Mit der Sohl
pflanzt man den Kohl
in Rabatten oder Beeten,
mit der Sohl
pflanzt man den Kohl
in la France und in Tirol.

Mit der Hand,
das ist bekannt,
in Rabatten oder Beeten,
mit der Hand,
das ist bekannt,
pflanzt man Kohl in jedem Land.

Mit der Nas,
das ist ein Spaß,
in Rabatten oder Beeten,
mit der Nas,
das ist ein Spaß,
pflanzt man selten irgendwas!

*Französisch*

## *Eine Ratte und ein Floh*

Tag, Frau Ratte! Tag, Herr Floh!
Tag, Herr Käfer klein und weiß!
O patschis,
para para patschis,
para para patschis!

Kommt zum Tabaksladen, dort
spielen wir zu dritt im Kreis!

Aus der Tanz! Der Reigen aus!
Ratte räumt den Laden aus.

Stiehlt ein Kistchen Schnupftabak
und Peseten aus dem Sack.

Kommt der Wärter mit Pistol,
daß er sich die Ratte hol!

Scheuertuch mach ich aus dir,
du verfluchtes Rattentier!
O patschis,
para para patschis,
para para patschis!

*Spanisch*

## *Tanz zu Ehren des Herings*

Wohl von dem trocknen Hering wollen wir singen.
Dem Heringskopf zu Ehren wollen wir springen.
Nimm du den Kopf
und spring und hops!
Ein Stück vom trocknen Hering.

Wohl von dem trocknen Hering wollen wir singen.
Dem Heringsbauch zu Ehren wollen wir springen.
Du alter Gauch,
nimm du den Bauch!
Ein Stück vom trocknen Hering.

Wohl von dem trocknen Hering wollen wir singen.
Dem Heringsschwanz zu Ehren wollen wir springen.
Nimm du den Schwanz
und iß und tanz!
Ein Stück vom trocknen Hering.

*Flämisch*

## *Krebse tanzen mit den Fischen*

Krebse tanzen mit den Fischen,
Sellerie mit Kopfsalat,
Zwiebel mit der Petersilie,
Fräulein Kraut mit Herrn Spinat.
Bohnenstroh und Besen tanzen,
Putzfrau und Regierungsrat.

Schnittlauch tanzt mit Bitterkräutchen,
die Tomate mit dem Dill.
Baroneß im goldnen Kleidchen
tanzt mit Schuster Radziwill.
Schaut, ihr Leutchen! Heut, ihr Leutchen,
tanzt und hüpft, was tanzen will.

Blumenkohl und Rettich tanzen,
Sauerkraut und Majoran,
Läuse tanzen mit den Wanzen,
Rosenkohl mit Thymian.
Kommt, ihr Leute! Staunt, ihr Leute!
Seht, was alles tanzen kann!

*Polnisch*

## *Brücke von Avignon*

Brücke von
Avignon,
alle Welt will auf dir tanzen,
es gefällt
aller Welt
auf der Brück von Avignon!
So tanzen alle Leute,
die Leute tanzen so!

Brücke von
Avignon,
jeder Herr will auf dir tanzen,
alle Herrn
tanzen gern
auf der Brück von Avignon!
So machen es die Herren,
die Herren machen so!

Brücke von
Avignon,
alle Damen wollen tanzen,
denn sie drehn
sich so schön
auf der Brück von Avignon!
So machen es die Damen,
die Damen machen so!

Brücke von
Avignon,
jedes Kind will auf dir tanzen,
jedes Kind
springt geschwind
auf die Brück von Avignon!
So machen es die Kinder,
die Kinder machen so!

Brücke von
Avignon,
jedermann will auf dir tanzen.
Groß und klein
tanzt so fein
auf der Brück von Avignon!

*Französisch*

## *Dreh dich nun herum*

Dreh dich nun herum,
hei didel, dei didel,
mach dich nicht so krumm!
Hei didel dum!

Tanz den Ringeltanz,
hei didel, dei didel!
Spiel die Fiedel, Hans!
Hei didel dum!

Links und rechts herum,
hei didel, dei didel,
stell dich nicht so dumm,
hei didel dum!

Zweimal gradeaus,
hei didel, dei didel!
Spiel den Brummbaß, Klaus!
Hei didel dum!

Laß das Drehen sein,
hei didel, dei didel,
tanzen kannst du fein,
hei didel dum!

Dreimal macht es schrumm,
hei didel, dei didel!
Spiel und Tanz sind um!
Hei didel dum!

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Ringelreihen*

Wir tanzen Ringelreihen,
denn unser Brot ist knapp.
Frau Kloß könnt es uns leihen,
doch gibt sie uns nichts ab.
Die Bäckerin kommt morgen
und hilft uns aus der Not.
Ganz sicher wird sie sorgen
für frisches weißes Brot.
Ju!

Nun tanzen wir im Kreise,
das gibt uns neuen Mut.
Frau Kloß, die ist nicht weise,
die Bäckerin ist gut.
Die Vögel zwitschern heiter,
der Garten lädt uns ein.
Kommt, tanzt im Garten weiter
den frohen Ringelreihn!
Ju!

Wir tanzen unter Blüten
im Garten vor der Tür.
Frau Kloß kann uns nichts bieten,
viel besser ist es hier!
Gesang im Liederkranze
erfreut die Kinder sehr.
Wir sind nach jedem Tanze
viel weiser als vorher!
Ju!

*Französisch*

## *Schrummdibumm*

Schrummdibumm, solange wir leben,
sollen alle Tage froh und munter sein.
Schrummdibumm, was soll es geben?
Ringelreigentanz und roten Wein.
Für neunzehn Schwedenkronen tanzt ich gestern hier,
für zwanzig Schwedenkronen tanz ich heute hier.
Die letzte Schwedenkrone schenk ich dir.

*Schwedisch*

## *Lauter Lüpfen und Hüpfen*

Wenn wir uns lustig drehen,
drehn sich die andern mit.
Wenn wir im Takte gehen,
gehn auch die andern Schritt.
Einmal hin und einmal her,
einmal leicht und einmal schwer,
einmal runter, einmal rauf,
einmal Schritt und einmal Lauf.
Alle Welt soll sich drehen!

Wenn wir die Füße lüpfen,
so lüpft sie jeder mit.
Wenn wir zu dreien hüpfen,
hüpft alle Welt zu dritt.
Einmal hin und einmal her,
einmal leicht und einmal schwer,
einmal runter, einmal rauf,
einmal Schritt und einmal Lauf.
Lauter Lüpfen und Hüpfen!

Wenn wir wie Schwalben schwänzeln,
dann schwänzelt jeder mit.
Wenn wir wie Pferdchen tänzeln,
tanzt jeder wie im Ritt.
Einmal hin und einmal her,
einmal leicht und einmal schwer,
einmal runter, einmal rauf,
einmal Schritt und einmal Lauf.
Lauter Schwänzeln und Tänzeln!

Wenn wir uns müde setzen,
dann stockt ein jeder Schritt.
Gehn wir zu unsern Plätzen,
gehn auch die andern mit.
Einer hier und einer da,
einer fern und einer nah,
einer fern und einer dicht,
einer gern und einer nicht.
Jeder Tanz muß mal enden.

*Schwedisch*

## *Lockenkopf*

Tanze immerfort,
Lockenkopf,
tanze hier und dort,
Lockenkopf,
tanze!

Dreh dich rundherum,
Lockenkopf,
heißa, schrummdibumm,
Lockenkopf,
dreh dich!

Kreise linksherum,
Lockenkopf,
kreise rechtsherum,
Lockenkopf,
kreise!

Tanze immerzu,
Lockenkopf,
tanze ohne Ruh,
Lockenkopf,
tanze!

*Russisch*

## *Lorbeertanz*

Der Lorbeer schläft im Wald,
die Blätter knistern leis.
Der Mond erweckt ihn bald,
komm, tanz mit mir im Kreis.

Es schlafen überall
die kleinen Grillen schon.
Bald weckt die Nachtigall
sie auf mit ihrem Ton.

Bald weckt die Sängerin
den dunklen Lorbeerwald.
Nun kommt die Schäferin
mit wilden Rosen bald.

Der Lorbeer kann nicht ruhn
beim süßen Sang der Nacht.
Zikade, singe nun:
Der Lorbeer ist erwacht.

Komm, wir wollen springen,
wollen fröhlich singen,
tanzen, springen, singen
in der Lorbeernacht!

*Französisch*

## *Die Ranke aus Gold*

Hab eine Ranke aus Gold.
Tanz mit der Ranke aus Gold.
Doch ich fürchte,
jemand nimmt sie weg!
Suche für die
Ranke ein Versteck.

Hab eine Ranke aus Gold.
Trag meine Ranke aus Gold
auf den Speicher
in das Dämmerlicht.
Auf dem Speicher
sieht man Goldnes nicht!

Wo ist die Ranke aus Gold?
Trug meine Ranke aus Gold
auf den Speicher;
doch nun ist er leer,
meine Ranke
finde ich nicht mehr.

Hattest die Ranke aus Gold;
doch eine Ranke aus Gold
darfst du niemals
forttun aus dem Licht;
denn im Dunkel
bleibt das Goldne nicht!

*Russisch*

## *Feuerspan, Feuerspan*

Feuerspan, Feuerspan,
bist du noch am Leben?
Kannst du noch, kannst du noch
weiter Feuer geben?
Lange Beine hast du nicht,
kurz ist auch dein Lebenslicht!

Feuerspan, Feuerspan,
sollst dich mir verbünden,
sollst für mich, sollst für mich
weiter Feuer zünden.
Lange Beine hast du nicht,
kurz ist auch dein Lebenslicht!

Feuerspan, Feuerspan
ist nicht mehr am Leben.
Muß ein Pfand, muß ein Pfand,
das mir lieb ist, geben.
Lange Beine hattst du nicht,
kurz war auch dein Lebenslicht!

*Russisch*

## *Horn und Ente*

Kommt, wir flechten
den Zaun,
den Zaun, unsern Zaun!
Nun erschalle, o Ton des goldenen Horns!

Kommt, wir falten
den Damast,
mit Blumen geschmückt!
Ach du schwarzgraue kleine Ente du!

Wir entflechten
den Zaun,
den Zaun, unsern Zaun!
Nun verstumme, o Ton des goldenen Horns!

Wir entfalten
den Damast,
mit Blumen geschmückt!
Ach du schwarzgraue kleine Ente du!

*Russisch*

## *Wer Marjuschka nicht gesehen*

Bei dem Tanze, das ist wichtig,
setz die Füße richtig, richtig!
Didel didel,
didel, didel,
didel, didel,
dumm!

Bei dem Tanze hier im Städtchen
sieht man wirklich hübsche Mädchen.
Didel didel,
didel, didel,
didel, didel,
dumm!

Bei dem Tanze singt Anuschka,
doch die Schönste bleibt Marjuschka!
Didel didel,
didel, didel,
didel, didel,
dumm!

Wer Marjuschka nicht gesehen,
der wird nie mein Lied verstehen!
Didel didel,
didel, didel,
didel, didel,
dumm!

*Ungarisch*

## *Morgen ist Festtag*

Morgen ist Festtag,
da will ich mich schmücken,
da will ich mich schmücken,
tralla lela la.
Zieh einen Rock an,
der schwingt zum Entzücken,
der schwingt zum Entzücken,
tralla lela la.

Morgen ist Festtag,
da will ich mich kränzen,
da will ich mich kränzen,
tralla lela la.
Will mich dann drehen
in lustigen Tänzen,
in lustigen Tänzen,
tralla lela la.

Morgen ist Festtag,
da will ich mich freuen,
da will ich mich freuen,
tralla lela la.
Trinke vom Weine,
vom jungen, vom neuen,
vom jungen, vom neuen,
tralla lela la.

*Italienisch*

## *Tanz, Zigeunerin!*

Hört mir zu, ihr Caballeros,
stellt euch hier im Kreise hin.
Gleich ertönen die Trompeten.
Und nun tanz, Zigeunerin!

Ach, ich komme ja grad
aus Sevilla, der Stadt.
Trotzdem tanz ich und singe dazu.
Ich bin klein, aber fein,
und beweg ich ein Bein,
seht, dann glitzert mein Schuh!

Alindingo, lindingo, lindango,
alle Kirschen, die pflückt man vom Baume
gleich den Feigen des Frühlings und Sommers.
Ay, die Feigen sind immer die gleichen.

*Spanisch*

## *Marianka*

Marianka,
tanz Mazurka!
Tanz beim Fiedelklang Mazurka!
Marianka, Marianka,
sing ein kleines Lied dazu.
Tradi ridi radi ria,
eher geb ich keine Ruh!

Marianka,
tanz Mazurka!
Tanz beim Fiedelklang Mazurka!
Marianka, Marianka,
tanzen ist für dich nicht schwer.
Tradi ridi radi ria.
Kriegst ein Busserl hinterher!

Marianka
tanzt Mazurka,
tanzt beim Fiedelklang Mazurka.
Marianka, Marianka,
kommt und seht, wie sie sich dreht!
Tradi ridi radi ria.
Und sie tanzt bis abends spät!

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Die Nönnlein*

Wild umspült, mein Herr,
von den Wellen, Herr,
steht ein Kloster, Herr,
im Meer.
Man sieht Nönnlein dort
an dem heilgen Ort,
die gehn immerfort
hin und her.
Man sieht die hübschen,
man sieht die andern,
man sieht sie wandern
vorm blauen Meer.
Tschiribi!

Gar nicht weit, mein Herr,
von der Küste, Herr,
steht ein Kloster, Herr,
im Meer.
Man sieht Nönnlein dort
an dem heiligen Ort,
die gehn immerfort
hin und her.
Man sieht die dünnen,
man sieht die dicken,
man sieht die schicken
vorm blauen Meer.
Tschiribi!

*Spanisch*

*Die tanzwütige Frau*

Dein Mann, Frau Mariora,
hat Hunger wie ein Bär!
Was kümmerts mich? Was kümmerts mich?
Ich drehe mich, ich wende mich
im Tanze hin und her.
Es liegt ja gottseidank
genügend Brot im Schrank.

Dein Mann, Frau Mariora,
ist durstig wie ein Faß!
Was kümmerts mich? Was kümmerts mich?
Ich drehe mich, ich wende mich
und ohne Unterlaß!
Nehm er 'nen tiefen Zug
aus unserm Wasserkrug!

*Griechisch*

## *Jenny Jenkins*

Sage uns, sage uns,
sage uns, wann
trägst du wohl weiß, Jenny Jenkins?
Nie trag ich weiß
wie der Schnee und das Eis!
Trag ein Knöpfel-Ströpfel-Rüschen-Plüschen-
Doppel-Poppel-Streifen-Schleifen-
Tandel-Bandel-Kleid!
Tanz, Jenny Jenkins, tanz!

Sage uns, sage uns,
sage uns, wann
trägst du wohl blau, Jenny Jenkins?
Nie trag ich blau
wie der prahlende Pfau!
Trag ein Knöpfel-Ströpfel-Rüschen-Plüschen-
Doppel-Poppel-Streifen-Schleifen-
Tandel-Bandel-Kleid!
Tanz, Jenny Jenkins, tanz!

Sage uns, sage uns,
sage uns, wann
trägst du wohl rot, Jenny Jenkins?
Nie trag ich rot
wie das Feuer, das loht!
Trag ein Knöpfel-Ströpfel-Rüschen-Plüschen-
Doppel-Poppel-Streifen-Schleifen-
Tandel-Bandel-Kleid!
Tanz, Jenny Jenkins, tanz!

Sage uns, sage uns,
sage uns, wann
trägst du wohl grün, Jenny Jenkins?
Nie trag ich grün
wie die Disteln, die blühn!
Trag ein Knöpfel-Ströpfel-Rüschen-Plüschen-
Doppel-Poppel-Streifen-Schleifen-
Tandel-Bandel-Kleid!
Tanz, Jenny Jenkins, tanz!

*Amerikanisch*

## *Tanz, Villanella!*

Du tanzt im Takte Tarantella,
Tarantella, Tarantella,
du tanzt im Takte Tarantella,
Tarantella, tralala.

Wir schaun dir gerne zu.
Tanz, Villanella!
Keiner kann immerzu
tanzen wie du!

Leicht wie ein Federflaum
tanzt Villanella,
tanzt unterm Feigenbaum,
tanzt wie im Traum.

Schon wenn der Tag erwacht,
tanzt Villanella,
tanzt, wenn die Sonne lacht,
tanzt in der Nacht.

Du tanzt im Takte Tarantella,
Tarantella, Tarantella,
du tanzt im Takte Tarantella,
Tarantella, tralala.

*Italienisch*

## *Heut will die Mary tanzen*

Heut will die Mary tanzen.
Schon spielt der Dudelsack.
Laß sie den Zweier tanzen,
lustiger Dudelsack!

Hab gesucht im Oberland,
hab gesucht im Unterland,
suchte eine Tänzerin,
bis ich endlich Mary fand.

Eiche wächst im Oberland,
Birke wächst im Unterland,
aber solche Tänzerin
wächst nicht mehr im ganzen Land!

Adler lebt im Oberland,
Lerche lebt im Unterland,
doch nur eine Tänzerin
lebt wie sie im ganzen Land!

Heut will die Mary tanzen.
Schon spielt der Dudelsack.
Laß sie den Zweier tanzen,
lustiger Dudelsack!

*Schottisch*

# Tänze für Junge und Alte

## *Alt und Jung*

Dreht euch im Kreise,
alt ist die Weise.
Jung sind die Mädchen,
Klärchen und Kätchen.

Dreht euch im Kreise,
alt ist die Weise.
Jung sind die Burschen,
Stefan und Djurdje.

Dreht euch im Kreise,
alt ist die Weise.
Jung sind im Städtchen
Burschen und Mädchen.

*Ungarisch*

## *Märkischer Bauerntanz*

Jetzt danzt Hannemann,
jetzt danzt Hannemann,
jetzt danzt Hannemann und sine liewe Fru.
O du mei Möppelken,
mei Möppelken, mei Möppelken,
o du mei Möppelken,
mei Möppelken bist du!

Er hat Stäbel an,
er hat Stäbel an,
er hat Stäbel an un sie blenke Schuh.
O du mei Möppelken,
mei Möppelken, mei Möppelken.
o du mei Möppelken,
mei Möppelken bist du!

Er hätt schiew Gesicht,
er hätt schiew Gesicht,
er hätt schiew Gesicht un sie Paar grote Ohrn.
O du mei Möppelken,
mei Möppelken, mei Möppelken,
o du mei Möppelken,
mei Möppelken bist du!

*Deutsch aus der Mark*

## *Sporen, tanzt Krakowjak!*

Bin ein Krakowjatschek,
bin aus Krakau, Leute.
Mir am Gürtel hängen
siebzig Ringe, Leute!

Bin ein Krakowjatschek,
tanz Krakowjak, Leute.
Wer mir in den Weg tritt,
soll sich hüten, Leute!

Tanz ich den Krakowjak,
dröhnen euch die Ohren.
Splittern muß der Boden,
Funken sprühn die Sporen!

Sporen, tanzt Krakowjak!
Überall auf Erden
ist so ein Krakowjak
wert, getanzt zu werden!

*Polnisch*

## *Oma und Opa*

Opapachen
trägt ein Pelzchen,
Omama ein Röckchen.
Tanze, Opa,
tanz Mazurka,
leg beiseit dein Stöckchen!

Omamachen
macht ein Schrittchen,
Opapa steht stille.
Zur Mazurka,
liebe Oma,
lege ab die Brille!

Omamachen,
Opapachen
drehen sich im Scherz.
Wer die beiden
nicht kann leiden,
hat kein gutes Herz!

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Schwager Schmer*

Schwager Schmer
trinkt so sehr,
und nun schwankt er hin und her,
zur Rechten, zur Linken.
Schwager Schmer
trinkt so sehr,
und nun schwankt er hin und her.
Das kommt nur vom Trinken!

Schwager Schmer
trinkt so sehr,
und sein Bauch ist rund und schwer,
zur Rechten, zur Linken.
Schwager Schmer
trinkt so sehr,
und sein Bauch ist rund und schwer.
Das kommt nur vom Trinken!

*Französisch*

## *Kavalierstanz*

He, Schneider, nun packe
die schwarzbraune Jacke
und nähe ins Futter
mir Schwermut hinein.
Die Schwermut, die bittre,
die nimm dir und füttre
die schwarzbraune Jacke,
dann werde ich fein.
Ich kanns kaum erwarten:
In Daniels Garten,
da will ich so bleich
wie ein Edelmann sein!

Mit Schwermut, mein Lieber,
wird alles viel trüber.
Der Anschein des Edelmanns
nützt dir da nicht!
Hör auf mit dem Scherze!
Ein trauriges Herze,
das machst du nicht wett
durch ein feines Gesicht.
Was kannst du verlangen?
Du hast rote Wangen.
Nimm hin deine Jacke,
ich füttre sie nicht!

*Dänisch*

## *Traumtanz*

Nana, nana, schlafe, Djurka,
tanze nun im Traum Mazurka,
tanz im Traum im Himmelssaale
barfuß auf dem Mondenstrahle.

Nana, nana, Djurka, Kleiner,
so wie du im Traum tanzt keiner!
Tanzest du im Traume, Bübchen,
kriegst du in den Füßen Grübchen.

Nana, nana, Djurka, Engel,
wirst einmal ein wilder Bengel!
Tanzt im Traume schon Mazurka
besser als der alte Djurka!

*Ungarisch*

## *Kann Marco schon tanzen?*

Kann Marco schon tanzen?
Ja, Marco kann tanzen.
Er sagt: Tanzt mein Vater,
so tanze
auch ich!

Erst kommt er, dann geht er.
Will er mir nichts schenken?
Er hat dirs gegeben!
Was war es?
Ein Kuß!

Kann Marco denn küssen?
Ja, Marco kann küssen.
Er sagt: Küßt mein Vater,
so küsse
auch ich!

*Ladinisch aus Italien*

## *Was für ein seltsamer Tanz*

Ich lag auf dem Hügel, wo Elfen umgehn,
da wurden mir schwer meine Glieder.
Da hab ich am Hügel zwei Elfen gesehn,
die lockten mich wieder und wieder.
Was für ein seltsamer Tanz!

Das Wasser des Bachs, der den Hügel umsprang,
stand ruhig, als wär es von Glase.
Die Fische, die standen so steinern und bang,
verzaubert vom Schwanz bis zur Nase.
Was für ein seltsamer Tanz!

Die Elfen, die winkten und drohten mir auch,
ich war wie in Ketten gefangen.
Da krähte ein Hahn, und wie ringelnder Rauch
war plötzlich der Zauber vergangen.
Was für ein seltsamer Tanz!

Ihr dänischen Burschen, ich rate euch gut:
Die Elfen, sie locken euch alle!
Drum meidet den Hügel und seid auf der Hut,
damit euch kein Schlaf überfalle!
Was für ein seltsamer Tanz!

*Dänisch nach J. L. Heiberg*

## *Alle Blätter müssen sich verfärben*

Alle Blätter müssen sich verfärben,
alle Menschen müssen einmal sterben.
Will man uns zum Friedhof bringen,
hopp hei trallala,
wollen wir noch einmal singen:
Hopp hei trallala!

Alle Blätter welken auf dem Grunde,
allen Menschen schlägt die letzte Stunde.
Will man uns zu Grabe tragen,
hopp hei trallala,
wolln wir singen und nicht klagen:
Hopp hei trallala!

Alle Blätter müssen sich verfärben,
alle Menschen müssen einmal sterben.
Doch die Bäume grünen wieder,
hopp hei trallala,
weiter tönen Menschenlieder,
hopp hei trallala!

*Slowakisch*

## *Tanz an einem Jungfrauengrab*

Oben im Himmel, da tanzt man fein.
Halleluja!
Da tanzen lauter Jungfräulein.
Benedicamus Domino,
halleluja!

Diesen Tanz für Amelia,
halleluja!
Sie tanzt nun mit in der Jungfrauen-Schar.
Benedicamus Domino,
halleluja!

*Flämisch*

## *Tanzlied im Winter*

Tanz und tanz und dreh dich rum,
dreh dich rum,
wirf nur nicht den Ofen um,
Ofen um!
Feuer braucht halt jedermann,
jedermann,
der kein Bett sich kaufen kann,
kaufen kann!

Ein Soldat auf Wache steht,
Wache steht,
durch den Rock der Nachtwind weht,
Nachtwind weht.
Hat kein Liebchen, hat kein Geld,
hat kein Geld.
Ihm ist kalt, und Regen fällt,
Regen fällt.

Zieht zwei Hemden sich vom Leib,
sich vom Leib,
gibt sie dem Zigeunerweib,
Geunerweib.
Alte, Alte, zaubre mir,
zaubre mir,
eine hübsche Frau dafür,
Frau dafür!

Werde zaubern, spendest du,
spendest du,
vier, fünf Groschen noch dazu,
noch dazu!
Gehst du auf den Handel ein,
Handel ein,
soll sie süß wie Mandel sein,
Mandel sein!

Tanz und tanz und dreh dich fein,
dreh dich fein,
braunes Mandelmägdelein,
Mägdelein!
Eine Frau braucht jedermann,
jedermann,
der sich sonst nicht wärmen kann,
wärmen kann!

*Tschechisch aus Mähren*

## *Faules Pack*

Sind die Sägen sägemüde,
drehn die Mühlen sich nicht mehr,
sind die Bauern müd vom Dreschen,
sind die Scheuern alle leer,
will der Jura mit der Hanka
tanzen zu dem Dudelsack,
schlafen alle Musikanten.
Treff der Schlag das faule Pack!

*Tschechisch aus Mähren*

# Lieder von Liebesleuten

# Die Mädchen und die Blumen

## *Auf dem Rosenfeld*

Mädchen, auf dem Rosenfeld,
Rosenfeld,
ist die Mitte unsrer Welt,
unsrer Welt.
Sucht euch hier die Rosen aus,
Rosen aus,
bindet einen Rosenstrauß,
Rosenstrauß.

Marijuschka flicht sie fein,
flicht sie fein,
legt sie an den Wiesenrain,
Wiesenrain.
Pischta nimmt die Rosen auf,
Rosen auf,
steckt sie auf den Hut hinauf,
Hut hinauf.

*Ungarisch*

## *Überm Fluß ein Mädchen sitzt*

Überm Fluß ein Mädchen sitzt,
wo das Feuer blakt und blitzt.
Ach, holder
Wachholder!

Mädchen in der dunklen Nacht
flicht den Zopf und singt sehr sacht:
Ach, holder
Wachholder!

Wachse, Zopf in meiner Hand,
bis ans seidne Gürtelband.
Ach, holder
Wachholder!

Rotes Feuer blakt und blitzt,
überm Fluß ein Mädchen sitzt.
Ach, holder
Wachholder!

*Russisch*

## *Mädchen und Schmetterlinge*

Ein Mädchen meint, sie finge
an eines Baches Rand
die bunten Schmetterlinge
mit ihrer kleinen Hand.

Den Schmetterling, den raschen,
den holt kein Mädchen ein.
Das Mädchen fiel beim Haschen –
plumps – in den Bach hinein.

Da rief sie laut um Hilfe
und weinte bitterlich.
Die Fröschlein in dem Schilfe
verkrochen hurtig sich.

Doch kam ein Bursche bieder,
der holte sie heraus.
Seitdem zieht sie nie wieder
auf Schmetterlinge aus.

***Lettisch***

## *Traumdeutung*

Prächtig singt der Silberschwan
den ganzen Sommer lang.
Geh wie das Jahr zur Lilienzeit
im Blumengang.

Stiefmutter, deute, was mir träumt,
den ganzen Sommer lang.
Träumte, daß mir der Mond erschien,
so rund und blank.

Stieftochter, du wirst Königin,
und viele Sommer lang.
Kriegst einen Sohn, wie Gold so schön
und lilienschlank.

Prächtig singt der Silberschwan,
den ganzen Sommer lang.
Geh wie das Jahr zur Lilienzeit
im Blumengang.

***Isländisch***

## *Mädchen, Mädchen*

Mädchen, Mädchen, was muß ich sehn?
Röschen, Röschen!
Sage, für wen?
Hab für dich gepflückt die Rosen,
sah sie wo am Wegrand stehn.

Mädchen, Mädchen, was tust du hier
in dem grünen Garten bei mir?
Suchte dich im grünen Garten,
diente gern als Gärtnerin dir!

Mädchen, Mädchen, lustiges Kind,
sag mir, wo ich abends dich find!
Sollst im Garten mich erwarten,
wo die Apfelbäume sind!

*Slowakisch*

## *Blau ist Lavendel*

Blau ist Lavendel, didel, didel,
blau, himmelblau!
Bist du der König, didel, didel,
bin ich die Frau!
Wer sagt dir das, didel, didel?
Ist das ein Scherz?
Was ich gesagt, didel, didel,
sagt mir mein Herz!

Gib dem Gesind, didel, didel,
Arbeit genug!
Einem das Pferd, didel, didel,
einem den Pflug!
Einer schneidt Korn, didel, didel,
einer macht Heu.
Aber wir zwei, didel, didel,
sitzen dabei.

Bist du einst tot, didel, didel,
bist du ein Traum,
grab ich dein Grab, didel, didel,
unter dem Baum.
Warum beim Baum, didel, didel,
gräbst du mich ein?
Dort brauchst du nie, didel, didel,
durstig zu sein!

*Schottisch*

## *Das verlorene Taschentuch*

Hab mein Taschentuch verloren,
Mutter wird mich schelten.
Wer das Tüchlein wiederbringt,
dem will ichs wohl vergelten!

Findet er das Tuch im Hof,
dann darf er damit winken,
findet ers im Hühnerstall,
dann kriegt er Ei mit Schinken.

Findet er das Taschentuch
bei Rosen und Narzissen,
findet ers im Blumenbeet,
dann werde ich ihn küssen!

*Ungarisch*

## *Gestörter Traum*

Ein Mädchen fiel in Schlaf, ein Mädchen,
am Ufer, an des Meeres Saum.
Ein Mädchen fiel in Schlaf, ein Mädchen,
unter dem alten Lorbeerbaum.

Da kam ein Lüftchen von dem Wasser,
ganz sachte nur, sie fühlt es kaum.
Und dennoch traf ein Zweig das Mädchen
und weckte es aus seinem Traum.

Das Mädchen unterm Lorbeerbaume
rief: Wind, das hab ich gar nicht gern!
Du wecktest mich aus einem Traume.
Mir träumte von drei jungen Herrn.

Der erste wollte Tuch mir bringen,
das schimmerte im Strahl des Lichts.
Die andern brachten Gold und Ringe.
Nun weckst du mich – und ich hab nichts!

*Bulgarisch*

## *Nachtigallenweisheit*

In meinem Garten, groß und grün,
da wachsen kleine Rosmarien.
Schön blüht auch der Mohn, ihr Damen!
Schön blüht auch der Mohn, Madame!

Ich pflückte kaum drei Rosmarei,
da kam die Nachtigall herbei.

Die Nachtigall, so klug und fein,
die sprach drei Worte auf Latein.

Die Nachtigall, die kleine, spricht:
Die großen Männer taugen nicht!

Sie mag die Männer gar nicht sehr,
die Burschen noch viel weniger.

Die Nachtigall sagt, was sie will,
doch über Damen schweigt sie still.

Sie mag die Burschen nicht, noch Herrn,
doch über Mädchen spricht sie gern.
Schön blüht auch der Mohn, ihr Damen!
Schön blüht auch der Mohn, Madame!

*Französisch*

## *Jaroschauer Heide*

Jaroschauer Heide,
hast der Bäche zweie.
Müßt einmal geschieden sein,
ach, wir weinten beide!

Eher aus den Wellen
kämen die Forellen,
eh wir voneinandergehn,
freundlichste Gesellin!

Eher in der Ferne
scheiden Mond und Sterne,
eh ich laß den Burschen stehn,
hab ihn viel zu gerne.

Jaroschauer Heide,
hast der Bäche zweie.
Müßt einmal geschieden sein,
ach, wir weinten beide!

*Tschechisch aus Mähren*

## *Es fiel ein Reif*

Es fiel ein Reif in der Frühlingsnacht,
er fiel auf die zarten Blaublümelein,
sie sind verwelket, verdorret.

Ein Jüngling hatte ein Mädchen lieb,
sie flohen heimlich von Hause fort,
es wußts weder Vater noch Mutter.

Sie sind gewandert hin und her,
sie haben gehabt weder Glück noch Stern,
sie sind verdorben, gestorben.

*Deutsch,*
*Fassung von Heinrich Heine*

### *Still, daß sie nicht schauen . . .*

Ochsen grasen, Ziegen grasen.
Still, daß sie nicht schauen!
Laß sie grasen auf dem Rasen.
Still, daß sie nicht schauen!

Dreht in Schweigen euren Reigen!
Still, daß sie nicht schauen!
Leise, Knäbchen! Leise, Mädchen!
Still, daß sie nicht schauen!

Lacht das Mädchen: Hi hi hi hi!
Fein, daß sie nicht schauen!
Lacht das Knäbchen: Ha ha ha ha!
Schad, daß sie nicht schauen!

Wenn sie aber, sagt der Knabe,
wenn sie aber schauen,
krieg ich deinen Gürtel, Kleine!
Wenn sie aber schauen!

*Bulgarisch*

### *Wenn die Mühl auch keinen Stein hat*

Wenn die Mühl auch keinen Stein hat,
mahlt die Mühle doch.
Wenn die Rosa nicht darf kommen,
kommt die Rosa doch!

Rosa, laß mich hier nicht warten!
Komm und fasse Mut!
Alle Kirschen hier im Garten
sind schon reif und gut.

Auch die Mühlen ohne Steine
machen klipp und klapp.
Rosa, meine liebe Kleine,
huscht den Weg herab.

*Ungarisch*

## *Sonja und Wanja*

Schwarze Sonja,
komm heraus
aus dem Wald!
Schwarze Sonja,
über Nacht
wird es kalt!

Dummer Wanja,
warum findst
du mich nicht?
Hell wie Mondschein
ist im Wald
mein Gesicht!

Schwarze Sonja,
hinter Busch
oder Baum,
schwarze Sonja,
ach, da sieht
man dich kaum!

DummerWanja,
hinterm Busch
bin ich nicht!
Dummer Wanja,
schau, ich zeig
mein Gesicht!

Schwarze Sonja,
halt, du fällst
in ein Loch!
Schwarze Sonja,
schau, nun hab
ich dich doch!

Böser Wanja,
hast gefaßt
mich mit List!
Lieber Wanja,
ei, wie klug,
du doch bist!

*Russisch*

## *Roselill*

Roselill saß mit der Mutter
bei Tische und sprach,
sie saßen und sprachen
und lachten hernach.
Hahaha hahaha,
mit naja und mit aha.

Roselill sprach: Ich will helfen
in Garten und Haus.
Ich will nicht mehr spielen,
ich mach mir nichts draus.

Aber draußen stand der Peter,
der lauschte fein still.
Der lachte und dachte:
Warts ab, Roselill!

Und der Peter pfiff ein Liedlein,
das kannte das Kind.
Sie lief in den Garten
zum Peter geschwind.

Wer zuletzt lacht, lacht am besten,
hat Peter gedacht.
Dann spielten die beiden
bis tief in die Nacht.
Hahaha hahaha,
mit naja und mit aha.

*Dänisch*

*Da drobn af dem Bergal*

Da drobn af dem Bergal, gu gu,
do steht a kloans Wuzerl wia du.

Steig oba, mei Wuzerl, zu mir,
i kaaf da an Wein und a Bier.

I schenk da an Nuß und an Kern,
wannst anderst mei Schatzerl wüllst wern.

Eh daß i an Wittiber nahm,
eh häng i mi zhöchst an aan Baam.

Mei Herzal, mei Herzal is trei,
a Schlösserl, a Schlösserl dabei.

An oanziger, oanziger Bua
hots Schlüsserl, hots Schlüsserl dazua.

*Niederösterreichisch*

*Tinum, tanum*

Tinum, tanum,
auf dem Berge war sie,
tinum, tanum,
auf mich nieder sah sie.

Tinum, tanum,
schau mich nicht so an, Schatz!
Tinum, tanum,
werde nie dein Mann, Schatz!

Tinum, tanum,
darf ich dich nicht ansehn,
tinum, tanum,
werde ich hinabgehn!

Tinum, tanum,
einen Mann gewinnen,
tinum, tanum,
wolln selbst Königinnen!

*Slowakisch*

## *Mads Doss*

Mads Doss, das war ein Bauernknecht,
ein Hirte auf unsrer Heide.
Er band so manchen Besen da
aus Heidekraut und aus Reisig.
Er trug seine Besen zur Mutter nach Haus,
er sang dabei laut in die Heide hinaus:
La lalalu
la lalalei
komm, so soll es sein!

Mett Kölvro war ein Bauernkind,
war Hirtin auf unsrer Heide.
Sie hütete die Schafe da,
doch macht es ihr keine Freude.
Mal wars ihr zu kalt, und mal wars ihr zu heiß,
oft lag sie im Gras, und dann summte sie leis:
La lalalu
la lalalei
komm, so soll es sein!

Und manchmal trafen Mads und Mett
zusammen auf unsrer Heide.
Dann aßen sie ihr Butterbrot,
und dabei schwatzten sie beide.
Der eine, der kam, wenn der andre pfiff,
der eine, der sang, wenn der andre schlief:
La lalalu
la lalalei
komm, so soll es sein!

*Dänisch nach St. St. Blicher*

## *Das Meislein*

An mein winzig Häuselein
stieß ein keckes Meiselein.
Fliege weiter, Gott vergelt,
daß mein Dach nicht runterfällt.

Süßen Honig löffelt man,
wen man liebt, den schaut man an.
Einem Mädchen, blond und fein,
schau ich gern ins Aug hinein.

Schaut das Mädchen nicht zurück,
hab ich halt kein Liebesglück.
Wer mir nicht ins Aug will sehn,
der soll gleich zum Kuckuck gehn!

*Ungarisch*

## *Mei Schatz ischt e Schreiber*

Mei Schatz ischt e Schreiber,
e Schreiber muß sein,
er schreibt mir alle Tage,
sein Herze sei mein.

Mei Schatz ischt e Gärtner,
e Gärtner muß sein,
der setzt mir die schönsten
Vergißmeinnicht ein.

Mei Schatz ischt e Schneider,
e Schneider muß sein,
der macht mir e Mieder
so nett und so fein.

Mei Schatz ischt kein Zucker,
was bin ich so froh:
Sonst hätt ichn schon gesse,
jetzt hab ich ihn no.

Mei Schatz ischt so gschmeidig,
mei Schatz ischt so nett,
und die Leut sein so neidig
und gönnen mirn net!

*Deutsch aus Schwaben*

## *Glück bei Frauen*

Welche Kleine,
kuckuck,
wird die Deine,
kuckuck?
Tust so überheblich,
hast ein Wams so kläglich!
Kuckuck, kuckuck,
aha!

Hüt die Zunge,
kuckuck,
dummer Junge,
kuckuck!
Möchtest stolz und frech sein,
hast im Rock drei Löchlein!
Kuckuck, kuckuck,
aha!

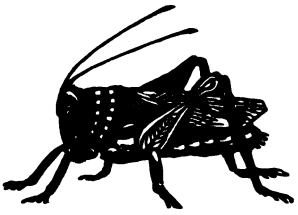
Steckst in Wahrheit,
kuckuck,
voller Narrheit,
kuckuck!
Mangelt es an Reizen,
darf man sich nicht spreizen!
Kuckuck, kuckuck,
aha!

Ich, mein Lieber,
kuckuck,
lach darüber,
kuckuck!
Keine Reiche möcht ich,
das wär dumm und töricht!
Kuckuck, kuckuck,
aha!

Alle Kleinen,
kuckuck,
suchen einen,
kuckuck!
Aber nur die Schlauen
haben Glück bei Frauen!
Kuckuck, kuckuck,
aha!

*Polnisch*

# Seltsame Freier



## *Als der Kater freien ging*

Als der Kater freien ging,
da fand er einen Fingerring.
Was tat er mit dem Ringelein?
Er tauschte sich ein Ferkel ein!

Von dem Ferkel – das war nett –
bekam er sieben Unzen Fett.
Was tat er mit dem Fett nachher?
Die Wagenräder schmierte er.

Mit dem Wagen gutgeschmiert,
so ist er in die Stadt kutschiert.
Warum fuhr er zur Stadt hinein?
Er kaufte sich ein Kätzelein.

Dieses Kätzlein, weiß und grau,
das nahm der Kater sich zur Frau.
Was tat er mit der Katzenfrau?
Er küßte sie.
Mijau!

*Kroatisch*

## *Heuschreck, Herr Heuschreck*

Heuschreck, Herr Heuschreck,
im Flachs bist du zuhaus.
O lin o lin o lela,
doch du willst hoch hinaus!

Ameise fragt ihn:
Nanu, was machst du dort?
O lin o lin o lela,
du bastelst immerfort!

Heuschreck, der Heuschreck,
schaut auf und sagt zu ihr:
O lin o lin o lela,
zwei Flügel mach ich mir!

Hab ich zwei Flügel,
dann werde ich dein Mann.
O lin o lin o lela,
weil ich dann fliegen kann!

Heuschreck, Herr Heuschreck,
fliegt auf und fällt ins Gras.
O lin o lin o lela,
der Ameis macht es Spaß!

*Italienisch*

## *Die Kröte hat drei Töchter*

Die Kröte hat drei Töchter.
Der Frosch sagt, eine möcht er.
Jung und frei
sind alle drei.

Kohlschwarz, so ist die erste,
und sie ist auch die schwerste.
Fröschlein spricht:
Die nehm ich nicht!

Eigelb, so ist die zweite.
Das paßt sich nicht für Bräute.
Fröschlein spricht:
Die nehm ich nicht!

Hellrosa ist die dritte,
dazu von feiner Sitte.
Fröschlein sagt,
daß er sie mag.

Die Kröte fragt: Wo wohnst du?
Wo residierst und thronst du?
Sagt der Frosch:
Im Pfützenloch!

O meine arme Tochter!
Dich ausgerechnet mocht er!
Dir bringt Schand
der Ehestand!

*Italienisch*

## *Mister Frosch und Mizzimaus*

Und als Mister Frosch auf Brautschau ritt,
ahaa, ahaa,
und als Mister Frosch auf Brautschau ritt,
da nahm Pistol und Schwert er mit,
ahaa, ahaa!

Er ritt zu dem Fräulein Mizzimaus,
ahaa, ahaa.
Er ritt zu dem Fräulein Mizzimaus.
He, Mizzimaus, bist du zuhaus?
Ahaa, ahaa!

Grüß Gott, Mister Frosch, bin ganz allein.
Ahaa, ahaa!
Grüß Gott, Mister Frosch, bin ganz allein.
Mach auf die Tür und komm herein!
Ahaa, ahaa!

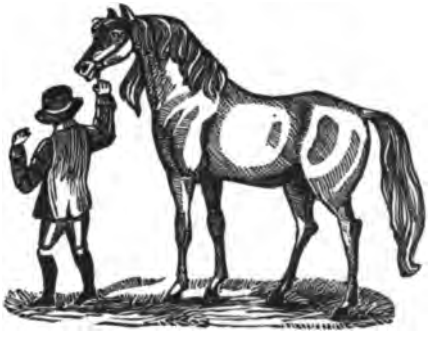
Er nimmt sie aufs Knie und fragt sie dann,
(Ahaa, ahaa!)
er nimmt sie aufs Knie und fragt sie dann:
Nimmst du mich wohl als Bräutigam?
Ahaa, ahaa!

Muß hören, was Onkel Ratte spricht!
Ahaa, ahaa!
Muß hören, was Onkel Ratte spricht!
Nähm sonst auch den Präsidenten nicht!
Ahaa, ahaa!

Der Onkel, der sprach nur: Ei verdammt!
Ahaa, ahaa!
Der Onkel, der sprach nur: Ei verdammt,
da muß ich gleich zum Standesamt!
Ahaa, ahaa!

Dann futterten sie den Hochzeitsschmaus,
ahaa, ahaa.
Dann futterten sie den Hochzeitsschmaus,
der Frosch, der Onkel und Mizzimaus.
Ahaa, ahaa!

*Amerikanisch*



## *Der ungeheuerliche Freier*

Ich hätt emal en Freier,
hoho,
des war en Ungeheuer!
Hoho hoho hoho!

An Hals hot e wie e Eichbaum,
hoho,
und Zähne hot e wie e Reitgaul,
hoho hoho hoho!

An de Schuh hot e keine Sohle,
hoho,
die Strümpf hot e gestohle,
hoho hoho hoho!

Solch en Freier sollt ich nehme?
Hoho!
Des müßt ich mich ja schäme!
Hoho hoho hoho!

*Deutsch aus Hessen*

## *Die Lady und das Schwein*

Die Lady Mady liebt ein Schwein.
Schwein, sprach sie fein,
willst du mein Lord und Gatte sein?
Nöff! rief das Schwein.

Dein Schweinestall wird silberhell,
Schwein, sprach sie fein,
und Perlen stick ich dir aufs Fell!
Nöff! rief das Schwein.

Ich geb dir Gold und Silbergeld,
Schwein, sprach sie fein,
kannst essen, was dir wohlgefällt!
Nöff! rief das Schwein.

Du liebes Schwein, verschmäh mich nicht,
Schwein, sprach sie fein,
du weißt, daß sonst das Herz mir bricht!
Nöff! rief das Schwein.

Und fragst du, ob sie sich gefreit,
sag ich geschwind,
die Antwort heißt für alle Zeit:
Nöff, liebes Kind.

*Englisch*

## *Mister Punkinello*

O Mutter, ich muß heiraten
den Mister Punkinello!
Den Mister Punk,
den Mister Joe,
den Mister Nell,
den Mister Lo,
Mister Punk, Mister Joe,
Mister Nell, Mister Lo,
den Mister Punkinello!

*Englisch*

*Weint mit mir!*

Als ich gestern auf dem warmen Hausdach lag,
stahl man mir mein Schimmelchen am hellen Tag.
Hat man mir mein Pferd gestohlen,
sag ich dir:
Ich verkaufe halt Melonen!
Lach mit mir!

Als ich gestern auf dem warmen Hausdach lag,
stahl man mir mein Ferkelchen am hellen Tag.
Bringt man nicht mein Ferkel wieder,
sag ich dir:
Ich verkauf halt Runkelrüben!
Lach mit mir!

Als ich gestern auf dem warmen Hausdach lag,
stahl man mir die Mariza am hellen Tag.
Ach, nun sitz ich, liebe Brüder,
einsam hier!
Wer bringt die Mariza wieder?
Weint mit mir!

*Ungarisch*

## *Weißt du das?*

Hatte einst ein Böcklein
weißt du das?
Sperrte es ins Gärtlein,
weißt du das?
Kam ein Wolf von vorn da,
weißt du das?
Ließ mir nur ein Horn da,
siehst du das?

Hatte eine Scheune,
weißt du das?
Ließ sie oft alleine,
weißt du das?
Blies der Sturm von vorn 'nein,
weißt du das?
Ließ mir nur den Schornstein,
siehst du das?

Hatte einen Zeisig,
weißt du das?
Fütterte ihn fleißig,
weißt du das?
Kam der Kater Zabel,
weißt du das?
Ließ mir nur den Schnabel,
siehst du das?

Hatte einst ein Mädchen,
weißt du das?
Schickte sie ins Städtchen,
weißt du das?
Fort ist sie gegangen,
weißt du das?
Ließ mir nur zwei Spangen,
siehst du das?

*Ungarisch*

*Lied eines einsamen Mädchens*

Hol der Teufel all die vielen
lockren Knaben,
weil sie mich zum Tanzen nicht
geladen haben!
Wäre gern herumgesprungen,
hätt zur Zimbel mitgesungen
und mich schön im Kreis gedreht!

Mutter hat am Nachmittag
soviel gebacken.
Pflegt sich nur für euch, ihr Burschen,
abzuplacken.
Ging, drei Säcklein Mehl zu suchen,
buk euch Plätzchen, buk euch Kuchen,
daß ich Burschen hab zum Tanz!

Aus das Tanzen, aus der Reigen!
Schluß und Amen!
Tanzte nicht, weil keine Burschen
zu mir kamen!
Nächstesmal, ihr lockren Knaben,
will ich einen Tänzer haben,
geht es auch auf Mitternacht!

*Slowakisch*

## *Wie gleicht dein Haar*

Wie gleicht dein reizendes seidenes Haar,
das zierliche Lockengeschling,
der Frau Magdalena so sehr,
als jene auf Erden noch ging.
Oho, oho, oho,
das beste Schmalz ist rot!

Du gleichst dem Spiegel aus feinstem Kristall,
doch weiß ich, ein Spiegel zerbricht.
Nun such ich dich allüberall,
doch weiß ich, ich finde dich nicht.
Oho, oho, oho,
das beste Schmalz ist rot!

Wie vornehm gingst du zum Brunnen hinauf,
doch Vornehmheit steht dir nicht an.
Trag Leibchen mit Knöpfen darauf,
wies immer die Mädchen getan.
Oho, oho, oho,
das beste Schmalz ist rot!

Du bist, o Mädchen, so klein wie ein Ei,
was brauchst du schon einen Mann?
Ich ruf deine Mutter herbei.
Kochen, das lehrt sie dich dann.
Oho, oho, oho,
das beste Schmalz ist rot!

*Spanisch*

## *Eihei, entepente*

Als ich kam vom Hof herab,
Hof herab,
fielen grad die Pflaumen ab.
Eihei, entepente,
Entenpfützengrütze!

Als die Pflaumen fielen schon,
fielen schon,
lief mein Mädchen mir davon.
Eihei, entepente,
Entenpfützengrütze!

Über meinen Hut hinaus,
Hut hinaus,
ragt die Feder eines Pfaus.
Eihei, entepente,
Entenpfützengrütze!

*Ungarisch*

## *Die Zitrone*

Einst am Johannistag gingst du spazieren,
Maria.
Grasgrüne Strümpf, rote Schuhe mit Schnüren,
Maria.

Als ich dich grüßte, da warfst du zum Lohne,
Maria,
mir an den Kopf eine gelbe Zitrone,
Maria.

Schwarz ist dein Haar und dein Herz, kecke kleine
Maria.
Grüß dich nie wieder! Spaziere alleine,
Maria.

Magst du auch tausendmal grüßen und nicken,
Maria:
Diese Zitrone schlug alles in Stücken,
Maria!

*Spanisch*

*Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär*

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär
und auch zwei Flügel hätt,
flög ich zu dir;
weils aber nicht kann sein,
bleib ich allhier.

Bin ich gleich weit von dir,
bin doch im Schlaf bei dir
und red mit dir;
wenn ich erwachen tu,
bin ich allein.

Es vergeht keine Stund in der Nacht,
da nicht mein Herz erwacht
und an dich gedenkt,
daß du mir vieltausendmal
dein Herz geschenkt.

*Deutsch*

*Dreizehn Falten*

Dreizehn Falten hatt ich
an dem Faltenkleid.
Niemand hat im Sommer
mich als Braut gefreit.
Sommer ist und alle
Hoffnung fern und weit.
Zwölf der Falten schneid ich
von dem Faltenkleid.

Sommer ist entflogen,
ist nun anderswo.
Nicht mehr sind die Bäume
grün und vogelfroh.
Schon von seinem Liebchen
floh der Wendehals,
und mein Schatz, mein Lieber,
flieht mich ebenfalls.

*Ungarisch*

## *Molly Mallowne*

In Dublin Fair City
küßt ich Jenny und Kitty,
doch mein Herz war verloren
an Molly Mallowne.
Die zog ihren Wagen
ohne Murren und Klagen,
und ich hörte sie sagen:
Kauft Muscheln und Fisch!
Kauft Muscheln und Fisch,
so lebendig wie ich!
Und ich hörte sie sagen:
Lebendig wie ich!

Sie starb an 'nem Fieber,
und so ging sie hinüber.
Und mein Herz rief vergeblich
nach Molly Mallowne.
Einst zog sie den Wagen
ohne Murren und Klagen,
und ich hörte sie sagen:
Kauft Muscheln und Fisch!
Kauft Muscheln und Fisch,
so lebendig wie ich!
Und ich hörte sie sagen:
Lebendig wie ich!

*Irisch*

*Romanze von der schönen Infantin*

Die Infantin saß am Strande,
kam ein Schiff vom heilgen Lande,
trat ein Hauptmann vor sie hin.

Wo ist mein Gemahl, Herr Hauptmann?
Euer Herr Gemahl, Senhora,
focht und starb als edler Ritter.
Seinen Tod hab ich gerächt.

Weh, Herr Hauptmann, tot mein Gatte,
und ich Arme bin nun Witwe
mit drei Töchtern unvermählt!

Brächt ich ihn Euch her, Senhora,
brächt ich ihn vor Eure Augen,
was versprächet Ihr dafür?

Gold und Silber! Nein, Senhora!
Reiche Mühlen! Nein, Senhora!
Einen Teppich! Nein, Senhora!
Meine Töchter! Nein Senhora!
Habt Ihr nichts zu bieten sonst?

Gebt mir einen Kuß, Senhora!
Wie, Euch küssen? Pfui, Herr Hauptmann!
Helft mir, Knechte! Helft mir, Diener!
Gebt ihm Antwort! Bindet ihn!

Wartet! Auf ein Wort, Senhora,
seht den Ring, den ich Euch zeige,
diesen Ring mit sieben Steinen
gabt Ihr einst zur Hälfte mir!

Oh, mein Gatte, soviel Jahre
hab gebangt ich und gewartet!
Daß Ihr mich so hart geprüft habt,
Lieber, mög Euch Gott verzeihn.

*Portugiesisch*

*Kehrst du jemals heim nach Loch Lomond?*

Am blühenden Hang,
das Ufer entlang,
wenn die Sonne schien auf Loch Lomond,
wie gern ging ich hier
und plauderte mit dir.
Kehrst du jemals, jemals heim nach Loch Lomond?
Du wandertest oben,
ich wanderte unten.
Nun bin ich in Schottland alleine.
Doch kämst du zurück,
es wär das alte Glück!
Kehrst du jemals, jemals heim nach Loch Lomond?

Im blühenden Tal
beim Frühsonnenstrahl,
ach, da gingst du fort von Loch Lomond!
Da glühte der Stein
in purpurrotem Schein.
Kehrst du jemals, jemals heim nach Loch Lomond?
Du wandertest oben,
ich wanderte unten.
Nun bin ich in Schottland alleine.
Doch kämst du zurück,
es wär das alte Glück.
Kehrst du jemals, jemals heim nach Loch Lomond?

Die Vögel, sie ziehn,
die wilden Blumen blühn,
und das Wasser schläft im Loch Lomond.
Doch ich sitz zuhaus,
mein Liebster, der zog aus.
Kehrt er jemals, jemals heim nach Loch Lomond?
Er wanderte oben,
ich wanderte unten.
Nun sitz ich in Schottland alleine.
Doch käm er zurück,
es wär das alte Glück.
Kehrt er jemals, jemals heim nach Loch Lomond?

*Schottisch*

## *Begrabene Liebe*

Einst gabs Liebe. Ach, sie haben
unter Steinen sie begraben!

Sinnlos, unter großen schweren
Steinen sie hervorzukehren.

Mühst du dich auch ab unsäglich,
laß es sein: Es ist unmöglich!

*Tschechisch aus Mähren*

## *Abenamar und Galiana*

In den Gärten Almeria
liegt ein Mohr, liegt Abenamar
mit dem Blick zu dem Palaste
seiner Mohrin Galiana.

Sein Albornos dient als Kissen,
seine Tartsche dient als Teppich,
seine Lanze liegt am Boden,
auf dem Boden liegt die Lanze.

Um den Sattelknopf geworfen,
hängt der Zaum; und mit der Trense
festgeschlungen zwischen zweien
Linden, geht sein Pferd und grast.

Und er sieht ein Mandelbäumchen.
Traurig hängt die Mandelblüte,
die im scharfen Nordwind welkte,
der die Blüten alle tötet.

*Spanisch nach J. G. Herder*

## *An den Südwind*

Wind, blas von Süden her,
Süden her, Süden her,
bring mir den Liebsten her
weit übers Meer!

Man sagt, in der Nacht war
ein Schiff in der Nähe.
Ich konnt es nicht sehen
im wogenden Meer.
Ich konnt es nicht sehen,
das Schiff in der Nähe.
Wann bringt mir der Südwind
den Liebsten wohl her?

Wind, blas von Süden her,
Süden her, Süden her,
bring mir den Liebsten her
weit übers Meer!

Ich stand bei dem Leuchtturm
am Tag, als er fortfuhr,
bis Dunkelheit fiel auf das
wogende Meer.
Bald sah ich ihn nicht mehr,
kein Schiff mehr, kein Licht mehr.
O bring ihn mir wieder,
du wogendes Meer!

Wind, blas von Süden her,
Süden her, Süden her,
bring mir den Liebsten her
weit übers Meer!

Ich lausche so gerne
dem singenden Südwind,
er singt von der Heimkehr
auf wogendem Meer.
Doch hör ich noch lieber
das laute Holüber
vom Schiff, das den Liebsten
mir endlich bringt her!

*Schottisch*

# Braut- und Hochzeitslieder

*Nadelkissen, Kutsche, Gold*

Ein Nadelkissen biet ich dir an,
denn also fängt die Liebe an,
wenn du mich nimmst als Mann,
wenn du mich nimmst als Mann.

Dein Nadelkissen nehm ich nicht an,
so fängt bei mir nicht die Liebe an.
Ich nehm dich nicht als Mann!
Ich nehm dich nicht als Mann!

Eine Pferdekutsche biet ich dir an
mit sechs pechschwarzen Rappen dran,
wenn du mich nimmst als Mann,
wenn du mich nimmst als Mann.

Ich nehme deine Kutsche nicht an,
auch nicht mit sieben Rappen dran.
Ich nehm dich nicht als Mann!
Ich nehm dich nicht als Mann!

Die Truhenschlüssel biet ich dir an,
damit mein Gold dir nützen kann,
wenn du mich nimmst als Mann,
wenn du mich nimmst als Mann.

Die Truhenschlüssel nehm ich wohl an,
weil Geld und Gold mir nützen kann.
Ich nehm dich auch als Mann!
Ich nehm dich auch als Mann!

Du liebst mein Gold ganz sicherlich
viel mehr als mich, viel mehr als mich.
Drum heirat ich dich nicht!
Drum heirat ich dich nicht!

*Amerikanisch*

## *Das wählerische Mädchen*

Nein, den will ich nicht!
Nein, den Schmied, den nehm ich nicht!
Schmied muß auf den Amboß schlagen,
schlagen kann ich nicht vertragen.
Nein, den will ich nicht!

Nein, den will ich nicht!
Nein, den Tischler nehm ich nicht!
Tischler, der muß Särge machen,
Särge find ich nicht zum Lachen.
Nein, den nehm ich nicht!

Nein, den will ich nicht!
Nein, den Metzger nehm ich nicht!
Metzger muß die Kälbchen schlachten,
die mir so viel Freude machten.
Nein, den will ich nicht!

Ja, den will ich wohl!
Ja, den Gärtner nehm ich wohl.
Gärtner müssen Blumen pflanzen,
Gärtner singen, Gärtner tanzen!
Ja, den nehm ich wohl!

*Polnisch*

## *Brautwerbung*

Hoffinn ist gekommen,
Alfinn ist gekommen,
alle ihre Männer
sind auch gekommen.

Hoffinn sucht ein Mädchen,
Alfinn sucht ein Mädchen,
alle ihre Männer
suchen ein Mädchen.

Hoffinn kommt mit Kupfer,
Alfinn kommt mit Kupfer,
aber alle Mädchen
wollen kein Kupfer.

Hoffinn kommt mit Silber,
Alfinn kommt mit Silber,
aber alle Mädchen
wollen kein Silber.

Gold bringt nun Herr Hoffinn,
Gold bringt auch Herr Alfinn,
alle ihre Männer
bringen ein Goldstück.

Hoffinn ist willkommen,
Alfinn ist willkommen,
alle ihre Männer
sind nun willkommen!

*Isländisch*

## *Das arme Mädchen*

Fliege, Falke, fliege,
ziehe deine Kreise.
Sieh auf jenen See hinab
und auf den kleinen Nachen.
Weinend sitzt ein Mädchen drin,
das kämmt sich seine Haare.

Keinen Vater hat sie,
der ihr einen Mann sucht.
Hat auch keine Mutter mehr,
den Brautschatz ihr zu sammeln.
Brüder hat die Arme nicht,
sie hat auch keine Schwestern.

Vater ist der Mond ihr,
der ihr einen Mann sucht.
Mutter ist die Sonne ihr,
die einen Brautschatz sammelt.
Sternenschwestern kränzen sie
im Sternenbrüderwagen.

*Litauisch*

## *Hör, Teresina!*

Hör, Teresina!
Mutter ruft dich, komm herein!
Die Mutter ruft mich immerzu.
Was mag es sein?

Hör, Teresina!
Sollst die Frau vom Schuster sein!
Den ganzen Tag nur Stiefel putzen?
Nein! Nein! Nein!

Hör, Teresina!
Sollst die Frau vom Maurer sein!
Den ganzen Tag nur Kalk anrühren?
Nein! Nein! Nein!

Hör, Teresina!
Sollst die Frau vom Schmiede sein!
Den ganzen Tag den Blasbalg treten?
Nein! Nein! Nein!

Hör, Teresina!
Sollst die Frau vom Kutscher sein!
Ja, alle Tage Kutsche fahren:
Fein! Fein! Fein!

*Italienisch*

## *Baumwoll-Augen-Joe*

Wo, sag mir,
wo, Joe,
wo warst du, wo?
Wo kommst du her, mein Joe,
Baumwoll-Augen-Joe?

Kam, daß ich seh dich,
kam, daß ich sing,
kam, daß ich zeig dir den
Diamantenring!

Dank, guter Joe,
so
schlaf ich nun froh!
Nacht, gute Nacht, mein Joe,
Baumwoll-Augen-Joe!

*Amerikanisch*

## *Setz dich hierher, o Antonio*

Setz dich hierher, o Antonio,
mir zur Seite, o Antonio,
dieser Stuhl aus Alemtejo
ist aus Nelkenwurz, Antonio.

Aus der Nelkenwurz, Antonio,
aus dem Rosenblatt, Antonio,
ist der Stuhl aus Alemtejo.
Setz dich nieder, o Antonio.

*Portugiesisch*

## *Vier Rätsel*

Sag mir: Wer ist ein König,
ein König ohne Land?
Sag mir: Was ist ein Wasser,
ein Wasser ohne Sand?

Es ist der Kartenkönig
ein König ohne Land.
Das Wasser in den Augen
ist Wasser ohne Sand.

Sag mir: Was ist ein Spiegel,
ein Spiegel ohne Glas?
Und sag mir, welcher Schlüssel
kommt überall zupaß?

Das Gold, das ist der Schlüssel,
der immer kommt zupaß.
Mein Herz, das ist der Spiegel.
Es spiegelt ohne Glas.

*Flämisch*

*Die kleine Hochzeit*

Seidenhemdchen, Knöpfelwams
auf dem Bauch des Bräutigams.
Juhaha,
hahaha!

Wiegst du mehr als hundert Gramm,
ei du kleiner Bräutigam?
Juhaha,
hahaha!

Weizenkorn und Kümmelkern:
Hochzeitsmahl für sieben Herrn!
Juhaha,
hahaha!

Und ein ganzes Nudelzwirn:
Hochzeitsmahl für sieben Dirn.
Juhaha,
hahaha!

Kükenflaum und Wollgraskraut:
Oh, wie niedlich ist die Braut!
Juhaha,
hahaha!

Dill- und Petersilienbeet:
Schön ist, wer zu zweien geht!
Juhaha,
hahaha!

*Ungarisch*

## *Bettelmanns Hochzeit*

Widele, wedele,
hinterm Städtele
hat der Bettelmann Hochzeit.
Pfeift ein Läusele,
tanzt ein Mäusele,
Igele schlägt die Trommel.
Alle Tiere, die Wedele haben,
solln zur Hochzeit kommen.

*Deutsch aus Schwaben*

## *Roddy und Mary*

Hört, wir wollen nun
erzähln, wie alles kam.
Hört, wie Roddy Bain
zur Frau die Mary nahm.
Hört, wir wollen nun
erzähln, wie alles kam!

Schüchtern zwar war Roddy Bain,
jedoch er ging zu Emily.
Er wollte sie so gerne frein,
die Schwester von Marie.

Mary stand am Gartenzaun,
er kam in ihre Näh, o weh!
Sie sprach: Komm her, du darfst dich traun!
Ich lad dich ein zum Tee!

Roddy war so froh wie nie,
denn froh und nett und lieb war sie.
Da nahm er statt der Emily
ganz einfach die Marie.

Nun wißt ihr, wie es kam,
daß er die Mary nahm!

*Gälisch*

## *Ola Glomstulens Hochzeit*

Ola Glomstulen hat eine klapprige Geiß,
komm, Kare, mach Wurst draus,
der Herd ist schon heiß.
Mache Wurst draus
für Ola Glomstulens Hochzeitsmahl,
komm, Kare, mach Wurst draus,
der Herd ist schon heiß,
mache Wurst draus
für Ola Glomstulens Hochzeitsmahl.

Ola Glomstulen hat zwei Sack Malz vor der Tür,
komm, Kare, und brau draus
ein gutes Faß Bier.
Mache Bier draus
für Ola Glomstulens Hochzeitsmahl,
komm, Kare, und brau draus
ein gutes Faß Bier,
mache Bier draus
für Ola Glomstulens Hochzeitsmahl.

Ola Glomstulens Brautzug wird lang und wird fein,
vom Dorf übern Berg und
ins Städtchen hinein.
Man wird schmausen
auf Ola Glomstulens Hochzeitsmahl,
vom Dorf übern Berg und
ins Städtchen hinein.
Man wird schmausen
auf Ola Glomstulens Hochzeitsmahl.

*Norwegisch*

*Mückenhochzeit*

Bei dem Mücken-Hochzeitsschmaus,
summ, summ, Hochzeitsschmaus,
war kein Tropfen Wein im Haus,
summ, summ, Wein im Haus.

Kam die Nachtigall herein,
tijo, kam herein,
brachte einen Schoppen Wein,
tijo, Schoppen Wein.

Doch beim Rausche mit Gesumm,
ss, ss, mit Gesumm,
brachte man den Bräutgam um,
ss, ss, Bräutgam um.

Als er lag so tot und stumm,
oh, oh, tot und stumm,
dreht der Braut das Herz sich um,
oh, oh, Herz sich um.

Doch sie hat, vom Wein berauscht,
ei, ei, Wein berauscht,
einen andern eingetauscht,
ei, ei, eingetauscht.

Mücken gibts die Welt entlang,
summ, summ, Welt entlang,
viele, viele, gottseidank,
summ, summ, gottseidank!

*Tschechisch aus Mähren*

## *Floh und Biene*

Hei didel do,
hei didel do,
die Biene wird heute die Frau vom Floh.
Spricht der Floh zu ihr:
Bin ein gutes Tier!
Wie gefall ich dir
als dein Kavalier?

Hei didel do,
hei didel do,
die Biene wird heute die Frau vom Floh.
Sie erwidert: Oh,
mein geliebter Floh,
du gefällst mir so
in dem Paletot!

Hei didel do,
hei didel do,
die Biene wird heute die Frau vom Floh.
Als der Bräutigam
mit der Braut am Arm
aus der Kirche kam,
sang ein Bienenschwarm.

Hei didel do,
hei didel do,
die Biene wird heute die Frau vom Floh.
Sei ein braver Mann!
Sang der Floh-Chor dann.
Aber denk daran,
daß sie stechen kann!

*Englisch*

## *Sieben Meilen hinter Warschau*

Sieben Meilen hinter Warschau,
trulla trullalla,
machten Hochzeit Spatz und Dohle,
tillebum, tillebum, dai, dai, dai.

Jeder Vogel war geladen,
trulla trullalla,
doch vergessen war die Eule,
tillebum, tillebum, dai, dai, dai.

Als die Eule das erfahren,
trulla trullalla,
kam sie eilig angeflogen,
tillebum, tillebum, dai, dai, dai.

Ließ auf dem Kamin sich nieder,
trulla trullalla,
und verlangte hübsche Lieder,
tillebum, tillebum, dai, dai, dai.

Schließlich tanzten Spatz und Eule,
trulla trullalla,
doch dann gabs ein Wehgeheule,
tillebum, tillebum, dai, dai, dai.

Eule heulte: Wehe, wehe!
Trulla trullalla.
Spatz, du trittst mir auf die Zehe!
Tillebum, tillebum, dai, dai, dai!

*Polnisch*

*Grillenhochzeit*

Als die Grille freien ging,
freite sie die Schnake,
kam die Laus herangeschlurft,
wurde Hochzeitspate.

Floh kam auch herbeigehüpft,
führt die Braut zum Feste,
Käferlein und Mücken klein
waren Hochzeitsgäste.

Glühwurm trug das Hochzeitslicht,
Heimchen sang ein Liedel,
Predigt hielt ein Schmetterling,
Heuschreck spielte Fiedel.

Cello strich ein Bienenheer,
Kontrabaß die Hummel,
Holzbock schlug die Pauke und
Siebenbein die Trummel.

Zecken holten Tisch und
Wespen holten Stühle.
Ein Marienkäfer war
Ordner im Gewühle.

Motte nahm die Mäntel ab,
Fliege wusch die Teller,
Tausendfüßler holt im Trab
Flaschen aus dem Keller.

Ameis buk das Hochzeitsbrot,
Reblaus war der Schenke.
Bis zum vollen Morgenrot
ging das Fest. Man denke!

*Ungarisch*

*Vogelhochzeit*

Es wollt ein Vöglein Hochzeit machen
in dem grünen Walde,
fiderallalla, fiderallalla,
fiderallalla fidom!

Der Reiher, der Reiher,
der bringt der Braut die Kleider.

Der Zeisig, der Zeisig,
der bringt der Braut den Trauring.

Der Seidenschwanz, der Seidenschwanz,
der führt die Braut zum Hochzeitstanz.

Der Kuckuck, der Kuckuck,
der bringt der Braut den Halsschmuck.

Die Lerche, die Lerche,
die führt die Braut zur Kerche.

Die Gänse und die Anten,
das sind die Musikanten.

Der Auerhahn, der Auerhahn,
das ist der Küster und Kaplan.

Die Taube, die Taube,
die führt die Braut nach Hause.

Der Wiedehopf, der Wiedehopf,
der bringt der Frau den Nachttopf.

Der lange Specht, der lange Specht,
der macht der Braut das Bett zurecht,
fiderallalla, fiderallalla,
fiderallalla fidom!

*Deutsch*

## *Vier goldene Schwäne*

Vier goldne Schwäne gabs einmal,
vier seidige Libellen gabs.
Lulu lulu,
lulu lulu.

Dem kleinen Chalkko habe ich
sogleich die erste angetraut.
Lulu lulu,
lulu lulu.

Die zweite gab ich einfach weg
an einen Säufer aus Polmak.
Lulu lulu,
lulu lulu.

Die dritte trafs am besten wohl!
Ich gab sie einem Lehrersmann.
Lulu lulu,
lulu lulu.

Die vierte aber bleibt bei mir
bei Sonnenschein und Mondenschein!
Lulu lulu,
lulu lulu.

*Lappländisch*

# Verheiratet und unzufrieden

## *Klage einer jungen Ehefrau*

Ach, Frau Mutter, liebe Mutter,
warum mußt ich frein?
Bin zur Herrschaft in der Küche
viel zu jung und fein.
Kenne schon des Ehstands Plage,
eh vorbei die Jugendtage,
teure Mutter mein,
liebes Mütterlein!

Ach, Frau Mutter, liebe Mutter,
möcht nach Hause gehn
und am Werktag für den Sonntag
schöne Kleider nähn.
Kenne nun schon Müh und Plage,
hock im Hause alle Tage,
teure Mutter mein,
liebes Mütterlein!

Ach, Frau Mutter, liebe Mutter,
schöner wars zuhaus,
wenn die Burschen fröhlich sangen
in die Nacht hinaus.
Ach, wie war ich ohne Sorgen,
wenn sie sangen bis zum Morgen,
teure Mutter mein,
liebes Mütterlein!

*Polnisch*

## *Weil mein Schatz ein Schlucker ist*

Schätzle, warum weinest du,
weinest du so sehr?
Weil ich muß mein Kleid verkaufen,
daß ich kann mein Kindle taufen,
darum weine ich!

Schätzle, warum weinest du,
weinest du so sehr?
Weil ich muß zu Hause liegen
und muß stets das Kindlein wiegen,
darum weine ich!

Schätzle, warum weinest du,
weinest du so sehr?
Weil mein Schatz ein Schlucker ist,
ach, ein armer Schlucker ist,
darum weine ich!

*Deutsch*

## *Ein Weiblein hat ne Mark*

Ein Weiblein hat 'ne Mark,
ein Weiblein hat 'ne Mark,
und als sie kommt zum Markte,
kauft sie ein Viertel Quark,
nee, tulurelu,
kauft sie ein Viertel Quark.

Ihr Bett ist ziemlich klein,
ihr Bett ist ziemlich klein,
und wo sie morgens rauskriecht,
da kriecht sie abends rein,
nee, tulurelu,
da kriecht sie abends rein.

Der Schrank, der ist ihr Staat,
der Schrank, der ist ihr Staat,
denn oben steht die Butter
und unten der Salat,
nee, tulurelu,
und unten der Salat.

Das Weiblein saß und spann,
das Weiblein saß und spann,
doch an dem Rad von Holze
war keine Wolle dran,
nee, tulurelu,
war keine Wolle dran.

Ihr Mann, so groß und stark,
ihr Mann, so groß und stark,
der saß in einer Ecke
und futterte den Quark,
nee, tulurelu,
und futterte den Quark.

*Holländisch*

## *Schafs-Kathrein*

Die Schafs-Kathrein
buk den Pflaumenkuchen fein,
doch der Teig ist nicht gegangen,
und der Herd fiel um,
und der Kuchen wurde krumm,
und der Mann aß ihn mit Zangen.

Die Schafs-Kathrein
kochte Knochensuppe fein,
doch sie hat das Salz vergessen,
und die Supp brannt an,
und der arme, arme Mann,
ach, der muß die Suppe essen.

Die Schafs-Kathrein
machte Hähnchenbraten fein,
doch verschmorte ihr das Hähnchen,
es war hart wie Stein,
und ihr Mann, der biß hinein,
und der Mann verlor vier Zähnchen.

Die Schafs-Kathrein
möchte Herrschafts-Köchin sein,
doch es will ihr nichts gelingen,
und ihr armer Mann,
und ihr armer, armer Mann
kann ein Liedchen davon singen!

*Holländisch*

## *Das Pappelmaul*

Hör, Liebchen, was ich sagen will:
Schweig doch nur ein wenig still!
Man hat vor dir keine Ruh,
immer, immer pappelst du!
Immer, immer pa pa pa pa,
pa pa pa pa pappelst du!

Drum hör, was ich erzählen kann:
Es war einmal ein großer Mann,
der hatte eine Frau, die sprach
und pappelt, pappelt alles nach!
Immer, immer pa pa pa pa,
pa pa pa pa alles nach!

Dies verdroß den guten Mann,
darum hub er zornig an:
Höre, liebes Weibchen mein,
stelle mir das Pappeln ein!
Stell das pa pa pa pa pa pa,
pa pa pa pa Pappeln ein!

Aber nichts half alles Dräun:
Es muß fortgepappelt sein.
Darum er dann auch nicht faul
schlug ihr eins aufs Pappelmaul!
Schlug ihr auf das pa pa pa pa,
pa pa pa pa Pappelmaul!

Darum, Lieschen, merke fein:
Stelle mir das Pappeln ein!
Daß ich nicht auch bös und scharf
dir das Mäulchen stopfen darf!
Dir das pa pa pa pa pa pa,
Pappelmäulchen stopfen darf!

*Deutsch aus dem Elsaß, gekürzt*

## *Der Böttcher und die feine Frau*

Ein witziger Böttcher war einst nicht schlau,
nickety neckety, nuh nuh nuh:
Er nahm sich eine zu feine Frau,
hei Willy Wallacky, hei John Dugall,
o weh, raruschelchen, ruh ruh ruh!

Sie wollte nicht kochen und backen nicht.
Verdirbt ja, sprach sie, mein Angesicht!

Und weil sie vom Spinnen fast nichts verstand,
so sprach sie: Das schadet der feinen Hand!

Sie heulte, wenn sie zu plätten anfing.
Das schadet, sprach sie, dem goldnen Ring!

Der Böttcher, der legte ein Schafsfell schlau
wohl auf den Rücken der feinen Frau.

Er sagt: Nun halte dich still und brav!
Ich prügle nur dieses Fell vom Schaf!

Ein jeder, der hat solche feine Frau,
nickety neckety, nuh nuh nuh,
der mach's wie der Böttcher, dann wird sie schlau!
Hei Willy Wallacky, hei John Dugall,
o weh, raruschelchen, ruh ruh ruh!

*Amerikanisch*

## *Junggesellen-Weisheit*

Als ich Junggeselle war,
konnt ich singen immerdar,
sang ich heja, sang ich huja,
wußte jeder, wer ich war!

Seit ich nun verheirat bin,
stell ich oft vors Tor mich hin,
singe heja, singe huja,
niemand kümmerts, wer ich bin!

Ach, ich zieh daraus den Schluß,
daß ich nicht mehr singen muß!
Singt ein Ehemann heja, huja,
macht er Mädchen nur Verdruß!

*Ungarisch*

## *Neuigkeiten*

Kommt mit mir zur Mühle, Leute!
Hören wir Geschichten!
Freud und Leid und Neuigkeit,
das wollen wir berichten!
Wenn die Mühlenflügel kreisen,
drehn sie sich im Winde,
wenn mein Täublein heiratet,
tanz ich mit dem Gesinde!

Denkt euch: Vor der Heirat schon
hat sie mich geschlagen.
Hol mir drum drei Knüppel her,
damit werd ich sie plagen!
Einen Knüppel für die Meine,
einen für die Kinder,
doch den dritten für mich selber,
bin ja auch ein Sünder!

Kommt mit mir zur Mühle, Leute!
Hören wir Geschichten!
Freud und Leid und Neuigkeit,
das wollen wir berichten!
Wenn die Mühlenflügel kreisen,
stöhnen laut die Steine,
wenn mein Täublein heiratet,
wird sie um mich weinen!

*Slowakisch*

## *Vogelweisheiten*

Wißt ihr, sprach die Amsel,
was mir ist geschehn?
Ich hatte eine Amselfrau,
und die war wunderschön!
Doch sie floh vor kurzer Zeit,
trag darum ein schwarzes Kleid.

Ach, so sprach die Fledermaus,
was es alles gibt!
Ich habe auf der weiten Welt
gar niemand, der mich liebt.
Niemand, der mich fröhlich macht,
schwirre daher nur bei Nacht.

Wißt ihr, sprach der Buntspecht,
als ich einst geschmollt,
da hat sich meine Buntspecht-Frau
bei Nacht davongetrollt.
Daher hab ich armer Tropf
ständig einen roten Kopf.

Wißt ihr, sprach der blaue
wilde Täuberich,
nur das, was Spaß und Freude macht,
das tu und treibe ich.
Daher bin ich allezeit
immer voll Zufriedenheit.

Taudi audi daudi,
taudi daudi dum.
Taudi daudi audi,
Tauben sind nicht dumm.
Tauben turteln stets herum,
taudi audi daudi dum.

*Amerikanisch*

# Ulklieder

# Schön gelogen

## *Lügen können fliegen*

Karolinka, unsre Base,
hat verbrüht des Vetters Nase,
und nun läuft er wie ein Hase
zickzack mit der Feuernase.
Oi, oi, trallalla!

Lügen hab ich viel gefunden
und in einen Sack gebunden.
Doch gelang es manchen Lügen,
durch ein Loch davonzufliegen.
Oi, oi, trallalla!

Lügen haben kurze Beine.
Mit dem Hunde an der Leine
wollte ich sie wieder kriegen,
aber Lügen können fliegen.
Oi, oi, trallalla!

Auch die Lüge von der Base
und des Vetters Feuernase
fliegt nun durch das ganze Polen
und ist nie mehr einzuholen.
Oi, oi, trallalla!

*Polnisch*

## *Lügengeschichten*

Hei didel, hei didel,
die Katze spielt Fiedel,
die Kuh hüpft über den Mond.
Da lacht eine Ziege,
die sitzt in der Wiege,
in der sie seit Wochen schon wohnt.

Hei didel, hei dadel,
das Schaf hat 'ne Nadel
und näht sich ein seidenes Kleid.
Der Hase strickt Häubchen
für Würmer und Räupchen.
Das findet der Igel gescheit.

Hei didel, hei dodel,
der Dackel kann jodeln,
der Fuchs trompetet dazu.
Der Esel schlägt Trommel,
Klavier spielt die Dommel,
den Kontrabaß streicht eine Kuh.

Hei didel, hei dudel,
ein Schwein und ein Pudel,
die sitzen beim Falken im Nest.
Sie hocken zusammen
bei knisternden Flammen
und braten drei Eier zum Fest.

Hei didel, hei dedel,
und raucht euch der Schädel
und bringt euch das Lügen in Zorn,
und wenn euch nicht klar ist,
was falsch und was wahr ist,
dann lest die Geschichte von vorn!

*Englisch*

*Ach, ach*

Ich saß auf einem Birnenbaum,
wollt gelbe Rüben graben,
da kam derselbe Bauersmann,
dem diese Zwiebeln waren.

Ach, ach, du Schelm! Ach, ach, du Dieb!
Was machst du in den Nüssen?
So hatt ich all mein Lebetag
nicht bessre Pflaumen gessen.

Der Esel hat Pantoffeln an,
kam übers Dach geflogen.
Ach, ach, ich armes Mägdelein,
wie bin ich doch betrogen!

*Deutsch*

## *Die große Mücke*

Eine Mücke fing ich ein,
größer als ein Reitpferd,
tat ihr Fett ins Faß hinein,
das war sieben Mark wert.
Wer dies glaubt, ob groß, ob klein,
muß ein rechtes Heupferd,
muß ein rechter Esel sein,
größer als ein Reitpferd!

*Ungarisch*

## *Tief im Meer*

Tief im Meer, auf nassem Grund,
seufzt ein Filzpantoffel leise.
Holt mich, sagt er, aus dem Wasser,
rettet mich, eh ich ersaufe!

Als ich dich heut kommen sah,
um die Eselin zu kaufen,
lag sie grad im Wochenbettchen.
Dort gebar sie einen Truthahn.

Bestes Huhn im Hühnerhof
ist das Ferkel ohne Zweifel.
Es bewegt und trübt das Wasser
mit dem Hühnerferkelschnabel.

Hört, im Manzanaresfluß
fingen Fischer einen Haifisch,
dieser Fisch trug kurze Hosen,
dazu einen Herren-Haarschnitt.

Als ich hatt Geburtstag, da
sind geborn die Blumen alle.
Über meinem Taufstein sangen
wunderbar die Nachtigallen.

*Spanisch*

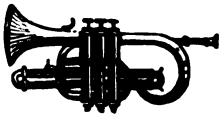
## *Mager, Geiger, klingt dein Lied*

Hühnchen hat den Fuß geknickt,
der Hahn den Schwanz gebrochen,
zwölf Pfund Rüben fraß die Katz,
sie starb nach sieben Wochen.

Spatzenmann und Spatzenfrau,
die droschen in der Scheune,
aber, ach, sie stolperten
und brachen sich die Beine.

Kuh und Truthahn wanderten
zum Jahrmarkt nett und friedlich.
Sie fraß Heu, und er fraß Fleisch,
das fanden sie gemütlich.

Sperling vor der Kirchentür
hat nicht gegrüßt das Kätzchen.
Holt die Katz die Mück, und dann
erwürgten sie das Spätzchen.



Mager, Geiger, klingt dein Lied,
so sagte ein Trompeter.
Deine Töne, sprach der Geiger,
röcheln wie ein Köter!

*Polnisch*

*Lügenlied*

Ich will euch erzählen und will auch nicht lügen:
Ich sah 'n Paar gebratene Ochsen fliegen,
sie flogen so von ferne,
sie hatten den Rücken zur Erde gekehrt,
den Bauch wohl gegen die Sterne.
Heideldumdei, heideldumdei,
den Bauch wohl gegen die Sterne.

## Köln

Ein Amboß und ein Mühlenstein,
die schwammen bei Köln wohl über den Rhein,
sie schwammen also leise.
Ein Frosch verschlang sie allebeid
zu Pfingsten auf dem Eise.
Heideldumdei, heideldumdei,
zu Pfingsten auf dem Eise.

## Stralsund

In Stralsund stand ein hoher Turm,
der trotzte Schnee, Hagel, Wetter und Sturm,
stand fest über alle Maßen;
den hat der Kuhhirt mit seinem Horn
auf einmal umgeblasen.
Heideldumdei, heideldumdei,
auf einmal umgeblasen.

In Greifswald stand ein hohes Haus,
da flog eine Fledermaus hinaus,
da borst es in tausend Stücken.
Da kamen elftausend Schneidergesellen,
die wollten das Haus wieder flicken.
Heideldumdei, heideldumdei,
die wollten das Haus wieder flicken.

# Greifswald

So will ich denn hiermit mein Liedchen beschließen,
und sollts auch die ganze Gesellschaft verdrießen;
will trinken und nicht mehr lügen:
In meinem Land sind die Mücken so groß
als hier die größten Ziegen!
Heideldumdei, heideldumdei,
als hier die größten Ziegen!

*Deutsch*

*Dunkel wars, der Mond schien helle*

Dunkel wars, der Mond schien helle,
schneebedeckt die grüne Flur,
als ein Wagen blitzesschnelle
langsam um die Ecke fuhr.
Drinnen saßen stehend Leute,
schweigend ins Gespräch vertieft,
als ein totgeschossner Hase
auf der Wiese Schlittschuh lief.
Und auf einer roten Banke,
die blau angestrichen war,
saß ein blondgelockter Jüngling
mit kohlrabenschwarzem Haar.
Neben ihm die alte Schachtel
zählte kaum erst sechzehn Jahr,
und sie aß 'ne Butterbemme,
die mit Schmalz bestrichen war.
Droben auf dem Apfelbaume,
der sehr süße Birnen trug,
hing des Frühlings letzte Pflaume
und an Nüssen noch genug.

*Deutsch*

## *Verkehrte Welt*

Des Abends, wenn ich früh aufsteh,
des Morgens, wenn ich zu Bette geh,
Kuckuck!

Da nehm ich den Ofen und heize das Feuer
und schlage drei Suppen wohl unter die Eier,
Kuckuck!

Da nehm ich die Stube und kehre den Besen
und tu mit dem Fenster den Dreck hinausfegen,
Kuckuck!

Der Stall ist aus dem Pferd gelassen,
der Branntwein hat sich am Bauer versoffen,
Kuckuck!

Arg haben die Linsen die Mäuse gebissen,
der Edelmann hat sich am Bauer vergriffen,
Kuckuck!

So ist die ganze Welt verkehrt,
drum singen wir auch das Liedchen verkehrt,
Kuckuck!

*Deutsch*

*Nicht weit her*

Ein Himmel ohne Sonn,
ein Garten ohne Bronn,
ein Baum ohne Frucht,
ein Mädchen ohne Zucht,
ein Süpplein ohne Brocken,
ein Turm ohne Glocken,
ein Soldat ohne Gewehr,
sind alle nicht weit her!

*Deutsch*

*In Schnützelputzhäusel*

So geht es in Schnützelputzhäusel,
da singen und tanzen die Mäusel,
da bellen die Schnecken im Häusel.

In Schnützelputzhäusel, da geht es sehr toll,
da saufen die Tisch und die Bänke sich voll,
Pantoffel wohl unter dem Bette.

Der Tisch lag im Bette und stöhnte so lang,
da heulte der Sessel, da weinte die Bank,
ganz jämmerlich taten sie klagen.

Da rannte der Kessel ins Hühnerhaus,
der Ofen, der lief zu der Stube hinaus,
eine spanische Fliege zu fangen.

Der Strohsack, der trank sich ein Räuschlein an
im Braunbier, da biß er auf einen Zahn,
den Weg konnt er nimmer heimfinden.

Da saßen zwei Ochsen im Storchennest,
die hatten einander gar lieblich getröst
und wollten die Eier ausbrüten.

Es zogen zwei Störche wohl auf die Wacht,
die hatten alles gar wohl bedacht
mit ihren großmächtigen Spießen.

Ich wüßte der Dinge noch mehr zu sagen,
die sich in Schnützelputzhäusel zutragen,
gar lächerlich über die Maßen.

So geht es in Schnützelputzhäusel,
da singen und tanzen die Mäusel,
da bellen die Schnecken im Häusel.

*Deutsch*

*Und wär die Welt aus Löschpapier*

Und wär die Welt aus Löschpapier
und Tinte jedes Meer
und jeder äß
nur Ziegenkäs,
dann dürstete uns sehr!

Und wär die Welt voll Dünensand,
das wär nicht mein Geschmack!
Gäbs außerdem
nicht Ton noch Lehm,
so wüchse kein Tabak!

## London

Und hätte jeder Topf ein Loch,
das wäre gar nicht fein!
Fräß jeder Geck
die Trauben weg,
so gäb es keinen Wein!

Kurz, wenn die Welt ganz anders wär,
dann wär sie dumm und trist!
Drum wolln wir fein
zufrieden sein,
daß sie nicht anders ist!

*Englisch*

*Alles aus Gummi*

Auf einem Gummi-Gummi-Berg,
da wohnt ein Gummi-Gummi-Zwerg.
Der Gummi-Gummi-Zwerg
hat eine Gummi-Gummi-Frau,
die Gummi-Gummi-Frau
hat ein Gummi-Gummi-Kind.
Das Gummi-Gummi-Kind
hat ein Gummi-Gummi-Kleid,
das Gummi-Gummi-Kleid
hat ein Gummi-Gummi-Loch.
Und du bist es doch!

*Deutsch*

*Wärn alle Meere eines*

Wärn alle Meere eines:
Das wär bestimmt kein kleines!
Wärn alle Bäume einer:
Das wär bestimmt kein kleiner!
Wärn alle Äxte eine:
Dann wär das keine kleine!
Wärn alle Männer einer:
Das wär bestimmt kein kleiner!
Packt nun der große Mann
die große Axt fest an,
damit der große Baum
fällt in das große Meer:
Ach, was für einen riesengroßen
Plitsch-Platsch machte der!

*Englisch*

*Krumme Sachen*

Ein kleines krummes Männlein
auf einem krummen Weg
fand einen krummen Zehner
bei einem krummen Steg.
Es kauft die krumme Katze,
die fing die krumme Maus,
nun leben sie zusammen
im kleinen krummen Haus.

Dort kocht das krumme Männlein
auf einem krummen Herd.
Doch rühren muß die Katze
mit ihrem krummen Stert.
Und würzen muß das Mäuslein
den süßen krummen Schmaus
mit seiner krummen Pfote
im kleinen krummen Haus.

So leben sie vergnüglich
auf äußerst krumme Art,
sie lachen und genießen
die krumme Gegenwart.
Sie feiern krumme Feste
in lauter Saus und Braus
und machen krumme Sachen
im kleinen krummen Haus.

Und wer das Lied gelesen,
der sei hübsch still und stumm
und lache sich beileibe
nicht buckelig und krumm.
Sonst gehts ihm wie der Katze,
dem Männlein und der Maus:
Er macht das Allerkrümmste
im kleinen krummen Haus.

*Englisch*

## *General Mästchen*

Der kleine General Mästchen,
der saß auf einem Ästchen
und aß ein Stückchen Brot.
Da fiel ein glühendes Kohlenscheit,
ein Kohlenscheit wohl auf sein Kleid,
und General Mast ist tot.
Das Feuer, Kind, erschlag es drum;
sonst schaust du eines Tages dumm
und bist wie der General tot!

*Englisch*

## *Bürgermeister Kümmel*

Bürgermeister Kümmel,
der reitet den Schimmel,
Bürgermeisters Frau,
die reitet eine Sau.
Bürgermeisters Ute,
die reitet die Stute.
Bürgermeisters Paul,
der reitet den Gaul.

Bürgermeister Kümmel,
der kommt ins Getümmel.
Bürgermeisters Frau,
die fällt von der Sau.
Bürgermeisters Ute,
die stürzt von der Stute.
Bürgermeisters Paul
fällt runter vom Gaul.

Bürgermeister Kümmel,
der ruft: Dummer Lümmel!
Bürgermeisters Frau
besteigt ihre Sau.
Bürgermeisters Ute
besteigt ihre Stute.
Bürgermeisters Paul
besteigt seinen Gaul.

*Schwedisch*

## *König Arthurs Pudding*

Als König Arthur dieses Land
regierte, da wars fein.
Er stahl drei Päckchen Mehl und buk
in Pudding sie hinein.

Der König buk den Pudding gut
und füllte ihn mit Pflaumen.
Er tat zwei Klößchen Fett hinein,
so groß wie meine Daumen.

Er gab damit der Königin
und seinem Hof ein Fest.
Und schließlich fraß die Königin
am nächsten Tag den Rest.

*Englisch*

## *Holder Engel*

Holder Engel, süßer Bengel,
herzgepuppertes Trampeltier,
du hast Augen wie Sardellen,
alle Ochsen gleichen dir.
Du bist gerührt wie Apfelmus,
flüssig wie Pomade,
dein Herz schlägt wie ein Pferdefuß
in der linken Wade.

*Deutsch*

## *Johannistag*

Was tut man am Johannistag?
Da darf man herzhaft scherzen,
da singt ein jeder, was er mag,
ganz ehrlich und von Herzen!

Du bist so weiß, so fein, so glatt
wie Fichtenpech, Theresel!
Du gehst so zierlich durch die Stadt
wie unser alter Esel.

Du bist wie Engelsschlüsselchen,
verehrte, liebe Base!
Du hast ein Schweinerüsselchen
und eine Katzennase.

So reinlich, peinlich und adrett
wie eine wilde Biene,
die sich in Asche umgedreht,
so siehst du aus, Christine!

Was tut man am Johannistag?
Man singt in ganzen Chören.
Da scherzt ein jeder, wie er mag!
Doch niemand läßt sich stören!

*Griechisch*

# Reim dich oder ich freß dich

*Reim dich oder ich freß dich*

Reim dich oder ich freß dich,
wie reimt sich das zusamm?
Wenn sichs nicht will reimen,
so muß der Tischler leimen!
Reim dich oder ich freß dich,
so reimt sich das zusamm!

Amtmann, Müller und Äpfel,
wie reimt sich das zusamm?
Der Amtmann tut befehlen,
der Müller soll nicht stehlen,
Äpfel muß man schälen,
so reimt sich das zusamm!

Kantor, Katz und Bettelmann,
wie reimt sich das zusamm?
Der Kantor singt die Weise,
die Katz, die fängt die Mäuse,
der Bettelmann hat Läuse,
so reimt sich das zusamm!

Matrosen, Mädel, Degen,
wie reimt sich das zusamm?
Matrosen, die sind hitzig,
Mädel, die sind witzig,
der Degen, der ist spitzig,
so reimt sich das zusamm!

*Deutsch*

*Ich ging einmal nach Butzlabee*

Ich ging einmal nach Butzlabee,
da kam ich an einen großen See,
da kam ich an ein Mühlenhaus,
da schauten drei Hexen zum Fenster heraus.
Die erste sprach: Komm, iß mit mir!
Die zweite sprach: Komm, trink mit mir!
Die dritte nahm den Mühlenstein
und warf ihn mir ans linke Bein.
Da schrie ich nur: O weh, o weh,
ich geh nicht mehr nach Butzlabee!

*Deutsch*

*Das sind so Sachen!*

War einmal ein Wichtelmann,
trug des Riesen Hose.
Paßte nicht!
Armer Wicht:
Fiel auf seine Nose.
Das sind so Wichtelsachen.
Hüte dich jedoch zu lachen!
Sonst – das ist nicht wenig –
zahlst du zwanzig Pfennig!

War einmal ein Riesenkerl,
ging zum Wichtel Hutzlich.
War zu groß,
viel zu groß:
Stürzte ganz entsutzlich!
Das sind so Riesensachen.
Hüte dich jedoch zu lachen!
Sonst – das ist nicht wenig –
zahlst du zwanzig Pfennig!

War einmal ein Räubersmann,
trug des Pastors Bibel.
Ging nicht an!
Armer Mann:
Fiel auf seinen Schnibel.
Das sind so Räubersachen.
Hüte dich jedoch zu lachen!
Sonst – das ist nicht wenig –
zahlst du zwanzig Pfennig!

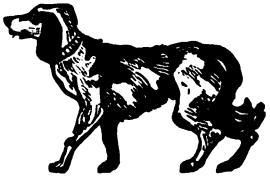
War einmal ein Zottelbär,
trug des Lehrers Brille.
Sah nichts mehr.
Armer Bär:
Fiel in eine Quille.
Das sind so Bärensachen.
Hüte dich jedoch zu lachen!
Sonst – das ist nicht wenig –
zahlst du zwanzig Pfennig!

*Ungarisch*

Ein Ball und eine Trommel,
das sind zusammen?
Zwei!

Und Teller, Topf und Löffel,
das sind zusammen?
Drei!

Ein Kater und drei Mäuschen
in ihrem Mausehäuschen,
das sind zusammen?
Vier!



Drei Krüge, voll mit weißem Wein,
und zwei dazu mit schwarzem Wein,
das sind zusammen?
Fünf!

Vier Täubchen, tief im Schloßpark drin,
samt König und samt Königin,
das sind zusammen?
Sechs!

Die Königin, vier Tauben und
der König und sein Königshund,
das sind zusammen?
Sieben!

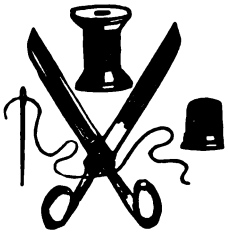
Und sieben Kleider, zählt sie gut,
mit einem bunten Federhut,
das sind zusammen?
Acht!

Acht Stiere, die voll Zorn und Grolln
mit dem Torero kämpfen solln,
das sind zusammen?
Neun!

Doch kommt zu diesem Kampfe hier
in die Arena noch ein Stier,
dann sinds zusammen
Zehn!

*Spanisch*

## *Auf dem Berge Sinai*



Auf dem Berge Sinai
wohnt der Schneider Kikriki.
Knöppt er seine Hose auf,
huppt ein großer Floh heraus.
Seine Frau, die alte Lerche,
ließ e Förzchen in der Kerche;
auf der großen langen Bank
war e großer Forzgestank.
Kam der Pastor hergesprungen:
Frau, Sie haben falsch gesungen!
Und der Kutscher auf dem Bock
schiß vor Angst gleich in den Rock.

*Deutsch aus Leipzig*

## *Wassermaus und Kröte*

Eine Wassermaus und eine Kröte
stiegen eines Abends spöte
einen steilen Berg hinan.
Sprach die Wassermaus zur Kröte:
Warum gehst du abends spöte
diesen steilen Berg hinan?
Sprach zur Wassermaus die Kröte:
Zum Genuß der Abendröte
geh ich diesen Abend spöte
diesen steilen Berg hinan.

Dies ist ein Gedicht von Goethe,
das er eines Abends spöte
auf dem Sofa noch ersann.

*Deutsch*

# Lieder für und über Kinder

# Mehrerlei Kinder

## *Ein Bubenköpfchen*

Erst ein Kinn mit einem Grübchen,
dann der Schleckermund vom Bübchen,
dann das Näschen wie ein Hügel,
dann zwei rosa Nasenflügel,
und ganz oben auf dem Kopf
sitzt der blonde Wuschelschopf.

*Portugiesisch*

## *Ein Kind*

Ein rosarotes Garnichts,
vom Himmel uns gebracht,
nichts als zwei blaue Augen,
nichts als ein Mund, der lacht.
Nichts als zwei rote Bäckchen,
ein Näschen, keck und klein,
zehn runde Zappelzehen,
zwei Händchen obendrein.
Nichts als ein Busch von Locken
und ein Gesicht darin.
Nichts als ein süßes Stammeln
mit rätselvollem Sinn.
Nichts als ein Herz, ein kleines,
von keinem Kummer schwer,
nichts als die runde Stirne,
weiß und gedankenleer.
Ein rosarotes Garnichts,
ein Blumenstock, ein Kind,
ein Leben nur zum Lieben,
solange wir noch sind.

*Englisch*

## *In Frankreich sind die Kinder klug*

In Frankreich sind die Kinder klug,
in Holland sind sie mollig,
in Deutschland sind sie nett genug,
in Spanien sind sie drollig.

Zwar schätze ich ein jedes Kind
im Osten oder Westen;
doch Kinder, die in Irland sind,
die sind am allerbesten!

In Frankreich lebt Marie-Jeanette,
in Holland lebt die Mieze,
in Deutschland die Elisabeth,
in Spanien Beatrice.
Ich schau mir gern die Mädchen an,
doch keine ist mir lieber
als Molly, die in Irland wohnt –
genau mir gegenüber!

In Frankreich lebt der Honoré,
in Holland der Hendricus,
in Deutschland wohnt das Peterle,
in Spanien der Rodriguez.
Jedoch die besten Buben sind
in Irland, und das weiß ich,
weil ich ja selbst aus Irland bin.
Patrick O'Connor heiß ich.

*Irisch*

## *Polly und Molly*

Polly, stell den Kessel auf,
ich möchte Tee!
Molly, stell den Kessel weg,
wir sagen ade!

Polly, bring den Tabak her
und auch ein Licht!
Molly, tu den Tabak weg!
Wir rauchen nicht.

Polly, gib mir Butterbrot,
ich bin so matt!
Molly, tu die Brote weg!
Wir sind schon satt.

Polly bringt in großer Eil,
was mir gefällt.
Molly tut das Gegenteil.
So gehts auf der Welt.

*Englisch*

## *Jack und Jill*

Jack und Jill
(Seid mal still!)
wollten Wasser schöpfen.
Aber wie
stießen sie
zusammen mit den Köpfen!

Jack und Jill
(Seid mal still!)
jammern nach dem Sturze.
Jill, die schreit:
Liebe Zeit,
ich fiel auf eine Wurzel!

Jack und Jill
(Seid mal still!)
sind nun sehr erschrocken.
Jill sagt: Jau!
Jack sagt: Au,
ich fiel auf harte Brocken!

Jack und Jill
(Seid mal still!)
fangen an zu heulen,
denn die zwei,
ach, die zwei
haben große Beulen!

*Englisch*

## *Mädel und Knödel*

Hei, zum Brunnen sind gekommen
Siebenbürger Mädel,
mm, hmm, eihei,
Siebenbürger Mädel.

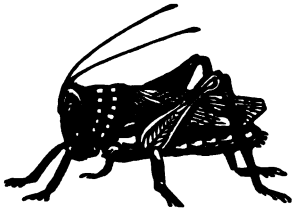
Hei, die Mädel buken Knödel,
leckre fette Knödel,
mm, hmm, eihei,
leckre fette Knödel.

Welch ein Schrecken: Um die Ecke
schlich des Richters Hündchen,
mm, hmm, eihei,
schlich des Richters Hündchen.

Fraß sie alle, alle, alle,
was für ein Hallodri,
mm, hmm, eihei,
was für ein Hallodri!

Weg die Knödel, weg die Mädel,
Siebenbürger Mädel,
mm, hmm, eihei,
Siebenbürger Mädel.

*Ungarisch*



## *Ich wollt, ich wär ein Zuckerbaum*

Ich wollt, ich wär ein Zuckerbaum
mit Blättern nicht zu knapp!
Für alle Mädchen fielen dann
Zuckerblätter ab.
Das wär schön,
alter Joe,
für das ganze Tal,
wos soviel
Mädchen gibt,
hundert an der Zahl!

Ich wollt, ich wär ein Möhrenfeld
mit Möhren rot und rund!
Dann steckten alle Mädchen hier
Möhren in den Mund.

Ich wollt, ich wär ein Sahnesee
mit Sahne süß und fein!
Dann lüd ich alle Mädchen zum
Sahneschlecken ein.

Ich wollt, daß ich ein Wölkchen wär
mit Regen aus Kakao!
Dann regnete ich gerne auf
Mädelchen und Frau!
Das wär schön,
alter Joe,
für das ganze Tal,
wos soviel
Mädchen gibt,
hundert an der Zahl!

*Amerikanisch*

## *Wäre ich ein Bächlein*

Wäre ich ein Bächlein,
wollt ich still und sanft sein,
leise sprudelnd fließen
zwischen grünen Wiesen.

Gluckernd an das Ufer,
tränkte ich die Blumen,
tränkte auch die schnellen
Schwalben mit den Wellen.

*Ungarisch*

## *Ach, wär ich doch ein Apfel*

Ach, wär ich doch ein Apfel!
Dann hing ich hoch am Ast
und schaukelte und gaukelte,
so wie mirs grade paßt.
Und käm die kleine Sindy,
dann macht ich einen Hops
und fiel der kleinen Sindy
genau auf ihren Kopf.
Komme vorbei, Sindy,
du wohnst ja so nahbei!

Ach, wär ich eine Nadel!
Ich nähte her und hin
und stäch herum, mal quer, mal krumm
so ganz nach meinem Sinn.
Und käm die kleine Sindy,
dann hielt ich mich bereit
und stickte meiner Sindy
zwölf Rosen auf das Kleid.
Komme vorbei, Sindy,
du wohnst ja so nahbei!

Ach, wär ich eine Fiedel!
Ich spielte wunderschön
mit fideldum und dideldum,
und jeder müßt sich drehn.
Und käm die kleine Sindy,
ich spielte nur für sie,
und fröhlich drehte Sindy sich
nach meiner Melodie.
Komme vorbei, Sindy,
du wohnst ja so nahbei!

*Amerikanisch*

# Liedchen aus Holland

## *Durch zwei*

Als Lockenkopf spazierenging,
war Schwesterchen dabei.
Da kauft er ein Pfund Mandeln ein
und teilte es durch zwei.

Als Lockenkopf im Baume saß,
war Schwesterchen dabei.
Da riß er einen Apfel ab
und teilte ihn durch zwei.

Als Lockenkopf verprügelt wurd,
war Schwesterchen dabei.
Da weint sie über sein Geschick
und teilte es durch zwei.

*Holländisch*

## *Tantenkuchen*

Wo bist du gewesen?
  Bei der Tante, bei der Tante!
Was gab es bei der Tante?
  Bei der Tante gabs Wein.

Was hast du da gegessen?
  Einen Kuchen, einen Kuchen.
Wie schmeckte denn der Kuchen?
  O der schmeckte sehr fein!

*Holländisch*

## *Fragen*

Wie spät ists?
Punkt zwölfe!
Wer sagt das?
Jungfer Käth!
Wo ist sie?
In der Küche!
Was tut sie?
Sie näht!

Was näht sie?
Zwei Hemden!
Die näht sie
zusamm
für die kleine
Poppedeine,
für den großen
Bimbam!

*Holländisch*

## *Wolle wickeln*

Wer will mit uns Wolle wickeln
und den Faden nicht verzwickeln?
Dreh dich, dreh dich, Fädchen bunt,
zu dem Knäuel dick und rund!

Mutter wird es prächtig finden,
wenn wir ihr die Wolle winden.
Dreh dich, dreh dich, Fädchen bunt,
zu dem Knäuel dick und rund!

Heut will Mutter Strümpfe stricken
aus dem Knäuel, aus dem dicken.
Schau, nun wird er klitzeklein!
Bald wird nichts mehr übrig sein.

*Holländisch*

## *Unter Mutters Regenschirm*

Unter Mutters Regenschirm
gingen einst zwei Schwestern,
die Marie und die Sophie,
und das war erst gestern.
Ihre Holzschuh machten:
Klick klack klick!
Und der Regen machte:
Tick tack tick
auf Mutters Regenschirm.

Da kam Jan, der Wind, herbei,
und der blies ganz sachte
Regen ins Gesicht der zwei,
pustete und lachte.
Und Jan, der Wind,
der zog und pfiff,
und auf und nieder
ging der Griff
von Mutters Regenschirm.

Doch Marie und auch Sophie
wehrten sich recht wacker.
An den Griff des Regenschirms
faßten die zwei Racker.
Sie lachten Jan
nur ins Gesicht
und sagten: Jan,
du kriegst ihn nicht!
's ist Mutters Regenschirm!

*Holländisch*

# Sehr traurig

## *Waisenkinder*

Drei sehr kleine Waisenkinder
gehn mit drei geblümten Töpfchen
in den Wald zum Erdbeernsuchen,
in den Wald zum Erdbeernsuchen.

*Ungarisch*

## *Und die Blumen blühn im Tale*

Ein Mädchen sitzt auf kaltem Stein,
und die Blumen blühn im Tale.
Es hält im Arm sein Schwesterlein,
und die Blätter welken alle.

Ein Schatten zieht das Tal entlang,
und die Blumen blühn im Tale.
Das Schwesterlein war krank, so krank,
und die Blätter welken alle.

Warum ist heut der Mond so rot?
Und die Blumen blühn im Tale.
Dein Schwesterlein ist lang schon tot,
und die Blätter welken alle.

Das Leben ist ein kurzer Traum,
und die Blumen blühn im Tale.
Begrab sie unterm Hollerbaum,
und die Blätter welken alle.

*Schottisch*

Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich,
gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!
Warte nur, mein Kind!
Morgen wolln wir mahln geschwind!
Und als das Korn gemahlen war,
da sprach das Kind noch immerdar:

Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich,
gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!
Warte nur, mein Kind!
Morgen wolln wir backen geschwind!
Und als das Brot gebacken war,
da lag das Kind auf der Totenbahr.

*Deutsch*

## *Das hungernde Kind*

Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich,
gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!
Warte nur, mein Kind!
Morgen wolln wir säen geschwind!
Und als das Korn gesäet war,
da sprach das Kind noch immerdar:

Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich,
gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!
Warte nur, mein Kind!
Morgen wolln wir ernten geschwind!
Und als das Korn geerntet war,
da sprach das Kind noch immerdar:

Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich,
gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!
Warte nur, mein Kind!
Morgen wolln wir dreschen geschwind!
Und als das Korn gedroschen war,
da sprach das Kind noch immerdar:

## *Gereimte Grabsprüche für Kinder*

Hier ruht das junge Öchselein,
des Schreiners Ochsen Söhnelein.
Der liebe Gott hat nicht gewollt,
daß es ein Ochse werden sollt.

*Deutsch aus Eschlkamm,*
*Bayerischer Wald*

Ein achtzehn Jahre gewünschtes Kind
liegt in dem Grab hier eingesenket.
Die Blume blüht, vergeht geschwind,
was Wunder, wanns die Eltern kränket!
Es lebt, es weint, ist krank, ist tot,
das war sein Lebenslauf auf Erden.
Nach sieben Wochen kommet Gott,
eilt heim, es sollt ein Engel werden.

*Deutsch aus Urach,*
*Schwäbische Alb*

## *Kurze Krankheit*

Ein Büblein war so krank,
drei ganze Tage lang.
Es konnte nicht schlucken,
es konnt sich nicht mucken,
ein Büblein war so krank.

Am Flusse blüht so rot
das Kräutlein Nimmertot.
Und wer es gefunden,
muß wieder gesunden
vom Kräutlein Nimmertot.

Das Büblein fand das Kraut,
von Perlen hell betaut.
Er hat es gebrochen,
er hat es berochen,
das Büblein fand das Kraut.

Da war der Bub gesund,
genau zu dieser Stund.
Da konnte er schlucken,
da konnt er sich mucken,
da war der Bub gesund.

*Slowenisch*

*Der Sonntagsrock*

Litka ist so traurig,
was ist nur geschehn?
Ach, der böse Ziegenbock
hat zerrissen Litkas Rock.
Litka läuft in Lumpen,
traurig anzusehn!

Litka läuft zur Tante,
kluge, kleine Dirn!
Tante, schau, der Ziegenbock
riß entzwei den Sonntagsrock!
Litkas liebe Tante
flickt den Rock mit Zwirn.

Litka geht spazieren
sonntags vor dem Tor.
Niemand sieht im Sonntagsrock
nun das Loch vom Ziegenbock.
Litka trägt die Nase
höher als zuvor.

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Lulu*

Bin alleine. Was soll ich tun?
Bin alleine. Was mach ich nun?
Lauf zu der kleinen Lulu!

Fliegen im Milchtopf. Was soll ich tun?
Fliegen im Milchtopf. Was mach ich nun?
Lauf zu der kleinen Lulu!

Katz im Schlagrahm. Was soll ich tun?
Katz im Schlagrahm. Was mach ich nun?
Lauf zu der kleinen Lulu!

Mops im Weinfaß. Was soll ich tun?
Mops im Weinfaß. Was mach ich nun?
Lauf zu der kleinen Lulu!

Durchgelaufen sieben Paar Schuh,
durchgelaufen sieben Paar Schuh
für meine kleine Lulu!

*Amerikanisch*

## *Das lahme Mädchen*

Wohin gehst du, lahmes Mädchen?
Mirusi, mirusa.
Pflücke Veilchen vor dem Städtchen,
mirusi, mirusa.

Wohin trägst du deine Veilchen?
Mirusi, mirusa.
In das Schloß für das Prinzeßchen,
mirusi, mirusa.

Wenns der König nun gewahr wird?
Mirusi, mirusa.
Nun, dann knix ich, bis er nett wird!
Mirusi, mirusa.

*Spanisch*
*Entspricht dem französischen*
*Giroflé, girofla*

## *Das Mädchen im Apfelbaum*

Und als ich in den Garten ging,
saß hoch im Apfelbaum
ein Mädchen, hübsch, ein lustig Ding,
und vierzehn Jahre kaum.

Ich rief: Komm her, ich spiel mit dir!
Sie lachte: Dummer Tropf!
Dann warf sie mir, dann warf sie mir
die Äpfel auf den Kopf.

*Griechisch*

## *Jessie*

Es gibt im ganzen Städtchen nicht
solch Mädchen nicht, solch Mädchen nicht!
Ein Mädchen wie
die Jessie, die
gibts nirgendwo im Land!
Der Jessie mit dem Federhut
ist jeder gut, ist jeder gut!
Und seh ich sie,
dann grüß ich sie
und winke mit der Hand.

Wie schön die Jessie lachen kann!
Sie steckt mit ihrem Lachen an,
und anzusehn
ist sie so schön
wie lauter Morgenlicht.
Die Schmetterlinge fängt man ihr,
die schönsten Dinge schenkt man ihr.
Sie nimmt sie an
von jedermann,
denn eitel ist sie nicht.

Die Vettern und die Muhmen und
die Vögel und die Blumen und
der warme Wind
und jedes Kind,
die Damen und die Herrn,
die Hunde und die Katzen und
die Mäuse und die Spatzen und
sogar Herr Knopf,
der Sauertopf,
ein jeder hat sie gern!

*Schottisch*

# Die Herren Buben

*I du mein, a du mein Hans*

Hans, Hans,
Hans ging nach Ziegenhain,
kauft, kauft,
kauft sich drei Kannen Wein.
I du mein, a du mein,
i du mein, a du mein,
i du mein, a du mein Hans!

Hans, Hans,
Hans hatte Schühle an
mit, mit
silbernen Schnallen dran.

Hans, Hans,
Hans hat a Hütle auf,
mit, mit
mit bunten Federn drauf.

Hans, Hans,
Hans wollt nach Hause gehn,
konnt, konnt,
konnt auf kei'm Bein mehr stehn.

Hans, Hans,
Hans kam ins Dorf hinein,
schlug, schlug,
schlug alle Scheiben ein.

Hans, Hans,
Hans kam ins Hühnerloch.
Da, da,
da sitzt er heute noch.
I du mein, a du mein,
i du mein, a du mein,
i du mein, a du mein Hans!

*Deutsch*

## *Jonny*

Wo,
wo,
wo mag der Jonny sein,
der auf dem Trödelmarkt war?
Er hat doch noch nie ein Versprechen gebrochen,
er hat mir seit Tagen, er hat mir seit Wochen,
er hat mir drei seidene Bänder versprochen,
zu binden mein nußbraunes Haar.

Wo,
wo,
wo mag der Jonny sein,
der auf dem Trödelmarkt war?
Er hat mir versprochen ein Pfund Aprikosen,
ein Sträußchen von Lilien, ein Sträußchen von Rosen,
dazu einen Strohhut, den blauen, famosen,
der paßt für mein nußbraunes Haar!

## *London*

Oh,
oh,
da kommt der Jonny an,
der auf dem Trödelmarkt war!
Er gibt mir ein duftendes Sträußchen von Rosen
und seidene Bänder, dazu Aprikosen,
und dann einen Strohhut, den blauen, famosen,
der paßt für mein nußbraunes Haar!

Nein,
nein,
Jonny vergißt mich nicht,
wenn er beim Trödelmarkt war!
Er will mich erfreuen, er will mich nicht kränken,
er wird auf dem Trödelmarkt stets an mich denken!
Doch anderen Mädchen wird Jonny nichts schenken;
denn Jonny liebt nußbraunes Haar!

*Englisch*

*Fränzchen*

Dine, dine, dübe,
zum Frühstück eine Rübe,
zu Mittag heiße Brühe bloß,
zum Kaffee dicke Bohnensoß,
zur Nacht ein Ziegenschwänzchen
kriegt unser wildes Fränzchen;
denn immer, immer wieder
reißt Fränzchen alles nieder!

*Slowenisch*

## *Jantje*

In den Haag, da wohnt ein Graf,
und sein Sohn heißt Jantje.
Fragst du ihn: Wo wohnt Papa?
Zeigt ers mit dem Handje,
mit dem Fingertje und Däumtje,
auf dem Hute trägt er Pfläumtje,
trägt am Arm ein Bandje.
Tag, mein liebes Jantje!

*Holländisch*

## *Frantek*

Frantek, was hast du
nur gemacht?
Frantek, nie hätt ich
das gedacht!
Mußt du denn die Blumen köpfen,
Mädchen reißen an den Zöpfen?
Frantek, was hast du
nur gemacht?
Frantek, nie hätt ich
das gedacht!

Habe mir dabei
nichts gedacht!
Habe es nur zum
Spaß gemacht!
Blumen stehn so viele draußen,
Zöpfe locken halt zum Zausen!
Habe mir dabei
nichts gedacht!
Habe es nur zum
Spaß gemacht!

Frantek, laß deine
Streiche sein!
Frantek, komm und sei
brav und fein!
Blumen sind für dich zu zierlich,
Mädchen aber zu manierlich!
Frantek, laß deine
Streiche sein!
Frantek, komm und sei
brav und fein!

*Tschechisch aus Böhmen*

## *Karlitschek*

Karlitschek, Karlitschek,
was trägst du im Korbe weg?
Karlitschek, Karlitschek,
was trägst du da weg?
Trag im Korb zwei Tauben weg,
nur zwei Tauben!
Könnt mirs glauben!
Nur zwei Ti Ta Tauben weg!

Karlitschek, Karlitschek,
sag, was stellst du in das Eck?
Karlitschek, Karlitschek,
was stellst du da weg?
Stellte nur das Körbchen weg,
das nicht schwer ist,
weil es leer ist.
Stellt das Ki Ka Körbchen weg.

Karlitschek, Karlitschek,
ist im Körbchen nicht Gebäck?
Karlitschek, Karlitschek,
riechts nicht nach Gebäck?
Fragt ihr mich so frech und keck,
sag ich schließlich,
doch verdrießlich:
Nehmt euch Ni Na Nußgebäck!

*Polnisch*

*Peterchen*

Peterchen zeterte,
Peterchen wetterte,
Peterchen ärgerte sich.
Er fluchte ganz frech:
Potz Schwefel und Pech!
Und sagt dann: Wie artig bin ich!

Peterchen strahlte,
Peterchen malte,
Peter bekleckerte sich.
Er malt mit der Hand
ein Schwein an die Wand
und sagt dann: Wie artig bin ich!

Darf er vom Kuchen
etwas versuchen,
will er das Beste für sich.
Er bohrt mit dem Daum
heraus eine Pflaum
und sagt dann: Wie artig bin ich!

Peterchen schnaufte,
Peterchen raufte,
Peterchen prügelte sich.
Er lief schließlich weg
und fiel in den Dreck
und sagt dann: Wie artig bin ich!

Mehr oder minder,
gleicht er, ihr Kinder,
dir oder dir oder dir!
Denn seid ihr nicht nett,
und müßt ihr ins Bett,
dann sagt ihr: Wie artig sind wir!

*Englisch*

*Melcher*

Unser Bruder Melcher
wollt ein Reiter wern.
Hat er keinen Reithelm nicht,
konnt er keiner wern.
Nahm die Mutter den Suppentopf,
setzt ihn Melcher aufn Kopf.
Nahm die Mutter die Wasserkann,
zog ihm Reiterstiefel an.
Nahm die Mutter zwei Dornen,
macht dem Melcher Sporen.
Willst du haben Handschuh zwei?
Steck die Finger in Apfelbrei!
Willst du einen Reiterzaum?
Ei, da nimm den Hemdensaum!
Und wo ist das Reiterpferd?
Setz dich auf den Küchenherd!
Und im Ofenloch da vorn
steckt die ganze Uniform.

Suppentopf
Übern Kopf!
Apfelbrei:
Finger drein!
Ofengabel:
Reitersabel!
Hemdensaum:
Reiterzaum!
Hagedorn:
Reitersporn!
Küchenherd:
Reiterpferd!
Wasserkann:
Stiefel an!
Bettelei und Armutei:
Was für eine Reiterei!

*Deutsch aus der Schweiz*

## *Lügenpeter*

Als der kleine Peter
ausging mit Papa,
da beschrieb der Kleine
alles, was er sah.

Vater, sprach der Peter,
Vater, hör doch zu:
Sahst du jenen Hund dort,
groß wie eine Kuh?

Groß wie eine Kuh, Kind?
Kleiner Lügenmund!
Niemals, hör doch zu, Kind,
sah ich solchen Hund.

Siehst du dort die Brücke?
Siehst du dort den Steg?
Da hinüber, Peter,
führt uns unser Weg.

Hast du nun gelogen,
bricht die Brücke ein.
Dann fällst du ins Wasser
wie ein schwerer Stein.

Sagte ich, fragt Peter,
groß wie eine Kuh?
Und er ging sehr langsam
auf die Brücke zu.

Wenn ichs überlege,
sah ich ihn nur halb.
Und der Hund, wer weiß es,
war vielleicht ein Kalb?

Zwei Schritt vor der Brücke
sagt das bange Kind:
Dieser Hund war gradso,
wie halt Hunde sind.

*Flämisch*

## *Iwan*

Iwan kann schon reiten,
trabt schon zur Tür hinaus.
Steckenpferdreiter
reiten durch das Haus.

Iwan hat ein Pferdchen,
hält es mit fester Hand.
Steckenpferdreiter
reiten durch das Land.

Iwan kann schon jagen,
jagt schon in Wies und Feld.
Steckenpferdreiter
reiten durch die Welt.

Geht der Iwan schlafen,
hält seine Hand den Zaum.
Steckenpferdreiter
reiten noch im Traum.

*Russisch*

## *Das süße Kavalierchen*

Ach, was war das für ein Sohn
mit dem reizenden Figürchen!
Doch er liebte nur Bonbon
und die süßen Konfitürchen.
Dieser Kleine schleckerte
alle Tage am Büffet.
Doch die Mutter kam, o weh,
plötzlich durch das Türchen.

Ach, er hatte schon, der Sohn,
mit Vergnügen und Pläsierchen
aufgegessen die Bonbon
und die süßen Konfitürchen.
Hatte viel zu viel genascht,
und nun war er überrascht:
Einem Kügelchen glich fast,
seht nur, sein Figürchen!

Die Moral von der Geschicht
heißt für süße Kavalierchen:
Nur von Bonbons lebt man nicht
und auch nicht von Konfitürchen!
Süße Schlecker, kleiner Gauch,
kriegen einen dicken Bauch;
denn das Schleckern schadet auch
meistens dem Figürchen!

*Französisch*

## *Polikinell*

Plumps, wer ist das?
Herr Polikinell, Mamsellchen!
Plumps, wer ist das?
Herr Polikinell, Mamsell!

Wenn er euch sieht,
dann möchte er euch allen
nicht gern mißfallen;
drum singt er euch sein Lied!

Seht nur, er gleicht
den Vögeln, wenn sie singen!
Er kann auch springen,
so vogelfederleicht!

Bittschön, er macht
die allertollsten Sprünge!
Ist guter Dinge,
verneigt sich tief und lacht.

Plumps, wer ist das?
Herr Polikinell, Mamsellchen!
Plumps, wer ist das?
Herr Polikinell, Mamsell!

*Französisch*

# Wiegen-, Schlaf- und Abendlieder

# Am Abend

## *Abendglocken*

Glocken, sie schwingen
und fangen an zu klingen.
Sie läuten nun den Abend ein,
nun rufen sie und singen:
Ding dong ding dong,
ding ding dong.

Vöglein, sie schweigen
und träumen in den Zweigen.
Und leiser wird der Glockenton,
nun will der Tag sich neigen.
Ding dong ding dong,
ding ding dong.

*Italienisch*

## *Abend im Gebirge*

Pferde trinken,
Halfter blinken,
und der Abend will
niedersinken.

Bringt die Herde
eurer Pferde,
weil der Abend da,
ins Gebirge.

Dann, ihr Brüder,
legt euch nieder.
Morgensonnenglanz
weckt euch wieder.

Manch ein stummer
Menschenkummer
wird vergessen
im tiefen Schlummer.

Schlaft, ihr Müden,
schlaft in Frieden.
Milder Abendwind
weht von Süden.

*Mazedonisch aus Jugoslawien*

# An der Wiege

## *Wiegenlied*

Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf,
der Vater hüt die Schaf,
die Mutter schüttelts Bäumelein,
da fällt herab ein Träumelein.
Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf!

*Deutsch*

## *Wiegenlied im Freien*

Da oben auf dem Berge,
da rauscht der Wind,
da sitzet Maria
und wieget ihr Kind,
sie wiegt es mit ihrer schneeweißen Hand,
dazu braucht sie kein Wiegenband.

*Deutsch*

## *Susela dusela*

Susela dusela,
flüstern die Winde fein,
susela dusela,
schlaf nun, mein Kindelein.
Tu die kleinen Augen zu,
susela dusela susela du!

Susela dusela,
träum in der Winternacht,
susela dusela,
schlafe, mein Kindchen, sacht!
Draußen ist es kalt und schlimm,
susela dusela susela dim!

Susela dusela,
Kühe und Schafe ruhn,
susela dusela,
schlafe, Kind, schlafe nun!
Alles schläft in Stall und Haus,
susela dusela susela daus!

*Holländisch*

## *Ula lula leide*

Ula lula leide,
Birnbaum auf der Weide.
Ula lula, ula lula,
ula lula leide.

Ula lula läschen,
unterm Baume Gräschen.
Ula lula, ula lula,
ula lula läschen.

Ula lula letka,
in dem Grase Petka.
Ula lula, ula lula,
ula lula letka.

Ula lula leinen,
Petka hört man weinen.
Ula lula, ula lula,
ula lula leinen.

Ula lula lante,
wiegen muß die Tante.
Ula lula, ula lula,
Ula lula lante.

Ula lula lummer,
Petka liegt in Schlummer.
Ula lula, ula lula,
ula lula lummer.

*Bulgarisch*

## *Eine weiße Henne*

Eine weiße Henne
gackert auf der Tenne,
legt ein Ei, so weiß und nett,
für das Kind im Heiabett.
Schlafe ein,
Kindlein klein,
wirst nun bald im Traumland sein.

Ein perlgraues Hühnchen
hockt bei den Kaninchen,
legt ein Ei, so weiß und rund,
für das Kind zur Abendstund.
Schlafe ein,
Kindlein klein,
wirst nun bald im Traumland sein.

Eine gelbe Glucke
fängt sich eine Mucke,
legt ein Ei, so rund und voll,
für das Kind, das schlafen soll.
Schlafe ein,
Kindlein klein,
wirst nun bald im Traumland sein.

*Französisch*

## *Tief im Walde*

Tief, tief im Walde
liegt ein Hügel klein.
Hoch auf dem Hügel
steht ein Bäumelein.
Baum auf dem Hügel,
tief im grünen Wald liegt ein Hügel.

Tief in dem Baume
ist ein Nestlein rund.
Weiß ist das kleine
Ei auf seinem Grund.
Ei in dem Nestlein,
Nest auf dem Baume,
Baum auf dem Hügel,
tief im grünen Wald liegt ein Hügel.

Flink aus der Schale
schlüpft ein Vöglein aus.
Zupft eine Feder
aus dem Federflaus.
Feder vom Vöglein,
Vöglein vom Eilein,
Ei in dem Nestlein,
Baum auf dem Hügel,
tief im grünen Wald liegt ein Hügel.

Da flog die Feder
fort im wilden Wind,
kommt in ein Kissen,
darauf schläft mein Kind.
Kind auf dem Kissen,
Kissen von Federn,
Feder vom Vöglein,
Vöglein vom Eilein,
Ei in dem Nestlein,
Nest auf dem Baume,
Baum auf dem Hügel,
tief im grünen Wald liegt ein Hügel.

*Dänisch*

*Suse Nanje*

Suse Nanje, ich wiege dich,
wärest du größer, ich tadelte dich,
doch bei Kindern, klein und schön,
muß man durch die Finger sehn!

Suse Nanje, bist du erst groß,
wieg ich dich nie mehr auf meinem Schoß,
aber Kinder, hübsch und klein,
wiegt man doch mit Freude ein.

Suse Nanje, ich wiege dich,
bist du erst größer, verläßt du mich,
aber weil du noch nicht groß,
wieg ich dich auf meinem Schoß.

*Holländisch*

*Schlaflied für ein Zappelkind*

Schlaf, mein Kind, der Reiter im Busch
reitet durch Felder und Wälder im Husch.
Mammy bewacht das Kindlein klein,
drum schließ die Äuglein, schlafe!
Mammy hat Sorgen, ihr Herz ist schwer,
Daddy im Schaukelstuhl wiegt hin und her.
Drum schließ die Äuglein, schlafe!

Sag, warum hörst du nicht?
Sag, warum schläfst du nicht?
Wirst du denn niemals brav?
Schlaf, schlimmes Kindlein, schlaf!

Brichst mir das Herz noch,
Zappelkind, Zappelkind!
Brichst mir das Herz noch,
zappliges Kind!
Brichst mir das Herz noch,
Zappelkind, Zappelkind!
Brichst mir das Herz noch,
zappliges Kind!

*Gälisch*

## *Schlaflied für einen kleinen Grafen*

O ho ro, Kindelein,
schlafe nun ein!

Dein Vater, mein Büblein,
ist reich und ein Graf.
Deine Mutter, die Lady,
die wiegt dich in Schlaf.

Nicht lang mehr, mein Büblein,
dann kommst du in Zorn,
weil dein Schlaf wird gebrochen
von Trommel und Horn.

Ein Büblein soll schlafen,
bis daß es erwacht.
Denn der Kampf folgt der Kindheit
wie der Tag auf die Nacht.

O ho ro, Kindelein,
schlafe nun ein!

*Schottisch nach Sir Walter Scott*

## *Mondkönigin und Sonnenkönig*

Bei des Sonnenkönigs Lachen
gibts ein Kinderfest im Freien.
Flatternd, wies die Vögel machen,
tanzen sie den Blumenreihen.
Ach, wenn doch der Sonnenkönig
immer, immer lachen wollt!

Aber kommt die Mondeskön'gin
ernst und bleich heraufgestiegen,
müssen alle Kinder schön in
ihren Kinderbetten liegen.
Denn die Königin des Mondes
sagt euch, daß ihr schlafen sollt!

*Italienisch*

## *Rudre, Schiffer*

Rudre, Schiffer, rudre weiter,
denn der Himmel ist nicht heiter,
und bald bricht die Nacht herein.
Nina nana, schlafe ein!

Die verliebten Ringelschlangen
sind schon längst zu Bett gegangen,
und bald bricht die Nacht herein.
Nina nana, schlafe ein!

Alle kleinen Veilchen neigen
ihren Kopf, die Bienen schweigen,
und bald bricht die Nacht herein.
Nina nana, schlafe ein!

Leiser rinnt der Bach; die Schatten
werden länger auf den Matten,
und nun bricht die Nacht herein.
Nina, nana, schlafe ein.

*Sizilianisch nach F. Gregorovius*

## *Lauter nette kleine Pferde*

Husch, mein Kind,
schlaf geschwind!
Schlafen muß die ganze Erde.
Morgen früh
schenk ich dir
lauter nette kleine Pferde,
schwarz und braun,
scheckig und grau,
eine ganze Pferde-Herde.
Husch, mein Kind,
schlaf geschwind!
Schlafen muß die ganze Erde.

Husch, mein Kind,
schlaf geschwind!
Stille wird es in der Kammer.
Weit dahint,
liebes Kind,
fängt ein Lämmlein an zu jammern.
Bienchen summt,
kribbelt und brummt,
darum schreit das Lämmlein: Mama!
Husch, mein Kind,
schlaf geschwind!
Stille wird es in der Kammer.

*Amerikanisch*

## *Die Maus in der Uhr*

Hei didel, dei didel, dur!
Die Maus sitzt in der Uhr.
Die Uhr schlägt zwei,
die Maus schreit: Weih!
Hei didel, dei didel, dur!

Hei didel, dei didel, dur!
Die Maus sitzt in der Uhr.
Die Uhr schlägt vier,
die Maus schreit: Hier!
Hei didel, dei didel, dur!

Hei didel, dei didel, dur!
Die Maus sitzt in der Uhr.
Die Uhr schlägt sechs,
die Maus läuft weg.
Hei didel, dei didel, dur!

Hei didel, dei didel, dur!
Die Maus sitzt in der Uhr.
Die Uhr schlägt acht,
die Maus sagt: Gut Nacht!
Hei didel, dei didel, dur!

Hei didel, dei didel, dur!
Die Maus sitzt in der Uhr.
Die Uhr schlägt zehn,
Die Maus schläft schön.
Hei didel, dei didel, dur!

*Englisch*

## *Schlaflied mit Moral*

War ein Mädchen, das war dumm.
Schlafe ein,
schlummere fein!
Schlich stets um den Herd herum.
Schlafe ein,
schlummere fein!

Andre Mädchen kochen gut.
Schlafe ein,
schlummere fein!
Diese weiß nicht, wie mans tut!
Schlafe ein,
schlummere fein!

Wer beizeiten kochen kann,
schlafe ein,
schlummere fein!
Kriegt den allerbesten Mann!
Schlafe ein,
schlummere fein!

*Kroatisch*

## *Unterm Mond, dem fernen*

Bei dem Mond, dem fernen,
wach doch auf, Pierrot!
Unter kalten Sternen
friert mich Arme so!
Hörst du meine Worte?
Schau, mein Licht ist aus.
Öffne mir die Pforte,
laß mich in dein Haus!

Unterm Mond, dem fernen,
ruft Pierrot zurück:
Bleibe bei den Sternen,
hast bei mir kein Glück!
Gehe zur Kusine!
Liege schon im Schlaf,
und die Base Line,
die ist gut und brav!

Unterm Mond, dem fernen,
träumt und schläft Pierrot,
träumt von goldnen Sternen,
und er lächelt froh.
Unterm Mondenscheine,
groß und wunderbar,
hat der müde Kleine
silberhelles Haar!

*Französisch*

## *Schlafe ein, mein Brüderlein*

Schlafe ein,
mein Brüderlein, schlafe!
Brüderlein,
so schlafe doch ein!
Die Mutter backt Brot,
du leidest nicht Not.
Der Vater im Feld
hat den Weizen bestellt.
Schlafe gut,
mein Brüderlein, schlafe!
Alles ruht
in sicherer Hut.

Schlafe ein,
mein Brüderlein, schlafe!
Brüderlein,
so schlafe doch ein!
Die Mutter, sie spinnt
die Wolle fürs Kind.
Der Vater ist aus,
holt die Schafe nach Haus.
Schlafe gut,
mein Brüderlein, schlafe!
Alles ruht
in sicherer Hut.

Schlafe ein,
mein Brüderlein, schlafe!
Brüderlein,
so schlafe doch ein!
Die Mutter kocht Brei,
tut Zucker dabei.
Der Vater füllt Wein
in die Fässer hinein.
Schlafe gut,
mein Brüderlein, schlafe!
Alles ruht
in sicherer Hut.

*Französisch*

*Nina nana moneletto*

Nina nana moneletto,
kleiner Lausbub, schlafe gut!
Vater kommt zu dir ans Bettchen,
Vater schenkt dir einen Hut.
Nina nana, schlafe gut!
Vater bringt dir einen Hut,
bringt ein Hütchen, grün und fein,
kleiner Lausbub, schlafe ein!

Nina nana moneletto,
kleiner Lausbub, schlafe ein!
Mutter kommt zu dir ans Bettchen,
schenkt dir Äpfel, rot und fein!
Nina nana, schlafe ein!
Mutter bringt für dich allein
rote Äpfel, groß und fein!
Kleiner Lausbub, schlafe ein!

*Italienisch*

## *Bruder Jakob*

Bruder Jakob, Bruder Jakob,
schlaft Ihr noch? Schlaft Ihr noch?
Läutet Eure Glocken!
Läutet Eure Glocken!
Ding ding dong,
ding ding dong!

Bruder Jakob, Bruder Jakob,
steht nun auf, steht nun auf!
Läutet Eure Glocken!
Läutet Eure Glocken!
Ding ding dong,
ding ding dong!

Bruder Jakob, Bruder Jakob,
zieht Euch an, zieht Euch an!
Läutet Eure Glocken!
Läutet Eure Glocken!
Ding ding dong,
ding ding dong!

*Französisch*

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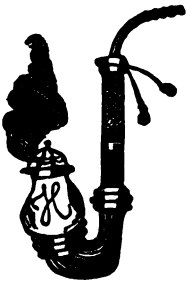

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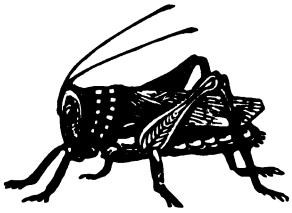
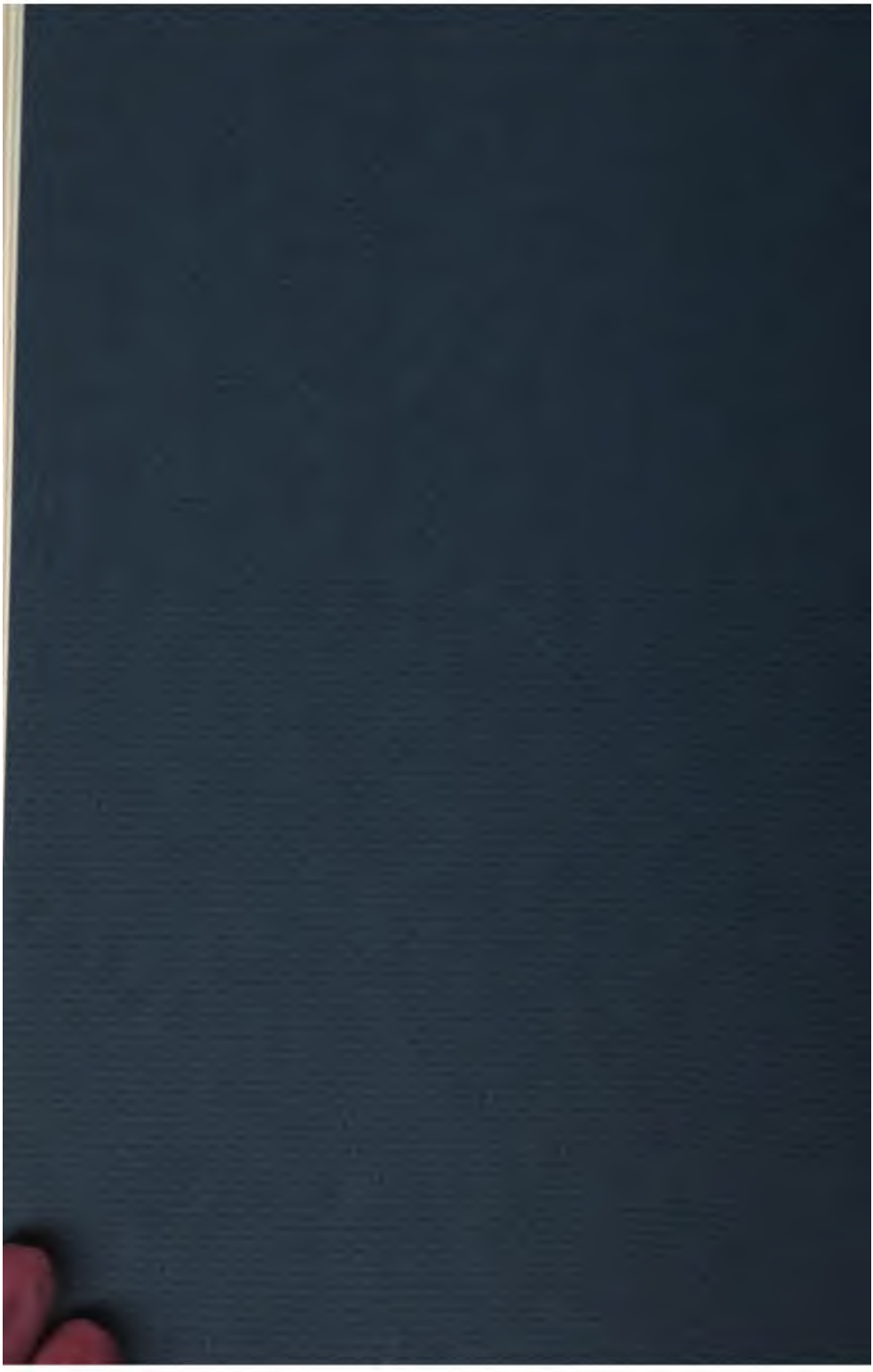
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